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WIDENER



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BEST OF ALL

GOOD COMPANY

BLANCHARD JERROLD

A DAY WITH

SCOTT - THACKERAY - DICKENS - DOUG JERROLD

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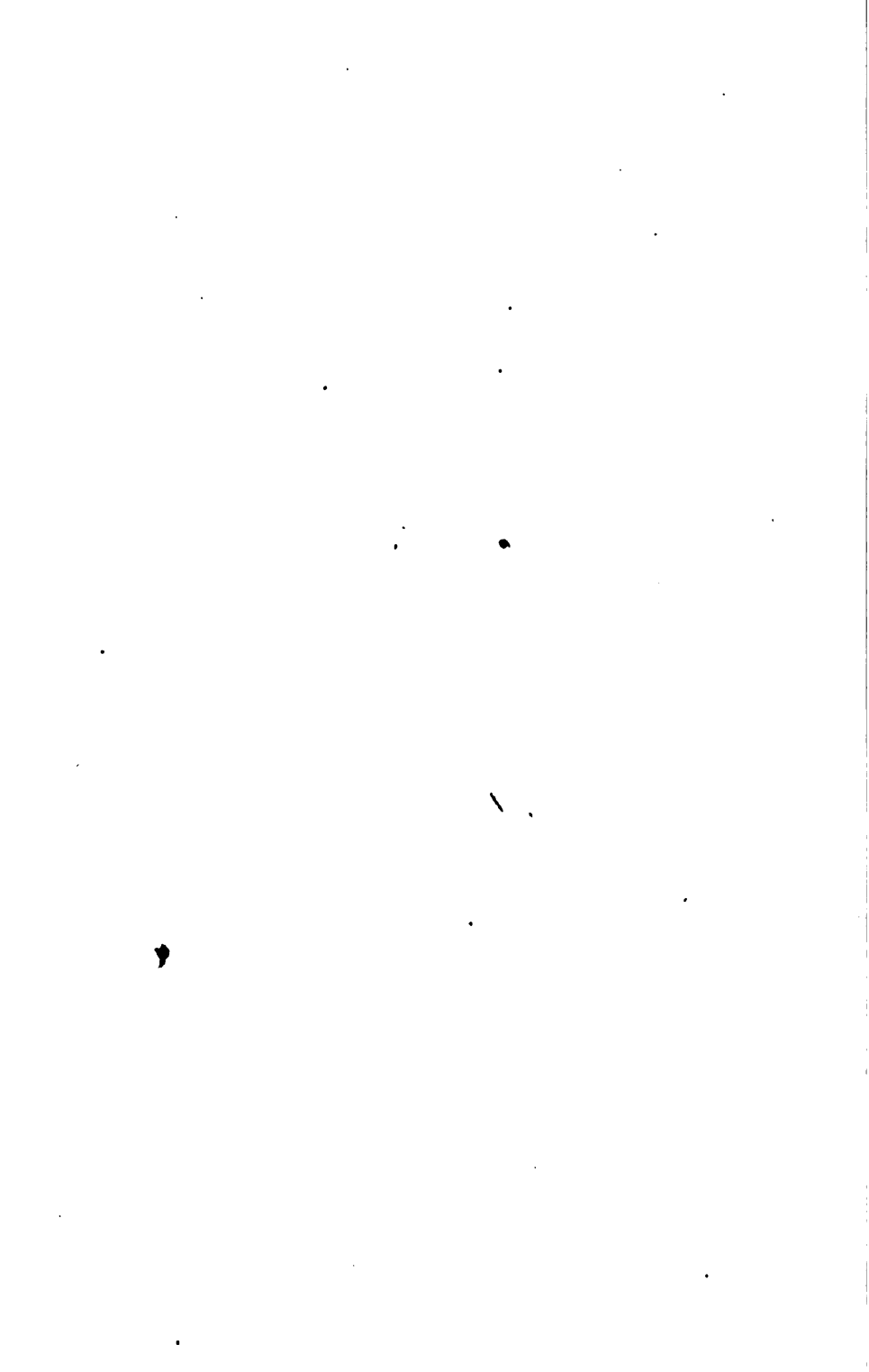
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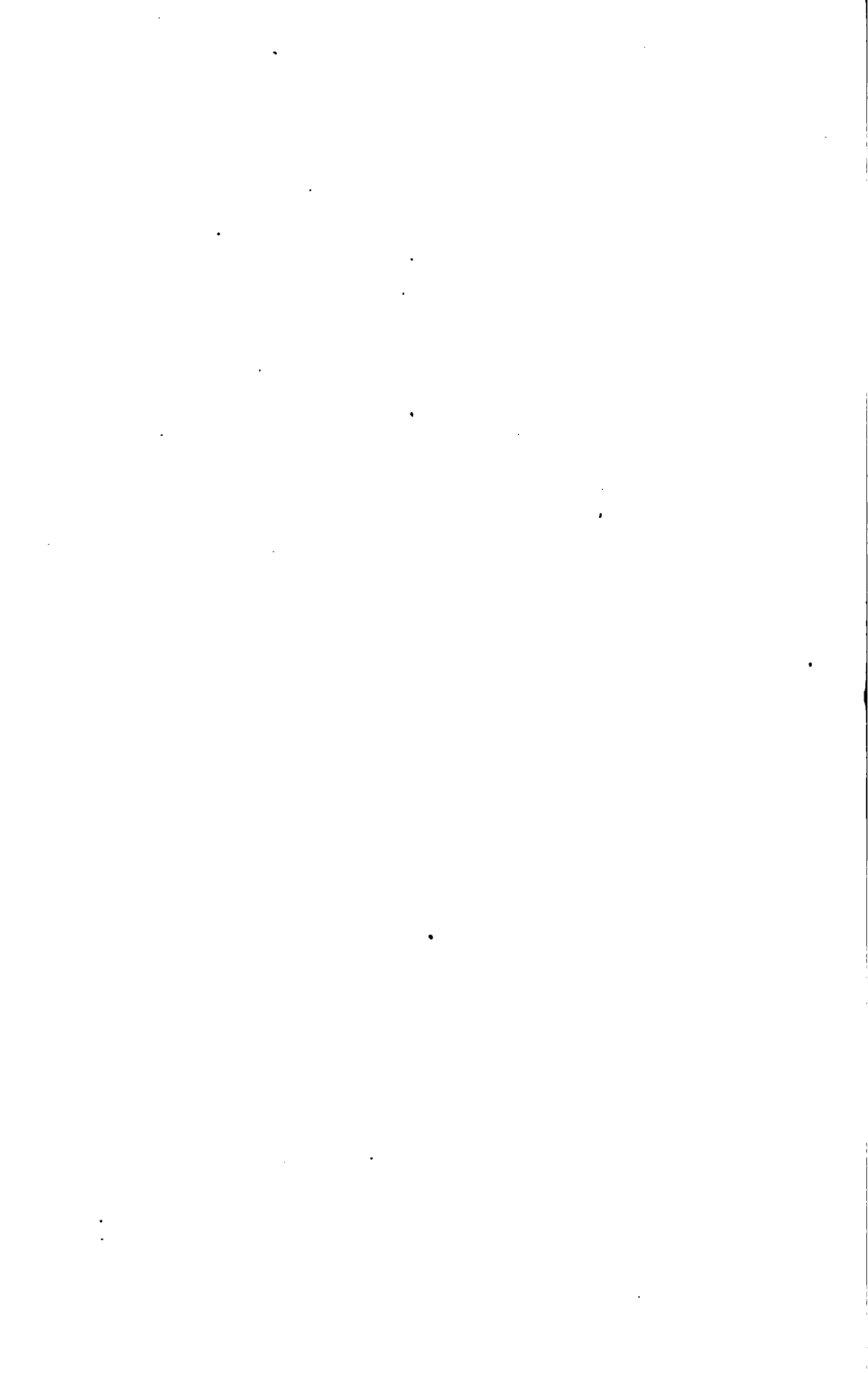
FROM

*The Library of
Mr. Francis H. Brown*

Louis F. Brown
From his aunt
Helen

Dec'r 25th 1877.







BECKEY SHARP AND JOSEPH SEDLEY.

THE
BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

FIRST SERIES.

CHARLES DICKENS.	W. M. THACKERAY.
WALTER SCOTT.	DOUGLAS JERROLD.

ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON :
A. W. LOVERING,
204 AND 233 WASHINGTON STREET.
1875.

Harvard College Library
Sept. 26, 1917.
From the Library of
Dr. Francis H. Brown

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P R E F A C E.

DICKENS has described himself as "a not very robust child, sitting in by-places, near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza." Now my design and hope in putting forth my "Days" with "the Best of all Good Company" is to fill the heads of the rising generation, and indeed some of the risen generation, with a desire to become better acquainted with the best writers of this and other countries.

My "DAYS" will, I hope, lead readers to form life-long acquaintances that shall have the best and happiest influence on their lives. If they should draw readers from that

"—very unedifying stuffage of mind"

which is offered to them in the shape of light current literature, to become the companions of the noble minds that, we are told, "taken up any way are profitable company," I should be able to say with Voltaire, "*J'ai fait un peu de bien—c'est mon meilleur ouvrage.*"

REFORM CLUB, December, 1872.

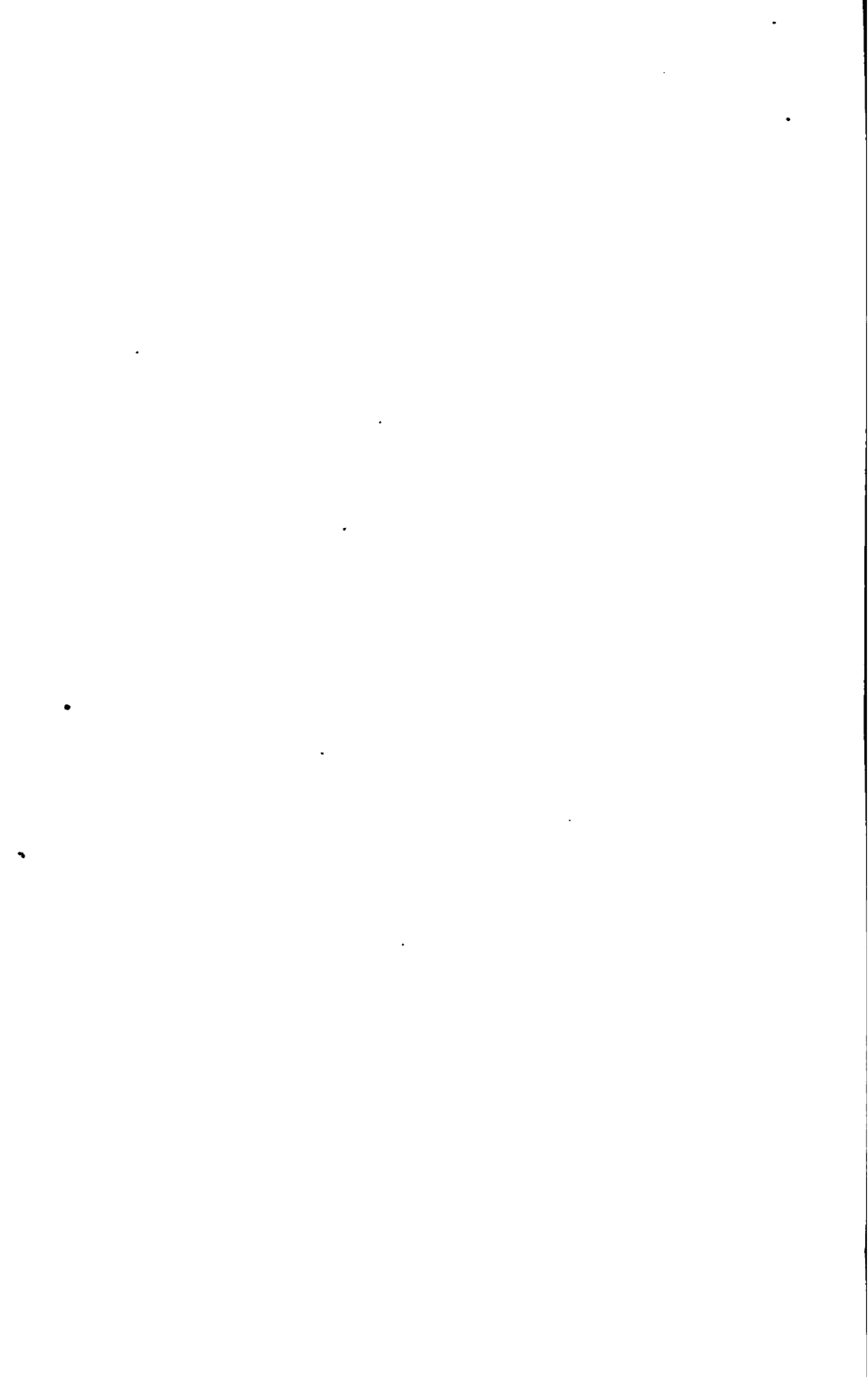
PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

THE privilege of making extracts from Mr. Dickens's works having been refused by his English publishers, Mr. Jerrold was compelled to issue the English edition of his "Day with Charles Dickens" in an incomplete and unsatisfactory form. As no such restriction can be binding in this country, we have taken the liberty of completing Mr. Jerrold's design, by appending selections from "Pickwick Papers," "Sketches by Boz," &c.; and, in order to keep the book within prescribed limits, have left out some of the less interesting matter that appeared in the English edition.

THE PUBLISHERS.



A DAY WITH CHARLES DICKENS.



CHARLES DICKENS.

In Memoriam.



WAS passing in review masses of correspondence, sometimes, on June 10, 1870, clearing the weeds from the flowers, and tying up the precious papers of a life passed in the thick of the literary activities of my time, when I received a letter: "I should have written to you earlier to-day but from the smart blow of this sudden illness of our dear Charles Dickens, who had engaged to meet me this very afternoon (June 9) at 3 o'clock, little dreaming of what was to put aside the appointment." I rang for the morning papers.

Charles Dickens had passed away from us! Lay before me his letter in which he told me how, on a certain June day, travelling from Gad's Hill to London, a bluff City man had piped over the edge of his morning paper, "Do you see this? Douglas Jerrold is dead!" Dickens was inexpressibly shocked, for he had seen into the heart of his friend; and they had parted only a few days before, with the intention of spending some happy hours in the house by Rochester. "Few of his friends,"—I have the words before me in a blurred writing not often written by that firm and willing hand,—"I think, can have had more favorable opportunities of knowing him, in his gentlest and most affectionate aspect, than I have had. He was one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men."

So of Dickens. Who knew him best and closest, saw how little he would ever produce to the outer world, of the bright, chivalrous, engaging, and deep and tender heart that beat within his bosom. The well of kindness was open to mankind, and from it generations will drink; but it was never fathomed. Charles Dickens, as all writers about him have testified, was so graciously as well as lavishly endowed by Nature that every utterance was sunny, every sentiment pure, every emotional opinion

instinctively right, — like a woman's. The head that governed the richly-stored heart was wise, prompt, and alert at the same time. He communicated to all he did the delightful sense of ease with power. Prodigal as he was, he seemed ever to reserve more love and tenderness than he gave. His vigor was sustained, as well as brilliant and daring. His mind, so marked in its self-respect and equal poise, was never weak on great occasions, as the judicial mind so often is. There was something feminine in the quality that led him to the right verdict, the appropriate word, the core of the heart of the question in hand. The air about him vibrated with his activity, and his surprising vitality. In a difficulty men felt safe, merely because he was present. Most easily, among all thinkers it has been my fortune to know, was he master of every situation in which he placed himself. Not only because of the latent, conscious power that was in him, and the knightly cheerfulness which became the pure-minded servant of humanity who had used himself to victory; but because he adopted always the old plain advice, and deliberated well before he acted with the vigor which was inseparable from any activity of his.

The art with which Charles Dickens managed men and women was nearly all emotional. As in his books, he drew at will upon the tears of his readers: in his life he helped men with a spontaneous grace and sweetness which are indescribable. The deep, rich, cheery voice; the brave and noble countenance; the hand that had the fire of friendship in its grip, — all played their part in comforting in a moment the creature who had come to Charles Dickens for advice, for help, for sympathy. When he took a cause in hand, or a friend under his wing, people who knew him breathed in a placid sense of security. He had not only the cordial will to be of use wherever his services could be advantageously enlisted, but he could see at a glance the exact thing he might do; and beyond the range of his conviction as to his own power, or the limit of proper asking or advancing, no power on earth could move him the breadth of a hair.

Slow to adopt a cause, Charles Dickens was the first in the battle for it when he had espoused it. He had the qualities of the perfect trooper, as well as the far-seeing captain. I have a letter of his, about Italy, dated 1844, in which, amid hearty gossip, he turns to a cause that was dear to him at the time. "Come and see me in Italy," he says to my father. "Let us smoke a pipe among the vines. I have taken a little house surrounded by them, and no man in the world should be more welcome to it than you;" and from the midst of the vines he turns to the Sanatorium in the New Road, nearly opposite the Devonshire Place in which so many wisely-happy evenings have been passed. "Is your modesty really a confirmed habit, or could you prevail upon yourself, if you are moderately well, to let me call you up for a word or two at the Sanatorium dinner? There are some men — excellent men — connected with that institution who would take the very strongest interest in your doing so, and *do* advise me one of these days, that if I can do it well and unaffectedly, I may." Dickens had steadfastness, endurance, thoroughness,

in all he undertook. If he invited a friend to his house, and it was at a distance, he would write the most minute directions, — a way-bill, — and enliven every mile-stone with a point of humor or a happy suggestion of pleasure to come out of the excursion.* “Think it over.” (This from Switzerland to a dear friend in London.) “I could send you the minutest particulars of the journey. It’s nearly all railroad and steamboat, and the easiest in the world.” I have another letter of invitation to Paris, written some three-and-twenty years ago. Amid exquisite touches of humor, and in the glow of his friendship, lie details of the precisest kind, beginning, — “The fifteenth of March is on a Monday. Now you can’t cross to Boulogne on a Sunday, unless in summer time. . . . The railroad from Abberville hither, finished some time, is announced to open on the 1st of March.” There are directions, in the event of the railroad being open, and in the event of its remaining closed, and an offer to secure the proper seat in the *malle poste* at Boulogne. The coming, the visit, the return, the hour of arrival in London, are all mapped out, winding up with, “in London on Saturday night the 27th. *Voilà tout* — as we say.”

In more serious matters, he was a man of order and of righteous doing indeed. Cant is so well aired about the world, and people have come to take a spice of it so much for granted in every public man who holds the cause of his brethren to heart, that they can hardly conceive of the noblest servant that he had not the most infinitesimal particle of it. Writing from the South, when he was about to travel to London with the MS. of “The Christmas Carol,” more than a quarter of a century ago, to read it to a few friends in Mr. John Forster’s chambers in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, he observed of the book, “I have tried to strike a blow upon that part of the brass countenance of wicked Cant, where such compliment is sorely needed at this time; and I trust that the result of my training is at least the exhibition of a strong desire to make it a staggerer. If you should think at the end of the four rounds (there are no more) that the said Cant, in the language of ‘Bell’s Life,’ ‘comes up piping,’ I shall be very much the better for it.” Dickens abhorred a sham with his whole soul. When he published his “Child’s History of England,” the mass took it for granted that the chapters which were appearing in the columns of “Household Words” were so much copy, and that the writing of it for his own children was only a common, and, to the world, warrantable artistic fiction. Such fiction was not possible to the greatest fiction-writer of our century. I have his words before me on this history, and the ink is yellowing fast: —

“I am writing a little history of England for my boy, which I will send you when it is printed for him, though your boys are too old to profit by it. It is curious that I have tried to impress upon him (writing, I dare say, at the same moment with you) the exact spirit of your paper, †

* His letters, published in Mr. James T. Fields’ delightful “Yesterdays with Authors,” are evidence of his thoroughness and downright determination to make every detail of any plan of his perfect.

† The Preacher Parrot.

for I don't know what I should do if he were to get hold of any Conservative or High Church notions; and the best way of guarding against such horrible result is, I take it, to wring the parrot's neck in his very cradle. O heaven! if you could have been with me at the hospital dinner last Monday. There were men there,—your city aristocracy,—who made such speeches, and expressed such sentiments, as any moderately intelligent dustman would have blushed through his cindery bloom to have thought of. Sleek, slobbering, bow-paunched, over-fed, apoplectic, snorting cattle—and the auditory leaping up in their delight! I never saw such an illustration of the power of purse, or felt so degraded and debased by its contemplation, since I have had eyes and ears. The absurdity of the thing was too horrible to laugh at. It was perfectly overwhelming. But if I could have partaken it with anybody who would have felt it as you would have done, it would have had quite another aspect, or would at least, like a 'classical' mask, have had one funny side to relieve its dismal features.

"Supposing fifty families were to emigrate into the wilds of North America,—yours, mine, and forty-eight others, picked for their concurrence of opinion on all important subjects, and for their resolution to found a colony of common sense,—how soon would that devil, Cant, present itself among them in one shape or other? The day they landed, do you say, or the day after?

"That is a great mistake, almost the only one I know, in the 'Arabian Nights,' where the Princess restores people to their original beauty by sprinkling them with the Golden Water. It is quite clear that she must have made monsters of them by such a christening as that."

There is a manuscript the world knows nothing about this day, and yet which has been for many years in existence, and in circulation among those who were native to the author's hearth. "The Life of our Saviour" was written by Charles Dickens to guide the hearts of his children; and if ever a labor of love was done by that most affectionate nature, this was pre-eminently it. "I wish it were in my power," writes his dear friend, Mr. James T. Fields, "to bring to the knowledge of all who doubt the Christian character of Charles Dickens certain other memorable words of his, written years ago, with reference to Christmas. They are not as familiar as many beautiful things from the same pen on the same subject, for the paper which enshrines them has not as yet been collected among his authorized works. Listen to these loving words, in which the Christian writer has embodied the life of his Saviour: 'Hark! the waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep. What images do I associate with the Christmas music, as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree! known before all others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand;

again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a seashore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do"" By the eloquent pages that now will shortly be put within reach of every English and American household, the children of Charles Dickens were taught their first lessons of Christian love and Christian chivalry. With what patience and thoroughness he wrought out his creed in his home can be known only to the happy few who were privileged to live his life, and to study the splendid and unbroken harmonies which dwelt in the life within, as well as in the life without. How far the ripples of his home-spirit rounded into the outer world, will, I hope, for the sake of the world, be drawn by the hand to which the solemn duties of biographer shall be presently confided. The circles broadened into far-off places from that vehement central vibration of love, and strangers stretched out their arms to Dickens, and weary men unknown, sought his cheery and valiant temperament as balm and comfort.

When Ada, Lady Lovelace, was dying, and suffering the tortures of a slow, internal disease, she expressed a craving to see Charles Dickens, and talk with him. He went to her, and found a mourning house. The lady was stretched upon a couch, heroically enduring her agony. The appearance of Dickens's earnest, sympathetic face was immediate relief. She asked him whether the attendant had left a basin of ice, and a spoon. *She had.* "Then give me some now and then, and don't notice me when I crush it between my teeth: it soothes my pain, and—we can talk."

The womanly tenderness, the wholeness, with which Dickens would enter into the delicacies of such a situation, will rise instantly to the mind of all who knew him. That he was at the same moment the most careful of nurses, and the most sympathetic and sustaining of comforters, who can doubt?

"Do you ever pray?" the poor lady asked.

"Every morning and every evening," was Dickens's answer, in that rich, sonorous voice which crowds happily can remember; but of which they can best understand all the eloquence, who knew how simple and devout he was when he spoke of sacred things,—of suffering, of wrong, or of misfortune. "He taught the world," said his friend Dean Stanley, over his new-made grave in Westminster Abbey, "great lessons of the eternal value of generosity, of purity, of kindness, and of unselfishness; and by his fruits shall he be known of all men." His engaging manner when he came suddenly in contact with a sick friend, defies description; but from

his own narrative of his walk with my father, which he told me made his heart heavy, and was a gloomy task, it is easy for friends to understand the patience, solicitude, and kindly counsel, and designed humor with which he went through with it. My father was very ill; but under Dickens's thoughtful care, he had rallied before they reached the Temple. "We strolled through the Temple," Dickens wrote me, "on our way to a boat, and I have a lively recollection of him stamping about Elm Tree Court, with his hat in one hand, and the other pushing his hair back, laughing in his heartiest manner at a ridiculous remembrance we had in common, which I had presented in some exaggerated light to divert him." Then again, — of the same day, — "The dinner-party was a large one, and I did not sit near him at table. But he and I arranged, before we went in to dinner, that he was only to eat some simple dish that we agreed upon, and was only to drink sherry-and-water." Then, "We exchanged, 'God bless you!' and shook hands."

And — they never met again.

But how full of wise consideration is all this day spent with the invalid friend, in the midst of merriment, even to the ridiculous remembrance "presented in some exaggerated light, to divert him." Mr. Charles Kent has told me how he met Dickens a few weeks before his death, and was observed, at a glance, by that most masterly and piercing observer, to be in low spirits and feeble.* Whereupon, Dickens, who had ample and momentous business of his own on hand, put it aside, sketched a pleasant day together: a *tête-à-tête* dinner and a walk. In short, to watch the many sides of his unselfishness, and the fund of resources for the good of other people he had at his command, was to be astonished at his extraordinary vitality. How good he was to all who had the slightest claim on him, who shall tell? But that which Hepworth Dixon said over my father's dust may be assuredly repeated by the narrow bed near Macaulay, Sheridan, and Handel. If every one who has received a favor at the hands of Dickens should cast a flower upon his grave, a mountain of roses would lie upon the great man's breast. And, in truth, his grave was filled with flowers.

To plaster a few of the ills which obtrude themselves unpleasantly

* Mr. Arthur Helps recently said that, during a walk with Charles Dickens, the great novelist observed nine objects for every one that he, Mr. Helps, observed. The same might be said by most men who have ever walked frequently in company with Mr. Dickens. Besides this, I can vouch for another yet more important and striking fact, viz., that Mr. Dickens scarcely ever looked direct at anything. He walked along without turning his head or staring in front (as some of those horrid, colored, *glaring* photographs represent him), as one should say — "Here I am looking right through you!" He saw everything at a glance, or with "half an eye." It was only on very particular occasions that he looked hard at anything. He had no need. His was one of those gifted visions upon which objects photographed themselves on the retina in rapid succession. The Poet Laureate possesses a vision of a similar kind, though no doubt more intense, if not so universal. He has no need to fix his eyes upon anything; and, indeed, has been found sometimes to have seen the whole of an exquisite landscape when apparently looking inwardly, as in a waking dream, and lost to all around him.

upon the attention, with checks handed to resounding cheers, is a kind of charity that is strongly spiced with selfishness. The sham of charity-dinner speakers and donors Dickens abhorred, as I have shown. And in like manner, and with like vehemence, he detested slipshod assistance, or careless, unreflecting giving. The last time I sat with him on a business occasion was at a council meeting of the Guild of Literature and Art. There had been an application from the wife of a literary brother. The wrecked man of letters was suffering from that which would never relax its hold upon him. But it could not be said that his misconduct had not brought on the blow. The firmness and delicacy with which Dickens sketched the case to the council, passing wholly over the cause, to get at once to the imploring fact upon which our hearts could not be closed, left in my mind a delightful sense of his abounding goodness. He spoke of the wife, and her heroic self-abandonment to her husband, through years which would have tried beyond endurance very many wives. He begged that the utmost might be done; and at the same time he remained firmly just. What were the objects of the fund, as laid down in the rules? Did the case come strictly within the limits of our mission? Friendship, sympathy, apart, was it a proper and deserving case? The points were argued with the greatest care; and all the time an acute anxiety was upon the countenance of the chairman. When at length we saw our way to afford the help desired, Dickens's face brightened as he became busy with his minutes and his books, and his secretary, who was at hand; and he remarked cheerily how glad he was we had seen our way to do something.

Another occasion thrusts itself through a crowd of recollections. A very dear friend of mine, and of many others to whom literature is a staff, had died. To say that his family had claims on Charles Dickens is to say that they were promptly acknowledged, and satisfied with the grace and heartiness which double the gift, sweeten the bread, and warm the wine. I asked a connection of our dead friend whether he had seen the poor wife and children.

"Seen them!" he answered. "I was there to-day. They are removed into a charming cottage. They have everything about them; and, just think of this, when I burst into one of the parlors, in my eager survey of the new home, I saw a man in his shirt-sleeves, up some steps, hammering away lustily. He turned. It was Charles Dickens; and he was hanging the pictures for the widow."

Dickens was the soul of truth and manliness, as well as kindness; so that such a service as this came as naturally to him as help from his purse. His friend, Paul Feval, has said over his grave, "Nothing in him was false, not even his modesty."

There was that boy-element in Charles Dickens which has been so often remarked in men of genius as to appear almost inseparable from the highest gifts of nature. "Why, we played a game of knock'em down only a week or two ago," a friend remarked to me last June, with

brimming eyes. "And he showed all the old, astonishing energy and delight in taking aim at Aunt Sally."

My own earliest recollections of Charles Dickens are of his gayest moods: when the boy in him was exuberant, and leap-frog or rounders were not sports too young for the player who had written "Pickwick," twenty years before. To watch him through an afternoon, by turns light and grave; gracious and loving and familiar to the young, apt and vigorous in council with the old; ready for a frolic upon the lawn — leap-frog, rounders; as ready for a committee-meeting in the library; and then to catch his cheery good-night, and feel the hand that spoke so truly from the heart, — was to see Charles Dickens the man, the friend, the companion and the counsellor, all at once, and to get at something like a just estimate of that which was beautiful in the brilliant and noble Englishman we have lost. The sweet and holy lessons which he presented to humanity out of the humble places in the world could not have been evolved out of a nature less true and sympathetic than his was. It wanted such a man as Dickens was in his life to be such a writer as he was for the world. He drew beauties out of material that to the common eye was vulgar, unpromising stuff. Shallow readers have said of him that he could not draw a gentleman or a lady; and this charge has provoked some remarks from "The Times," which are bold and to the point: —

"We have heard it objected also by gentlemen, that Charles Dickens could never describe 'a lady,' and by ladies that he could never sketch the character of 'a gentleman;' but we have always observed, that when put to the proof, these male and female critics failed lamentably to establish their case. We are not sure that Charles Dickens's gentlemen were all as well dressed as those who resort to Poole's Temple of Fashion, or that his ladies were always attired after the very last fancy of Worth. Dress is no doubt what may be called, in the catechism of gentility, the 'outward and visible sign' of a gentleman, just as the outward fashion of a lady is shown by her dress. But even these are nothing if that 'inward and spiritual grace' which is characteristic of the true gentleman and real lady be wanting; and in that grace, however negligent they may be in their attire, the ladies and gentlemen in Charles Dickens's works are never deficient. We are not denying that the true type of gentle life is to be found in the upper classes. Far from it. We only insist, when we are told that Charles Dickens could not describe either a lady or a gentleman, that there are ladies and gentlemen in all ranks and classes of life, and that the inward delicacy and gentle feeling which we acknowledge as the only true criterion of the class, may be found under the smock-frock of the ploughboy as well as beneath the mantle of an earl."

The "fierce light" which beats not only about a throne, but about all stations in life in these days, has discovered the absolute truth of the creed which animated Dickens, when, working upon his own observation, he drew a gentleman in the rough form of Joe Gargery, and planted a little chivalry in the breast of the convict who was grateful to Pip. In

the long gallery of Dickens's portraits of the men and women of his time, — to which I beseech the attention of the young reader, — there are gentlemen and ladies of all degrees. He made no fuss about "Nature's noblemen;" but he painted what he saw, and delighted to find strong elements of that goodness which he loved so passionately, and worshipped so devoutly, in all his rambles and prospectings in the unlikeliest places. That he drew with an impartial hand, is witnessed not only by the hold his creations at once got upon the public mind, but by the whole tenor of his life and work, away from his desk. The conventional gentleman and lady had no picturesque side to attract him; and they could seldom be got into the frame of his subject. He was an artist, and he consequently preferred a green lane and a gypsy camp any and every day to the Ladies' Mile and a lounge in his club. If you want to make your most conventional gentleman look noble in marble to all posterity, you strip the figure Poole has dressed in his inspired moment, and shake out a toga, and think about sandals. The poor and lowly come to the artist's hand ready-made pictures. Besides, the observer's sense of justice is gratified when he finds himself enabled, out of the fund of his own discoveries among the neglected of his fellow-creatures, to rehabilitate the humble and despised. While the tendency of modern party warfare has been grievously to quicken and heat class animosities, the writings of Charles Dickens, which have been spread over every level of society, have been powerful counter-agents, teaching all classes the truth that is the best bond and the safest, viz., that, in the words of "The Times," the gentlemen is to be found "under the smock-frock of the ploughboy as well as beneath the mantle of an earl."

Only Charles Dickens wrought this out many years ago, by patient travels in the midst of the smock-frocks, and by obtaining proof positive that there was occasionally a gentle heart under the corduroy of a costermonger. Dickens's triumph lay in this, that he convinced mankind of the truth and completeness of his diagnosis. None of the genteel classes are on intimate terms of daily intercourse with hostlers; and yet who has not accepted Sam Weller as a part of the breathing population of the empire? Dickens's men and women ought to be included in the census.*

* "The British Medical Journal" declares: — "How true to Nature, even in the most trivial details, almost every character and every incident in the works of the great novelist whose dust has just been laid to rest really were, is best known to those whose tastes or whose duties led them to frequent the paths of life from which Dickens delighted to draw. But none, except medical men, can judge of the rare fidelity with which he followed the great Mother through the devious paths of disease and death. In reading 'Oliver Twist' and 'Dombey and Son,' or 'The Chimes,' or even 'No Thoroughfare,' the physician often felt tempted to say, 'What a gain it would have been to physic if one so keen to observe and so facile to describe had devoted his powers to the medical art!' It must not be forgotten that his description of 'hectic' (in 'Oliver Twist') has found its way into more than one standard work both in medicine and surgery." The "Law Journal" bears testimony to his truth and force as a painter of lawyers: — "He has left us a whole gallery of legal caricatures. We have the wonderful trial of 'Bardell v. Pickwick,' introducing the fussy Buzfuz, and that rare phenomenon, a modest junior. In the

By this admirable standpoint for his observation of humanity which he had adopted, Dickens had come to regard all men and woman so thoroughly and exclusively on account of their moral, intellectual, and spiritual worth, that he was at home with all kinds of society, in the highest and the humblest walks. So that it is easy to picture him standing in a drawing-room at Windsor Castle, one arm just resting upon the sofa, and talking in his quiet, earnest manner to the first lady in the land. There would not be the least shadow of nervousness in him: so great was the command which his trained brain and heart had given him, in the presence of humanity of every degree, under every conceivable circumstance,—by the throne,* or facing thousands of his countrymen, who loved him, one and all, so well.

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

The "soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit," how often has Dickens painted!—the Christian gentleman, if not Poole's; the modest, high-souled gentlewoman, a lady, if not Worth's! He inclined to the *Biblia Pauperum*, and was delighted to catch heavy thumbs turning over the holy pictures. But he turned no sour face upon the well-to-do. Of the foibles and pretences of these, he was an unsparing critic; but he was as unsparing when he had the vices of the ignorant and poor to deal with. He was pre-Raphaelite in his allegiance and constancy to Nature; but his eye loved the beautiful, and his spirit leaned to all that was valiant, noble, and holy in the human heart. If he took his heroes amid the lower or middle ranks of life, it was because here the picturesque in these won the artist's eye; and if he drew the good that was in the scenes he analyzed, rather than the bad, it was because he delighted in finding it under the most unpromising circumstances, and in showing, to quote a line from my father, "there is goodness, like wild honey, hived in strange nooks and corners of the world."

But I am not presuming to elaborate a literary estimate of Charles Dickens. The time is not now, if indeed it can ever be, necessary; for the popularity of his prodigious and glorious work has been, is, and will

same book we have the smart Dodson and Fogg, the excellent Mr. Parker, and the solicitor to the Wellers. In 'Bleak House' we have the great chancery suit of 'Jarndyce v. Jarndyce,' with graphic descriptions of the court, of the lawyers engaged in the suit, of the shrewd solicitor of the Dedlock family, and of the poor law-writer. In the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' we have Sampson Brass, the masculine Sally Brass, and the mirth-provoking Dick Swiveller. In 'Great Expectations' we have that wonderful character, Wemmick, and his well-conceived employer, the Old Bailey attorney. We need not add to the list."

* Her Majesty gave Dickens, with a charming modesty "to so great an author," a copy of her Highland book, inscribed in her beautiful handwriting, "Charles Dickens, Esq., from Victoria R." Dickens had hardly offered the Queen his favorite library edition of his works, to which Her Majesty at once gave a place of honor, when he died.

be universal. People tell you that Mrs. Gamp will not do, in French, as Madame Gamp, and that his fiction will not bear transplanting; but the transplanting steadily goes on nevertheless, and every day shows us how far the range of human sympathy stretches, when the name of Dickens wakes it. Papers in any tongue that has a printing-press have echoed the lamentations of our own over him whom Mr. Chorley has called "one of the greatest and most beneficent men of genius England has produced since the days of Shakspeare."

After writing the page on which Dickens as a painter of gentlefolk was handled, I saw the tearful, eloquent record which Mr. Chorley, who knew his subject so well, printed in "The Athenæum." I was delighted to find my view supported by so sound an authority and so intimate a friend. Mr. Chorley says: "It has been said that he could not draw gentlemen and ladies (as footmen understand the designation). This is false. The characters of Sir Leicester Dedlock in 'Bleak House,' that of Mrs. Steerforth in 'David Copperfield,' and fifty indications more, may be cited in disproof. That he found greater pleasure in selecting and marking out figures where the traits were less smoothed, or effaced by the varnish of polite society, than in picturing those of a world where the expression of individual characters becomes less marked, is true. To each man his own field. An essay could be recalled, written to prove that Scott was a miserable creature, because his imagination delighted in the legends and traditions of feudal times, with their lords and their retainers. And yet Scott gave us the fisher-folk in 'The Antiquary,' and Jeannie Deans. But though, as 'a man of the people,' Dickens loved to draw the people in all their varieties and humor and incomplete ambitions; and though he was by nature and experience a shrewd redresser of abuses, — tracing them back to their primal causes, — he was in no respect the destroyer it was for a while the whim of fools of quality and the faded people who hang on their skirts, to consider him. One who redresses grievances is not, therefore, an over-thrower of thrones. The life and work of Dickens expressed a living protest against Disorder, — no matter what the Order."

And in another place Mr. Chorley bears witness to that love of completeness, as well as of order, I have touched upon: "Those who were permitted to know Charles Dickens in the intimacy of his own home cannot, without such emotion as almost incapacitates the heart and hand, recall the charm of his bounteous and genial hospitality. Nothing can be conceived more perfect in tact, more freely equal, whatever the rank of his guests, than was his warm welcome. The frank grasp of his hand, the bright smile on his manly face, the cheery greeting, are things not to be forgotten while life and reason last, by those who were privileged to share them. Thus, his exquisite knowledge and punctuality gave him time, even when most busily at work for himself and others, to care for and to consider the pleasure of all whom he harbored beneath his roof."

Signs of the end, and that he knew the end was at hand, were revealed day by day, immediately after his death; and they are so many marks of

the love of order that was a ruling passion in Dickens throughout his life. Death could not catch Charles Dickens unprepared, in any sense. That he had misgivings, warnings, we cannot doubt; and these led him to prepare for the change. Only a few days before his death, he transferred the property of "All the Year Round" to his eldest son, and formally resigned its editorship. On the very day on which he died, he was to have met his stanch and affectionate friend and fellow-worker, W. H. Wills, to make a final settlement of accounts. He wrote to his "ever-affectionately" Charles Kent: "To-morrow is a very bad day for me to make a call, as, in addition to my usual office business, I have a mass of accounts to settle; but I hope to be with you at three o'clock. If I can't be, why then I sha'n't be." — (The letter was written an hour or two before he lay insensible, his light forever quenched, in the dining-room of Gad's Hill Place.) — "You must really get rid of those opal enjoyments. They are too overpowering."

"These violent delights have violent ends."

I think it was a father of your church who made this wise remark to a young gentleman who got up early (or strayed out late) at Verona?"

The "opal enjoyments" refer to the early sky, and the whole is pleasant banter on the vehement devotion of his friend (the distinguished poet) to his work as editor of "The Sun."

I had met Dickens about the middle of May, at Charing Cross, and had remarked that he had aged very much in appearance. The thought-lines of his face had deepened, and the hair had whitened. Indeed, as he approached me, I thought for a moment I was mistaken, and that it could not be Dickens; for that was not the vigorous, rapid walk, with the stick lightly held in the alert hand, which had always belonged to him. It was he, however; but with a certain solemnity of expression in the face, and a deeper earnestness in the dark eyes. However, when he saw me and shook my hand, the delightful brightness and sunshine swept over the gloom and sadness, and he spoke buoyantly, in the old, kind way, not in the least about himself, but about my doings, about Doré, about London as a subject (which I and my friend had just resolved to write upon together), — about all that could interest me, and which occurred to him at the moment. And he wrung my hand again as we parted; and the cast of serious thought settled again upon the handsome face, when he turned, wearily, I thought for him, towards the Abbey.

That within a month he would be resting there forever, buried under flowers cast by loving hands, and that the whole civilized world would be lamenting the loss of the great and good Englishman, I never for one moment dreamed. But I thought sadly of him, I remember, after we had parted. Nor was I alone in this. He was walking with a dear friend of his a few weeks ago, when this one said, speaking of "Edwin Drood," —

"Well, you, or we, are approaching the mystery" —

Dickens, who had been, and was at the moment, all vivacity, extinguished his gayety, and fell into a long and silent reverie, from which he never broke during the remainder of the walk. Was he pondering another and a deeper mystery than any his brain could unravel, facile as its mastery was over the hearts and brains of his brethren?

We can never know.

It is certain, however, that the railway accident on the 9th of June, 1865, in which Dickens so nearly lost his life, made an ineradicable impression on him; and that, when he referred to it, he would get up and describe it with extraordinary energy. He closed his last completed work with a reference to it: "I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers forever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book, — *THE END.*"

Too soon, for the country that loved him and was so proud of him, were those two words written; and they were written on the 9th of June, 1870!

Even as these last words pass from under my hand, a sweet message reaches me, from the affectionate and delicately-attuned heart of my friend, Charles Kent. Here are his flowers for the grave of the great man whom he loved so manfully. If these will not send readers by the thousand to the "Great Dreamer's" pages, assuredly none of my utterance will.

DICKENS AT GAD'S HILL.

ONE summer's day — ah, saddest eighth of June!

My brooding heart, my very soul describes
Around a chalet, in a grove at noon,
Dream-children from the flowering earth
arise.

So hushed (like death!) the calm, seques-
tered scene,

One notes with eye, not ear, the fitful
breeze,
Thro' sunlit branches, flickering gold and
green
About yon Swiss roof nestling 'mid the
trees.

Like faithful wanderers seen returning
home,

Like magnets trembling truthful to the
north,
To this one spot on all the world they roam:
Again they throng 'round him who called
them forth.

No shadowy semblance theirs of human
life.

Ideal shapes of visionary birth,
They breathe, they move, with vital force
more rife

Than fleeting, fleshly forms that people
earth.

The Angel-Child, the Guardian Guide of
Age,

With soul as pure as all the tears we
shed

When swimming eyes first read on blotted
page

"Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was
dead."

The fading boy, the blossom nipped in bud,
Whose infant grace had oft the quaintest
air,

Who questioned voices in the ocean flood,
Whose looks of love were sad as tones of
prayer.

Till passed, like sigh in sleep, his parting
breath,
And o'er the couch where lay the gentle
Paul,
Nought stirred above "the old, old fash-
ioned Death"—
Nought save "the golden ripple on the
wall!"

The sweet Child-Wife, the darling of a
heart
Whose tenderest chords that solemn eve
were riven,
When Dora's doom was told with speech-
less art,—
"That mute appeal, that finger raised to
heaven!"

The little cripple with the active crutch,
At thought of whom the mother's eyes
grew dim,
Sighing, as fell the black work from her
touch,
It was "the color—ah, poor Tiny Tim!"

The stripling frail, who, dying with a kiss,
A child at heart, a man but to the sight!
Poor Rick! began the world again—not
this,
Ah, no! "not this—the world that sets
this right."

And orphan Johnny, his lost home afar,
An infant wail on awful billows hurled,
No mother clinging to it, floats, frail spar,
O'er "that dark sea that rolls round all
the world."

Around the sunlit chalet where, within,
Dreams the great Dreamer 'neath the
shadowing trees,
From flowering earth, fresh dews of love to
win,
Dream-children rise in lovely forms like
these.

No spectral shades for glimpses of the
moon,
But radiant shapes in calm of summer
day,
They come unbidden to his haunts, at noon,
Down the bright path they went—to
point the way.

These haunts, the aptest symbols of a life
That loved the pleassance winter ne'er
bereaves
Of verdure, in those grand old cedars rife,
Crowned with a lasting glory of Green
Leaves.

And yonder, basking in the golden air,
Luring his thoughts where'er his glance
may roam,
Cinctured by blossoms in a garden fair,
The dear, familiar roof-beams of his
home.

Between that home and this secluded
haunt
Flows the broad highway, symbol here
again
That alien to his hearth no tread of want
Or toil was held, or ever passed in vain.

O Friend! O Brother! dearer to my heart
Than even thy loving friendship could
discern,
Thy thoughts, thy dreams, were of our
lives a part;
Thy genius love, not merely fame, could
earn.

Affection, admiration, honor, praise,
Innocent laughter, and ennobling tears,
Are thine by right, not through mere
length of days,
Thro' loftier life, in never-ending years.

These words have welled from the heart of the poet, who will seldom
speak of his illustrious friend,—his "brother,"—without tears. A
sweeter picture of Dickens than this could not be limned, to linger
through the years in the public mind.

HIS LIFE.



E will now briefly run over the life and work of him —

“Whose ‘Carol’ is an allegory fine,
The burden of whose ‘Chimes’ is holy and benign.”

Charles John Hougham Dickens was born at Landport, Portsmouth, on the 7th February, 1812. Of his remote ancestors little is known, and that little is of meagre interest. His father held an appointment in the Naval Pay Office, which necessitated his residence at different seaports, and bred the intimate knowledge of sailor life and character that he would seem to have transmitted to his son. In 1815, Mr. John Dickens retired with a pension to London, where he was engaged as parliamentary reporter on “The Morning Chronicle.” Charles was sent at the age of seven to a private school at Chatham, kept by the Rev. William Giles. Here he is said by a schoolfellow to have manifested not a little of the energy, vivacity, and fondness for all healthy sports and exercises that characterized his whole life. Of the young days of Charles Dickens, as described in Mr. Forster’s biography, it need only be said, in this place, that his earliest lot was cast in unpleasant places; that, while his father was in difficulties, his first employment was pasting labels upon bottles at a blacking manufactory in the Strand; that he fought his way out of the grip of iron fortune with that gallant spirit of his, before the down had left his boyish cheek; and that he remembered the dismal outset of his life ever afterwards with acute pain. He “learned in sorrow” the lessons of good-will to the poor, and of mercy towards the unfortunate and the erring, which he taught in his romances; and all he has written of sad childhood welled from a heart that suffered every pang. Later he entered, at his father’s wish, a solicitor’s office — no very congenial abiding-place for a young man nourishing the vague dreams and desires he afterwards set forth in “David Copperfield,” which has more of Dickens in it than all the rest of his works put together. The profession upon which he had entered soon bred weariness and disgust. Wisely deferring to the bright boy’s inclination, his father withdrew him

from the attorney's office, and placed him with Messrs. Gurney, the parliamentary shorthand writers. Dickens has told, in "David Copperfield," the story of his stenographic difficulties, and ultimate success in surmounting them. He stated publicly, at a meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund, in 1865, that he was working in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons before the age of eighteen. He added many curious particulars of his old pursuit,—tales of rapid travelling (fifteen miles an hour in a post-chaise), to meet certain speakers at certain points, and "take" the gist of their orations; stories of adventures on the road, of the old House of Lords, of the ancient cunning of head and hand that had not forsaken him, of the old pleasure in the work felt by him yet. His first engagement as shorthand reporter was on "The True Sun." He was afterwards successively connected with "The Mirror of Parliament" (conducted by his uncle, Mr. Barrow) and "The Morning Chronicle," where he succeeded William Hazlitt, who had himself replaced the future Lord Chancellor Campbell. It is from his manifold experiences as a reporter that Dickens drew the vivid sketches of the old stage-coach travelling and travellers with which nearly all his works are so plentifully besprinkled.

The account of his earliest writings has been variously given. Mr. James Grant has related the most reliable particulars of the matter. According to him, Dickens made his *début* in literature towards the end of 1834, or in the beginning of 1835, in the pages of the old "Monthly Magazine," then conducted by Capt. Holland. His first contributions were sent anonymously. Their tone was chiefly humorous. They were signed "Boz." "The Monthly Magazine" subsequently (in 1836) came under the direction of Mr. James Grant, who, struck by "The Sketches by Boz," desired to make arrangements for their continuance. Capt. Holland the retiring editor, had forgotten the young author's name,—the name of Charles Dickens! A letter, bearing the now well-known autograph, was at last shown to Mr. Grant. In it the author of the Sketches requested a modest remuneration for whatever copy he might contribute in future, his first articles having been gratuitous. The request was complied with, and Mr. Dickens continued to contribute to "The Monthly Magazine." Dr. Black and Vincent Dowling, a reporter, are among the many persons that are said to have first perceived the genius of Charles Dickens. Indeed, it would seem, that, as early as 1835, great things were thought and predicted of Dickens among his colleagues. "The Sketches by Boz" were not much noticed at first, but gradually they attracted the attention of the inner circles of literature. They opened a new and golden vein of humor: they taught solemn lessons too, and this in an impressive manner. The most serious and stirring pieces in the collection are, "A Visit to Newgate" and the "Drunkard's Death:" the best in the comic category are, "The Election for Beadle," "Miss Evans at the Eagle," and "Greenwich Fair." The Sketches were published in a collected form early in 1836. In the same year appeared the first number of "The Pickwick Papers."

The story of their origin is well known. They were written in the beginning to certain plates designed by Seymour, though Dickens seems to have stipulated for untrammelled action. But about a month after the publication of the first part, the artist died, and the author was thenceforth sole inspirer of the work. In the preface to the cheap edition of "Pickwick," published in 1847, Dickens gives an unmistakable and a clear account of the transaction between author, artist, and publisher. The first five numbers of "Pickwick" fell flatly and tamely. On the average, but fifty copies of each number were sold. However, just as the publishers were considering the advisability of ceasing the enterprise, Sam Weller appeared on the scene. The character elicited nearly universal admiration. "The Pickwick Papers" suddenly rose to a pitch of popularity that has scarcely ever been equalled by a literary work.

As the publication continued, its popularity increased. When it reached the last number, 40,000 parts monthly had been sold, and the publishers had realized nearly £20,000. The publication of "Pickwick" is, and must remain, a thing of British literary history. The work was quoted, abused, imitated, pirated, and dramatized wherever the English tongue is spoken. After "Pickwick," Dickens was master of the field. He could command publishers, for he could command the public. In the same year, 1836, he produced "The Strange Gentleman," a burletta, which was played at the St. James's Theatre; and in December, "The Village Coquettes," an operetta, set to music by his friend John Hullah, and performed at the same theatre. Both pieces were entirely successful, and were republished by Bentley, with a dedication to G. Pitt Harley.

In 1837, Charles Dickens married Miss Catherine Hogarth, a daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, musical and dramatic critic of "The Morning Chronicle." Shortly afterwards he undertook the editorship of "Bentley's Miscellany." "Oliver Twist" appeared in this magazine, and was subsequently republished in a complete form by Mr. Bentley, with illustrations from the pencil of George Cruikshank. The outcry raised by the book will be remembered by elderly readers. It was aspersed by partisans of the Poor Laws and Workhouse System as grossly exaggerated and distorted. Nevertheless, year by year new proofs have arisen to back the allegations contained in the story of the pauper boy. Dickens's knowledge of his theme could scarcely then be honestly doubted: it is now universally admitted. In 1848, Mr. John Forster dedicated his fine "Life of Goldsmith" to his illustrious friend, on the ground of Dickens's knowledge of and sympathy with the multitude of his fellow-countrymen.

"Come with me and behold,
O friend, with heart as gentle for distress,
As resolute with wise true thoughts to bind
The happiest to the unhappiest of our kind,
That there is fiercer crowded misery
In garret toll and London loneliness,
Than in cruel islands mid the far-off sea."

After the completion of "Oliver Twist," Dickens gave up the editorship of "Bentley's Miscellany" to his friend, Harrison Ainsworth. In January, 1838, "The Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, the Clown," were produced under the editorship of Charles Dickens. A month afterwards appeared the first number of "Nicholas Nickleby," and the story extended through twenty parts. It was published in its entirety by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, prefaced by a dedication to Mr. Macready, for whom the author had a profound admiration and a loving regard. In his preface to this novel, Dickens tells in what manner he obtained an insight into the Yorkshire schools. The pictures of Squeers and Dotheboys Hall called forth an excitement scarcely less violent than that caused by "Oliver Twist." The emancipation of childhood seemed to be as daring and indelicate a theme as the emancipation of the poor. Strangely enough, numberless claimants appeared to take upon themselves the contumelious adjectives piled on Mr. Squeers. Dickens was threatened with legal penalties, and even personal chastisement. The Brothers Cheeryble were said to be drawn from Messrs. Grant, the mill-owners of Manchester. The novel was, of course, dramatized,—once at the Adelphi, as a farce, and again at the Strand Theatre. Sydney Smith, who had, as he said, "resisted Dickens as long as he could," succumbed to "Nickleby." Thomas Moore had already avowed his admiration of the young novelist. Thackeray (who had offered to illustrate "Pickwick") consistently applauded Dickens's writings. Some time after the "lucky escape of 'Pickwick,'" as he said, from his hands, Thackeray produced, in "Fraser's Magazine," an ample testimony of his generous admiration of the author; and lecturing, in 1857, at St. Martin's Hall, he took occasion to mention the fondness children always have for Dickens's works, and notably his own daughter's infatuation for "Nicholas Nickleby."

The first number of "Master Humphrey's Clock" appeared in the spring of 1840. There was a considerable deviation in the mode of publishing this work from the familiar "green leaf" form. The new plan did not, however, hit the public taste. It was found necessary to resuscitate the two Wellers, that the novel should not fail. By the help of these two revivals the work succeeded; and the two principal tales, "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," became as popular as the rest of Dickens's writings. The work was published in a complete form; but the author chose to have the component stories separated afterwards. "Master Humphrey's Clock" thus became obsolete in its primitive guise. Of "The Old Curiosity Shop," it is scarcely necessary to speak. The pathetic beauty of Little Nell's story has touched millions of hearts already; and will, let us hope, stir the bosoms of our children and their descendants while the language shall last. At the time of its publication in serial parts, Dickens received countless letters from readers, imploring him to deal gently with Little Nell. Thomas Moore wrote a graceful essay on the character in a literary journal. "Barnaby Rudge" is a faithful picture of the Lord Gordon Riots of 1780. Mr. W. P. Frith executed a

painting of Dolly Varden, which elicited the most unqualified praise from Charles Dickens, and led to the artist being commissioned to reproduce on canvas several of the imaginary characters to which "Boz" had given life. *Apropos* of the raven in "Barnaby Rudge," Dickens wrote the history of the two birds which had been in his possession, and whose traits and habits he has portrayed in the "Happy Family," published in "Household Words." Dramatized versions of "Barnaby Rudge" were produced at the Lyceum and other theatres. About this time Dickens was much in society. His acquaintance with Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay is well known. At this date, "The Picnic Papers," edited by Charles Dickens, were produced. He contributed "The Lamplighter's Story" to the publication; the rest of the papers being written by eminent authors,—for instance, Talfourd, Thomas Moore, Allan Cunningham, Harrison Ainsworth, &c.

On the 3d of January, 1842, Dickens left England for the United States, in his voyage fulfilling a promise he had made to Washington Irving and other American correspondents. In the October of the same year, the famous "American Notes" were issued, with a frontispiece by Clarkson Stanfield, and a dedication to the American people. The book caused a storm of indignation on the other side of the Atlantic. Dickens was vituperated, slandered, and misinterpreted in nearly every American print. Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) was vehement in his animadversions on Dickens's alleged ingratitude. But a few more sober and generous writers (among whom was Emerson) were frank enough to recognize the many truths,—the startling value, indeed, of these same "American Notes." While in America, Dickens was the centre of the intellectual writers of New York. Halleck, Bryant, Washington Irving, Prof. Felton, Davis, James T. Fields (for whom he ever after cherished a most loving regard, as his delightful letters testify), were among his associates. Dinner after dinner was given in honor of "Boz." He was everywhere received with such cordial enthusiasm as proved that his native land and that of his hosts were one in heart and brain at least. During Dickens's visit to the "States," he was active in essaying to procure a final settlement of the International Copyright question. How strongly Dickens felt on the subject of literary piracy is fully shown in his letter to "The Athenæum" of July, 1842.

On Dickens's return from America, he produced a prologue to "The Patrician's Daughter" of Dr. Westland Marston, which was recited at Drury Lane by Mr. Macready. In the beginning of 1843, appeared the first number of "Martin Chuzzlewit." The American caricatures therein contained redoubled the anger felt against Dickens in the United States.

Through each of Dickens's works runs a thread of golden purpose. "Chuzzlewit," not forgetting "The Christmas Carol," may be considered as a crusade against "Cant" in its most vicious form, and the prevalent system of hospital nursing. "Chuzzlewit" is, on the whole, one of the masterpieces Dickens has left to posterity. About this time he was very

intimate with Douglas Jerrold, Sydney Smith, Thackeray, &c., in fact, began to take his stand as one of the chiefs and leaders of the national literary brotherhood. At Christmas, 1843, appeared "The Christmas Carol," with illustrations by John Leech. The simple, warm-hearted story took the world by storm, even as "Pickwick" had done. All the papers concurred in estimating it as a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. Thackeray, Lord Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Thomas Hood,—the leading intelligences of the age,—were touched by Tiny Tim. In the summer of 1845, Dickens went to Italy. His letters to Jerrold, his invitations to "come and smoke a pipe among the vines," his graphic descriptions of his house, with its "rooms as big as a church," coupled with his affectionate remembrance of friends in England, say perhaps as much of the author's kindly nature and keen powers of enjoyment as the world will ever read or hear. At the end of the year, "The Chimes" was published in the same form as the author's previous Christmas book. The work was written on the continent. It met with a cordial reception. People began to look for a book by Dickens at Christmas as regularly as the Christmas pudding. On his return from the continent, Dickens made his appearance in an amateur performance at St. James's Theatre. The piece selected was Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor," and it was performed by such a company of literary and artistic celebrities as has been rarely assembled. Dickens played Capt. Bobadil: the other parts were sustained by Henry Mayhew, Dudley Costello, Mark Lemon, George Cattermole, John Forster, Douglas Jerrold, Blanchard Jerrold, John Leech, Frank Stone, &c., &c. Dickens had always manifested an intense love for the stage. His acting was perfect. His dramatic taste was such that Douglas Jerrold appealed to him for his opinion of "Time works Wonders." In the beginning of 1846, Dickens became connected with a new daily paper; and the first number of "The Daily News," appeared under his editorship. He wrote for the new journal "Travelling Letters written on the Road," and "Pictures from Italy." But his genius was cramped in the columns of a daily paper, and he shortly resigned the editorship to his friend Mr. Forster.

Towards the close of 1846, appeared the first number of "Dombey and Son." The death of Little Paul is undoubtedly one of the most touching passages in the English language. The author, strolling about Paris on the night when "he and his little friend parted company forever," avowed that his heart was heavy with the sorrow he had created. "The Battle of Life" was the title of the Christmas book of this year (1846). The Christmas of 1847 passed without the appearance of a seasonable story. In the following year, however, appeared "The Haunted Man," which though powerful, and, in places, irresistibly humorous, scarcely met with the usual reception given to Dickens's stories. In 1849, "David Copperfield" appeared. This book has always been held to be, in a great measure, autobiographical. It is, on the whole, the most artistic, the completest of Dickens's novels. The scene of the

wreck off Yarmouth is, in particular, marvellous in dramatic power and lifelike description. The boyhood of Copperfield is absolutely faultless.

Early in 1850, "Household Words" was started. Dickens bestowed the greatest care on the editorship of his new journal. He assembled round him, at divers times, a staff composed of the most promising young writers of his age. He himself contributed a vast number of tales, serial essays, and detached articles. His "Child's History of England," "The Happy Family," and the several Christmas stories, are his most noticeable contributions. "Bleak House" appeared in 1851. The book was mainly a vigorous satire on the practices of the Court of Chancery. It possesses the merit of being in no degree overstrained. The suit of "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce" is known to have had its prototype in real life. Walter Savage Landor was supposed to be the original of Boythorne.

Dickens now commenced the public readings of his own works. Birmingham, Peterborough, and Chatham claim each to be the town where his maiden essay was made. There is no need to dwell on the immense success that attended these public appearances. As a reader, Dickens has never been equalled. His command over the laughter or tears of an audience was absolute. In his presence the attention could never slacken for an instant. And so at home, and in America, on his second visit, he drew multitudes whenever he announced himself.

In August, 1854, "Hard Times" was republished from "Household Words." The book is the poorest of all the great author's works. From this time the chief incidents in Dickens's life will be vivid in the public recollection. The publication of "Little Dorrit" re-assured those of Dickens's admirers who had augured a weakening of his powers from the manifest inferiority of "Hard Times;" and assuredly the sketch of the Circumlocution Office is fully as masterly as any satire Dickens ever penned. That the views and arguments of the Barnacle family are in nowise overstrained, will be vouched for by the whole of that presumptuous section of the British public which is eternally "wanting to know."

In the spring of 1856, Dickens purchased Gad's Hill Place, — a house which had been pointed out to him, while a boy, as the type of what he might attain by "working and minding his book." Dickens began, in 1858, to give his readings professionally. His first appearance took place at St. Martin's Hall, on the 29th of April. Two or three months later, a painful matter concerning the author's private life was brought before the public by the publication of a protest against divers "rumors and slanders," to which his separation from his wife had given rise. The course thus taken by Dickens occasioned some astonishment; but the whole question is, happily, now at rest. In this year he was active in pleas and performances on behalf of the Royal Dramatic College. At the public meeting held for the purpose of establishing the institution, he delivered one of his most eloquent addresses. In 1859, owing to a disagreement with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Dickens thought fit to bring the pub-

lication of "Household Words" to an abrupt close. In its stead, he projected and established "All the Year Round," in the first number of which appeared the first instalment of "A Tale of Two Cities." Dickens subsequently published, in the same journal, the well-known sensational story, "Hunted Down," and a series of whimsical papers, entitled collectively "The Uncommercial Traveller." At the close of 1860, "Great Expectations" appeared in three volumes, illustrated by Marcus Stone. The plot of this story and some of its characters are wildly improbable; but many parts, notably the description of Pip's childhood, and the pursuit and seizure of the two convicts, are in Dickens's brightest manner. With the exception of papers and Christmas stories in "All the Year Round," and one or two other periodicals, during the following three years, Dickens confined his labors to readings, and to presiding at innumerable public dinners and meetings. On the 1st of May, 1864, however, appeared No. 1 of "Our Mutual Friend,"—a novel that has been very diversely judged, and which is, on the whole, not popular with the mass of readers. This circumstance is not easily accounted for, since "Our Mutual Friend," though somewhat forced here and there, ranks next to "David Copperfield" for perfection of workmanship and delineation of character. It is probable that the plot mitigated the success of the book: it is avowedly fantastic and improbable.

In the spring of 1865, Dickens delivered one of his most famous speeches. It was on the occasion of the Newspaper Press Fund. He recited his experience as a reporter, concluding with an eloquent plea for the profession in general. Amidst a storm of applause, he concluded with the now well-known words, "I am not here advocating the case of a mere ordinary client, of whom I have little or no knowledge: I hold a brief to-night for my brothers." On the 9th of June, in this year, Dickens received that physical and mental shock that no doubt indirectly hastened his death. He was a passenger in a tidal train that met with an accident at Staplehurst, that horrified the whole country by the wholesale sacrifice of life it represented. He escaped unhurt, only to be the first to help those who had been less fortunate; but his frame and nervous system were much shaken.

In 1868, he paid his second visit to America. The farewell banquet given to him at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of his friend Lord Lytton, the toasts and speeches and cheers of nearly five hundred gentlemen distinguished in every branch of learning, and all the liberal professions, must be fresh in all memories. In April of the following year, Dickens returned to England, having experienced in the United States such a welcome as has never been given to pontiff, prince, or statesman in the great Republic. In 1868, the Farewell Readings commenced. The reader was in feeble health, and was advised that he must discontinue his entertainments. He obeyed, and so far recovered as to be able to resume them a few months afterwards, and thus terminate the series. It was at the Academy dinner that he made his last speech, —

eloquent words of grief for the loss of his beloved friend Maclise. On the 9th of April, 1870, Dickens had a long interview with the Queen at Buckingham Palace. It was made known, after his death, that he had been offered more than one title of honor, and had declined a distinction that could add no glory to that which, by his own brilliant and courageous genius, he had conquered, without the favor of any party.

We have now arrived at the last scene of the great author's life. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," it is said, did not flow from his brain with the smoothness and facility of his other works. On Tuesday, 31st of May, he complained that his writing wearied him. On Wednesday, as it is known, he fell prostrate. On the next day, at ten minutes past six, he died. On the 14th of June, 1870, he was laid in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey; and his grave was literally filled with flowers.

He was laid in the Abbey, in the presence of his children and Dean Stanley, who so warmly admired his genius. How lovingly and reverently thousands stepped to the open grave, and filled it with flowers! How constantly throngs came to look at the new slab in Poets' Corner which covered the ashes of the noble Englishman! The pilgrims will never tire and will never cease. Every writer brought his tribute of praise, and not the least graceful was that of Mr. J. C. Parkinson, who had known the illustrious dead, and worked under his genial and generous editorship. This of the funeral in the Abbey:—

"Charles Dickens lies, without one of his injunctions respecting his funeral having been violated, surrounded by poets and men of genius. Shakspeare's marble effigy looked yesterday into his open grave; at his feet are Dr. Johnson and David Garrick; his head is by Addison and Handel; while Oliver Goldsmith, Rowe, Southey, Campbell, Thomson, Sheridan, Macaulay, and Thackeray, or their memorials, encircle him; and Poets' Corner, the most familiar spot in the whole Abbey, has thus received an illustrious addition to its peculiar glory. Separated from Dickens's grave by the statues of Shakspeare, Southey, and Thompson, and close by the door to Poets' Corner, are the memorials of Ben Jonson, Dr. Samuel Butler, Milton, Spenser, and Gray; while Chaucer, Dryden, Cowley, Mason, Shadwell, and Prior are hard by, and tell the bystander, with their wealth of great names, how—

" 'These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.'"

"The twenty months which Geoffrey Chaucer spent as clerk of the works in the reign of Richard the Second were the indirect cause of the special sanctity with which Englishmen have for nearly five centuries invested the spot where Dickens rests. His death in the house, made over to him in virtue of his official position by the keeper of the Lady Chapel of the Abbey, led to his being buried at the entrance of St. Benedict's

Chapel; and from the times of Spenser, the next great poet, who followed him a century later, to yesterday, Poets' Corner has been what its name implies, the chosen receptacle for those whom England has regarded as her greatest and best. Beaumont followed Spenser, and was laid in a nameless grave. Then came what Dean Stanley terms 'the cry and counter-cry' over the ashes of Shakspeare, of whom Ben Jonson wrote, —

“ My Shakspeare, rise, I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer o. Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther off to make thee room.
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.”

The remains of Shakspeare were, it is needless to repeat, never removed, the anathema of the poet against those who should 'dig his bones or dig his dust' precluding the attempt, and the statue of him, which stands by Dickens's grave, was not erected until a century after his death. Ben Jonson's request to Charles I. to grant him a favor; the 'What is it?' of the monarch; the reply of 'Eighteen inches of square ground;' the regal retort, 'Where?'; and the reply, 'In Westminster Abbey,' — are all associated with his tomb, as well as the 'O rare Ben Jonson,' and the medalion on which the sculptor has by mistake put the buttons on the wrong side of the coat. The thousands who visited the Abbey yesterday, and the thousands more who will revive their memory of it by visiting Dickens's grave, will find an ample store of traditions such as these in the records of this southern transept, or Poets' Corner. . . .

"To meet the chance of the friendly and sympathetic negotiations for the interment in Westminster Abbey falling through, due inquiry was made at Rochester Cathedral, and it was arranged provisionally that the funeral should take place there. The ecclesiastical authorities of Rochester made no difficulty as to closing the cathedral during the ceremony, and a site was viewed on which there would have been ample room for the erection of a fitting memorial. There would, moreover, have been a certain appropriateness of selection had Rochester been decided on. Literary pilgrims would have made their way thither from all parts of the earth, just as they do now to Stratford-on-Avon; and men would have told each other how the great English humorist and teacher had returned to the scenes of his youth in the days of his vigorous maturity. Though not born at Rochester, Mr. Dickens spent some portion of his boyhood there, and was wont to tell how his father, the late Mr. John Dickens, in the course of a country ramble, pointed out to him, as a child, the house at Gad's Hill Place, saying, 'There, my boy, if you work and mind your book, you will perhaps one day live in a house like that.' This speech sunk deep, and in after years, and in the course of his many long pedestrian rambles through the lanes and roads of the pleasant Kentish country, Mr. Dickens came to regard this Gad's Hill House lovingly, and to wish himself its possessor.

"This seemed an impossibility. The property was so held that there was no likelihood of its ever coming into the market, and so Gad's Hill came to be alluded to jocularly, as representing a fancy which was pleasant enough in dream-land, but would never be realized. Meanwhile the years rolled on, and Gad's Hill became almost forgotten. Then a further lapse of time, and Mr. Dickens felt a strong wish to settle in the country, and determined to let Tavistock House. About this time, and by the strangest coincidences, his intimate friend and close ally, Mr. W. H. Wills, chanced to sit next to a lady, at a London dinner-party, who remarked, in the course of conversation, that a house and grounds had come into her possession, of which she wanted to dispose. The reader will guess the rest. The house was in Kent, was not far from Rochester, had this and that distinguishing feature which made it like Gad's Hill, and like no other place; and the upshot of Mr. Wills's dinner-table chit-chat with a lady with whom he had never met before, was that Charles Dickens realized the dream of his youth, and became the possessor of Gad's Hill."

Mr. Julian Young met Charles Dickens on the 29th of May, 1846. And he made this charming record in his diary:—

"I am delighted to have eaten, drunk, and chatted with 'Boz.' I have so often found the Brobdingnagians of my fancy dwindle into Lilliputians when I have been admitted to familiar intercourse with them, that, considering my unqualified admiration of 'Boz's' writings, and the magnitude of my expectations, it is something to say that I am not in the least disappointed with him. I longed to tell him of the life-long obligations he has laid me under; for there was a period in my life when sickness and sorrow, and their attendant handmaid anxiety, were constant inmates in my home; and in those sad days we used to look out for the post-bag which was to bring us the last number of "Nickleby," or "Chuzzlewit," or "Dombey," with all the eagerness with which an invalid listens for the doctor's footsteps on the stair. No drug, no stimulant, ever wrought the wondrous effects that the sight of the green covers of each number did on our poor patient. At their advent, grief and pain would flee away, and in their stead pleasant tears and 'laughter, holding both his sides,' would take their place. How we used to dread coming to the close of a number! What devices we had recourse to for spinning it out! How, like greedy children smacking their lips with the keen sense of enjoyment over some dainty, would we linger over every racy morsel of humor, roll it over our tongues, and repeat it to each other for the sake of protracting our intellectual feast as long as possible!

"I hate to hear invidious comparisons made between the merits of Dickens and of Thackeray. Each has his excellences, and neither trenches on the domain of the other. For, though they are both students of human nature, they approach her from different sides. Thackeray writes

pure and idiomatic English, and he has a deep insight into the foibles of his kind. But though personally he has made many staunch friends, and all who know him love him well, yet he certainly does not take as genial or as generous a view of men and women as Dickens. He sees men and manners with the jaundiced eye of a pessimist; whereas his great competitor sees 'good in everything,' and has a heart boiling over with goodwill to all mankind. None so poor but he can do him reverence; none so depraved in whom he cannot detect some redeeming quality. Thackeray has an intimate knowledge of the hollowness, artificiality, and waywardness of fashionable life; and from out the depths of his own experience constructs imaginary lay-figures, which he considers as typical representations of a class. But Dickens's portraits, however antic they may seem, are yet drawn from real flesh and blood. Thackeray's picture-gallery is composed of recollections of men and women he has met with in promiscuous society. Dickens's portraits are studies from the life of those whom he has not met with in Rotten Row, or rubbed against in the drawing-room, but whom he has fallen in with in the by-ways of the world, and who have attracted his observation by their individuality. The characters in Dickens's writings which have been most severely criticized as exaggerated or distorted are actual transcripts of *bona-fide* originals. Why, who that knew her could fail to recognize the original of Mrs. Leo Hunter? In younger days I was at one or two of her parties in Portland Place. Who, that is familiar with Manchester, does not know the Cheeryble brothers? Who, that is old enough to remember a certain inn in Holborn in coaching days, can forget the original of Sam Weller? The original of Mrs. Gamp is not so generally known, but I know well the ladies who first introduced her to Dickens's notice.

"While I write, I am reminded of an anecdote which shows in a very strong light the extraordinary sway he exercises over the hearts even of those 'unused to the melting mood.' Mrs. Henry Siddons, a neighbor and intimate friend of the late Lord Jeffery, who had free license to enter his house at all hours unannounced, and come and go as she listed, opened his library-door one day very gently to look if he was there, and saw enough at a glance to convince her that her visit was ill-timed. The hard critic of 'The Edinburgh' was sitting in his chair, with his head on the table in deep grief. As Mrs. Siddons was delicately retiring, in the hopes that her entrance had been unnoticed, Jeffery raised his head, and kindly beckoned her back. Perceiving that his cheek was flushed and his eyes suffused with tears, she apologized for her intrusion, and begged permission to withdraw. When he found that she was seriously intending to leave him, he rose from his chair, took her by both hands, and led her to a seat.

"*Lord Jeffery (loq.).*—Don't go, my dear friend. I shall be right again in another minute.

"*Mrs. H. Siddons.*—I had no idea that you had had any bad news of cause for grief, or I would not have come. Is any one dead?

"*Lord Jeffery.* — Yes, indeed. I'm a great goose to have given way so; but I could not help it. You'll be sorry to hear that little Nelly, 'Boz's' little Nelly, is dead.

"The fact was, Jeffery had just received the last number then out of 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' and had been thoroughly overcome by its pathos.

"Dickens began his career, when a youth of nineteen, under his uncle, John Henry Barrow, who started 'The Mirror of Parliament' in opposition to Hansard. Hansard always compiled his reports from the morning newspapers, whereas Barrow engaged a special staff of able reporters, sending each important oration in proof to its speaker for correction. When Stanley fulminated his Philippic against O'Connell, it fell to young Dickens's turn to report the last third of it. The proof of the whole speech was forwarded to Mr. Stanley. He returned it to Barrow, with the remark that the first two-thirds were so badly reported as to be unintelligible, but that if the gentleman who had so admirably reported the last third of his speech could be sent to him, he would speak the rest of it to him alone. Accordingly, at an hour appointed, young Dickens made his appearance at Mr. Stanley's, note-book in hand. It was with evident hesitation that the servant ushered him into the library, the tables of which were covered with newspapers.

"Presently the master of the house appeared, eyed the youth suspiciously, and said, 'I beg pardon, but I had hoped to see the gentleman who had reported part of my speech,' &c. 'I am that gentleman,' retorted Dickens, turning red in the face, and feeling his dignity somewhat offended. 'Oh, indeed!' replied Mr. Stanley, pushing about the papers, and turning his back to conceal an involuntary smile. It was not long before Sir James Graham stepped in; and then Stanley began his speech. At first he stood still, addressing one of the window-curtains as Mr. Speaker. Then he walked up and down the room, gesticulating and declaiming with all the fire and force he had shown in the House of Commons. Graham, with the newspaper before him, followed and occasionally checked him, when he had forgotten some trifling point, or had transposed one proposition in the place of another.

"When the entire speech had been fully reported, Stanley returned the revise, with Dickens's corrected edition of the parts of the speech which had been bungled, with a note to Barrow highly complimentary to the stripling reporter, and with a shadowy prediction of a great career for him in the future.

"Dickens had totally forgotten this incident, until many years after, he was invited to dine with Lord Derby for the first time. Having been shown with the other guests before dinner into the library, he felt a strange consciousness of having been in it before, which he could not account for. He was in a state of bewilderment about it all dinner-time; for he could not recall the circumstance which brought the reporting adventure to his mind. But, at all events, something did; and he reminded

his host of it. Lord Derby was delighted to recognize in his new friend his boy-reporter, and told the story to a select few, who, with Dickens, had stayed after the rest of the company had departed."

Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, in his "Memories," has cast his flower upon his great friend's grave, in a few passages full of tender feeling:—

"What a full, brilliant, useful life it was, that which endured no longer here—on earth—than fifty-eight years! What a prodigious bequest he has left! what a munificent gift, not to his country alone, but to all the peoples of the world, 'mankind, mankind his debtor to the end of time!' I have applied these words to other great benefactors of the epoch; to none with greater force or truth than to this great master and guide of the hearts and minds of millions.

"So it is now, and so it will be forever!

"My memory of Charles Dickens may be compressed into brief space. Within the last few months, he has received a hundred tributes, more eloquent, more emphatic, and more powerful, than any I might write; and if I could devote sufficient space to the subject, I should fill it by extracting passages, *in memoriam*, from the testimonials laid by his contemporaries upon his grave. And that grave is in Westminster Abbey!

" 'Ne'er to those dwellings where the mighty rest,
Since their foundations, came a nobler guest'

than he, who, on the 14th day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy, was laid among illustrious compeers—those who have been famous in war, and those who have obtained holier renown in the victories of peace.

"He died in harness, when his fame was at its zenith, before age had weakened power; and the 'sudden death' may have been a merciful reward. No doubt he was another victim to long and hard head-work—another proof that—

" 'The brain o'erwrought
Preys on itself, and is consumed by thought.'

But let us picture the two years and two months of the death-bed of Thomas Moore—the mind gone, or but glimmering now and then, in half-consciousness, when he dimly recognized his 'Bessy.' Let us imagine Robert Southey, crawling along his library, taking down one book after another, in vain search for some long familiar passage, and sadly murmuring, as he pressed his thin and shaking hand to his early-wrinkled brow, 'Memory, memory! where art thou gone?'

"We may be thankful that such mournful destiny was not that of Charles Dickens.

"The death—if the term must be applied to one who can never die—of this largely-gifted and large-hearted man carried deep grief into every

circle, — not alone of the kingdom, but of the world. The highest and the lowest of society alike felt they had lost a friend, — one who not only ministered, and always rightly, to their intellectual enjoyments, but was ever the firm yet genial advocate of humanity. His sympathies were mainly, but by no means exclusively, with the humbler classes: he was ever on the side of all who suffered wrong, ever the enemy of those by whom it was inflicted. His satire — and he was often a keen satirist — was never personal, either as regarded himself or the vices and follies he assailed. Of him may be truly said what the poet said of Sheridan: in the 'combat,' his wit —

“ ‘Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.’ ”

And it is no exaggeration to apply to Charles Dickens the line that was applied to William Shakspeare, —

“ ‘He was not for an age, but for all time.’ ”

DICKENS THE SPEAKER.



R. DICKENS never entered actively into political life, and seldom disburdened himself of political utterances. He was a stout and earnest Liberal, however. Perhaps he may be best understood by the following admirable speech, which he delivered in Drury Lane Theatre to a crowded and enthusiastic audience on the 27th of June, 1855:—

“I cannot, I am sure, better express my sense of the kind reception accorded to me by this great assembly than by promising to compress what I shall address to it within the closest possible limits. It is more than eighteen hundred years ago since there was a set of men who ‘thought they should be heard for their much speaking.’ As they have propagated exceedingly since that time, and as I observe they flourish just now to a surprising extent about Westminster, I will do my best to avoid adding to the numbers of that prolific race. The noble lord at the head of the government, when he wondered, in Parliament, about a week ago, that my friend Mr. Layard did not blush for having stated in this place what the whole country knows perfectly well to be true, and what no man in it can by possibility better know to be true than those disinterested supporters of that noble lord, who had the advantage of hearing him and cheering him night after night, when he first became Premier,—I mean that he did officially and habitually joke at a time when this country was plunged in deep disgrace and distress,—I say that the noble lord, when he wondered so much that the man of this age, who has, by his earnest and adventurous spirit, done the most to distinguish himself and it, did not blush for the tremendous audacity of having to come between the wind and his nobility, turned an airy period with reference to the private theatricals at Drury Lane Theatre. Now I have some slight acquaintance with theatricals, private and public, and I will accept that figure of the noble lord. I will not say that, if I wanted to form a company of her Majesty’s servants, I think I should know where to put my hand on the ‘comic old gentleman;’ nor that, if I wanted to get up a pantomime, I

fancy I should know what establishment to go to for the tricks and changes; also for a very considerable host of supernumeraries, to trip one another up in that contention with which many of us are familiar both on these and other boards, in which the principal objects thrown about are loaves and fishes. But I will try to give the noble lord the reason for these private theatricals, and the reason why, however ardently he may desire to ring the curtain down upon them, there is not the faintest hope of their coming to a conclusion. It is this: the public theatricals which the noble lord is so condescending as to manage are so intolerably bad, the machinery is so cumbrous, the parts so ill-distributed, the company so full of 'walking gentlemen,' the managers have such large families, and are so bent upon putting those families into what is theatrically called 'first business,'—not because of their aptitude for it, but because they *are* their families,—that we find ourselves able to organize an opposition. We have seen 'The Comedy of Errors' played so dismally like a tragedy that we really cannot bear it. We are therefore making bold to get up a 'School of Reform;' and we hope, before the play is out, to improve that noble lord by our performances very considerably. If he object that we have no right to improve him without his license, we venture to claim that right in virtue of his orchestra, consisting of a very powerful piper, whom we always pay.

"Sir, as this is the first political meeting I have ever attended, and as my trade and calling is not associated with politics, perhaps it may be useful for me to show how I came to be here; because reasons similar to those which have influenced me may still be trembling in the balance in the minds of others. I want at all times, in full sincerity, to do my duty by my countrymen. If I feel an attachment towards them, there is nothing disinterested or meritorious in that; for I can never too affectionately remember the confidence and friendship that they have long reposed in me. My sphere of action—which I shall never change—I shall never overstep, further than this, or for a longer period than I do to-night. By literature I have lived, and through literature I have been content to serve my country; and I am perfectly well aware that I cannot serve two masters. In my sphere of action, I have tried to understand the heavier social grievances, and to help to set them right. When 'The Times' newspaper proved its then almost incredible case, in reference to the ghostly absurdity of that vast labyrinth of misplaced men and misdirected things, which had made England unable to find, on the face of the earth, an enemy one-twentieth part so potent to effect the misery and ruin of her noble defenders as she has been herself, I believe that the gloomy silence into which the country fell was by far the darkest aspect in which a great people had been exhibited for many years. With shame and indignation lowering among all classes of society, and this new element of discord piled on the heaving basis of ignorance, poverty, and crime, which is always below us; with little adequate expression of the general mind, or apparent understanding of the general mind, in Parliament; with the

machinery of government and the legislature going round and round, and the people fallen from it, and standing aloof as if they left it to its last remaining function of destroying itself when it had achieved the destruction of so much that was dear to them,—I did and do believe that the only wholesome turn affairs so menacing could possibly take was the awakening of the people, the uniting of the people in all patriotism and loyalty, to effect a great peaceful constitutional change in the administration of their own affairs. At such a crisis, this association arose; at such a crisis I joined it, considering its further case to be—if further case could possibly be needed—that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, that men must be gregarious in good citizenship as well as in other things, and that it is a law in Nature that there must be a centre of attraction for particles to fly to before any serviceable body with recognized functions can come into existence. This association has arisen, and we belong to it. What are the objections to it? I have heard, in the main, but three, which I will now briefly notice. It is said that it is proposed by this association to exercise an influence, through the constituencies, on the House of Commons. I have not the least hesitation in saying that I have the smallest amount of faith in the House of Commons at present existing, and that I consider the exercise of such influence highly necessary to the welfare and honor of this country. I was reading, no later than yesterday, the book of Mr. Pepys, which is rather a favorite of mine, in which he, two hundred years ago, writing of the House of Commons, says, 'My cousin, Roger Pepys, tells me that it is matter of the greatest grief to him in the world that he should be put upon this trust of being a Parliament man; because he says nothing is done, that he can see, out of any truth and sincerity, but mere envy and design.'

"Now, how it comes to pass that, after two hundred years, and many years after a Reform Bill, the House of Commons is so little changed, I will not stop to inquire. I will not ask how it happens that bills which cramp and worry the people, and restrict their scant enjoyments, are so easily passed, and how it happens that measures for their real interests are so very difficult to be got through Parliament. I will not analyze the confined air of the lobby, or reduce to their primitive gases its charming influences on that honorable member who was once a candidate for your—and my—independent vote and interest. I will not ask what is that sectarian figure, full of blandishments, standing on the threshold, with its finger on its lips. I will not ask how it comes that those personal alterations, involving all the rumors and definitions of Shakspeare's Touchstone,—the retort courteous, the quip modest, the reply churlish, the reproof valiant, the countercheck quarrelsome, the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct,—are of immeasurably greater interest in the House of Commons than the health, the taxation, and the education of a whole people. I will not penetrate into the mysteries of that secret chamber in which the Bluebeard of Party keeps his strangled public questions, and with regard to which, when he gives the key to his wife, the new comer, he strictly

charges her on no account to open the door. I will merely put it to the experience of everybody here, whether the House of Commons is not, occasionally, a little hard of hearing, a little dim of sight, a little slow of understanding, and whether, in short, it is not in a sufficiently invalidated state to require close watching, and the occasional application of sharp stimulants; and whether it is not capable of considerable improvement. I believe that, in order to preserve it in a state of real usefulness and independence, the people must be very watchful and very jealous of it; and it must have its memory jogged, and be kept awake when it happens to have taken too much ministerial narcotic; it must be trotted about, and must be hustled and pinched in a friendly way, as is the usage in such cases. I hold that no power can deprive us of the rights to administer our functions as a body comprising electors from all parts of the country, associated together because their country is dearer to them than drowsy twaddle, unmeaning routine, or worn-out conventionalities.

"This brings me to objection number two. It is stated that this association sets class against class. Is this so? (Cries of 'No!') No: it finds class against class, and seeks to reconcile them. I wish to avoid placing in opposition those two words, Aristocracy and People. I am one who can believe in the virtues and uses of both, and would not, on any account, deprive either of a single just right belonging to it. I will use, instead of these words, the terms, the Governors and the Governed. These two bodies the association finds with a gulf between them, in which are lying, newly buried, thousands on thousands of the bravest and most devoted men that even England ever bred. It is to prevent the recurrence of innumerable smaller evils, of which, unchecked, that great calamity was the crowning height and the necessary consummation, and to bring together those two fronts looking now so strangely at each other, that this association seeks to help to bridge over that abyss, with a structure founded on common justice, and supported by common sense. Setting class against class! That is the very parrot prattle that I have so long heard! Try its justice by the following example:—A respectable gentleman had a large establishment, and a great number of servants, who were good for nothing; who, when he asked them to give his children bread, gave them stones; who, when they were told to give those children fish, gave them serpents. When they were ordered to send to the east, they sent to the west; when they ought to have been serving dinner in the north, they were consulting exploded cookery-books in the south; who wasted, destroyed, tumbled over one another when required to do anything, and were bringing everything to ruin. At last the respectable gentleman calls his house steward, and says, even then more in sorrow than in anger, 'This is a terrible business; no fortune can stand it; no moral equanimity can bear it! I must change my system. I must obtain servants who will do their duty.' The house steward throws up his eyes in pious horror, ejaculates, 'Good God! master, you are setting class against class!' and then rushes off into the servants' hall, and delivers a long and melting oration on that wicked feeling.

"I now come to the third objection, which is common among young gentlemen who are not particularly fit for anything but spending money, which they have not got. It is usually comprised in the observation, 'How very extraordinary it is that these Administrative Reform fellows can't mind their own business!' I think it will occur to all that a very sufficient mode of disposing of this objection is to say that it is our own business we mind when we come forward in this way; and it is to prevent it from being mismanaged by them. I observe from the parliamentary debates, — which have of late, by-the-by, frequently suggested to me that there is this difference between the bull of Spain and the bull of Nineveh, that, whereas in the Spanish case the bull rushes at the scarlet, in the Nineveh case the scarlet rushes at the bull, — I have observed from the parliamentary debates, that, by a curious fatality, there has been a great deal of the reproof valiant and the countercheck quarrelsome in reference to every case, showing the necessity for Administrative Reform, by whomsoever produced, whensoever and wheresoever. I dare say, I should have no difficulty in adding two or three cases to the list, which I know to be true, and which I have no doubt would be contradicted. But I consider it a work of supererogation; for if the people at large be not already convinced that a sufficient general case has been made out for Administrative Reform, I think they never can be, and they never will be. There is, however, an old, indisputable, very well-known story, which has so pointed a moral at the end of it, that I will substitute for it a new case, by doing of which I may avoid, I hope, the sacred wrath of St. Stephen's. Ages ago, a savage mode of keeping accounts on notched sticks was introduced into the Court of Exchequer, and the accounts were kept much as Robinson Crusoe kept his calendar on the desert island. In the course of considerable revolutions of time, the celebrated Cocker was born and died; Walkingame, of 'The Tutor's Assistant,' and well versed in figures, was also born and died; a multitude of accountants, book-keepers, and actuaries, were born and died. Still official routine inclined to these notched sticks, as if they were pillars of the constitution, and still the Exchequer accounts continued to be kept on certain splints of elm wood, called 'tallies.'

"In the reign of George III., an inquiry was made by some revolutionary spirit, whether, pens, ink, and paper, slates and pencils being in existence, this obstinate adherence to an obsolete custom ought to be continued, and whether a change ought not to be effected. All the red tape in the country grew redder at the bare mention of this bold and original conception; and it took till 1826 to get these sticks abolished. In 1834, it was found that there was a considerable accumulation of them; and the question then arose, What was to be done with such worn-out, worm-eaten, rotten, old bits of wood? I dare say, there was a vast amount of uninviting memoranduming and despatch-boxing on this mighty subject. The sticks were housed at Westminster, and it would naturally occur to any intelligent person that nothing could be easier than to allow them to

be carried away for firewood by the miserable people who live in the neighborhood. However, they never had been useful, and official routine required that they never should be; and so the order went forth that they were to be privately and confidently burned. It came to pass that they were burned in a stove in the House of Lords. The stove, over-gorged with these preposterous sticks, set fire to the panelling; the panelling set fire to the House of Lords; the House of Lords set fire to the House of Commons; the two houses were reduced to ashes; architects were called in to build others; we are now in the second million of the cost thereof; the national pig is not nearly over the stile yet; and the little old woman, Britannia, hasn't got home to-night.

"Now, I think we may reasonably remark, in conclusion, that all obstinate adherence to rubbish which the time has long outlived, is certain to have in the soul of it more or less that is pernicious and destructive, and that will some day set fire to something or other, which, if given boldly to the winds, would have been harmless, but which, obstinately retained, is ruinous. I believe myself that when Administrative Reform goes up, it will be idle to hope to put it down on this or that particular instance. The great, broad, and true cause that our public progress is far behind our private progress, and that we are not more remarkable for our private wisdom and success in matters of business than we are for our public folly and failure, I take to be as clearly established as the sun, moon, and stars. To set this right, and clear the way in the country for merit everywhere, accepting it equally whether it be aristocratic or democratic, only asking whether it be honest or true, is, I take it, the true object of this association. This object it seeks to promote by uniting together large numbers of the people, I hope, of all conditions, to the end that they may better comprehend, bear in mind, understand themselves, and impress upon others, the common public duty. Also, of which there is great need, that by keeping a vigilant eye on the skirmishers thrown out from time to time by the party of generals, they may see that their feints and manœuvres do not oppress the small defaulters and release the great, and that they do not gull the public with a mere field-day review of reform, instead of an earnest, hard-fought battle. I have had no consultation with any one upon the subject, but I particularly wish that the directors may devise some means of enabling intelligent working-men to join this body on easier terms than subscribers who have larger resources. I could wish to see great numbers of them belong to us, because I sincerely believe that it would be for the common weal.

"Said the noble lord at the head of the government, when Mr. Layard asked him for a day for his motion, 'Let the honorable gentleman find a day for himself.'

"'Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great?'

"If our Cæsar will excuse me, I would take the liberty of reversing

that cool and lofty sentiment, and I would say, 'First Lord, your duty is to see that no man is left to find a day for himself. See you, who take the responsibility of government, who aspire to it, live for it, intrigue for it, scramble for it, who hold to it tooth-and-nail, when you can get it, see that no man is left to find a day for himself. In this country, with its seething, hard-worked millions, its heavy taxes, its swarms of ignorant, its crowds of poor, and its crowds of wicked, woe the day when the dangerous man shall find a day for himself, because the head of the government failed in his duty in not anticipating it by a brighter and a better one! Name you the day, First Lord; make a day; work for a day beyond your little time, Lord Palmerston, and history in return may then — not otherwise — find a day for you; a day equally associated with the contentment of the loyal, patient, willing-hearted English people, and with the happiness of your royal mistress and her fair line of children.'"

It is impossible to realize to the reader's mind, by printed words, the enthusiasm with which this speech was received. Let us now pass to a subject on which the speaker was quite at home.

NEWS AND ITS VENDORS. (SPOKEN MAY 20, 1862.)

"When I had the honor of being asked to preside last year, I was prevented by indisposition, and I besought my friend Mr. Wilkie Collins to reign in my stead. He very kindly complied, and made an excellent speech. Now I tell you the truth, that I read that speech with considerable uneasiness, for it inspired me with a strong misgiving that I had better have presided last year with neuralgia in my face and my subject in my head, rather than preside this year with my neuralgia all gone and my subject anticipated. Therefore I wish to preface the toast this evening by making the managers of this institution one very solemn and repentant promise, and it is, if ever I find myself obliged to provide a substitute again, they may rely upon my sending the most speechless man of my acquaintance.

"The chairman last year presented you with an amiable view of the universality of the newsman's calling. Nothing, I think, is left for me but to imagine the newsman's burden itself, to unfold one of those wonderful sheets which he every day disseminates, and to take a bird's-eye view of its general character and contents. So, if you please, choosing my own time — though the newsman cannot choose his time, for he must be equally active in winter or summer, in sunshine or sleet, in light or darkness, early or late — but, choosing my own time, I shall for two or three moments start off with the newsman on a fine May morning, and take a view of the wonderful broadsheets which every day he scatters

broadcast over the country. Well, the first thing that occurs to me, following the newsman, is, that every day we are born, that every day we are married—some of us—and that every day we are dead; consequently, the first thing the newsvender's column informs me is, that Atkins has been born, that Catkins has been married, and that Datkins is dead. But the most remarkable thing I immediately discover in the next column is, that Atkins has grown to be seventeen years old, and that he has run away; for at last my eye lights on the fact that William A., who is seventeen years old, is adjured immediately to return to his disconsolate parents, and everything will be arranged to the satisfaction of every one. I am afraid he will never return, simply because, if he had meant to come back, he would never have gone away. Immediately below, I find a mysterious character in such a mysterious difficulty, that it is only to be expressed by several disjointed letters, by several figures, and several stars; and then I find the explanation in the intimation that the writer has given his property over to his uncle, and that the elephant is on the wing. Then, still glancing over the shoulder of my industrious friend the newsman, I find there are great fleets of ships, bound to all parts of the earth, that they all want a little more stowage, a little more cargo, that they have a few more berths to let, that they have all the most spacious decks, that they are all built of teak, and copper-bottomed, that they all carry surgeons of experience, and that they are all A 1 at Lloyds's, and anywhere else. Still glancing over the shoulder of my friend the newsman, I find I am offered all kinds of house-lodging, clerks, servants, and situations, which I can possibly or impossibly want. I learn, to my intense gratification, that I need never grow old, that I may always preserve the juvenile bloom of my complexion; that, if ever I turn ill, it is entirely my own fault; that, if I have any complaint, and want brown cod-liver oil or Turkish baths, I am told where to get them, and that, if I want an income of seven pounds a week, I may have it by sending half a crown in postage-stamps. Then I look to the police intelligence; and I discover that I may bite off a living human nose cheaply, but if I take off the dead nose of a pig or a calf from a shop window, it will cost me exceedingly dear. I also find, that, if I allow myself to be betrayed into the folly of killing an inoffensive tradesman on his own doorstep, that little incident will not affect the testimonials to my character, but that I shall be described as a most amiable young man, and as, above all things, remarkable for the singular inoffensiveness of my character and disposition. Then I turn my eye to the Fine Arts; and, under that head, I see that a certain 'J. O.' has most triumphantly exposed a certain 'J. O. B.,' which 'J. O. B.' was remarkable for this particular ugly feature, that I was requested to deprive myself of the best of my pictures for six months; that for that time it was to be hung on a wet wall, and that I was to be requited for my courtesy in having my picture most impertinently covered with a wet blanket. To sum up the results of a glance over my newsman's shoulder, it gives a comprehensive knowl-

edge of what is going on over the continent of Europe, and also of what is going on over the continent of America, to say nothing of such little geographical regions as India and China.

"Now, my friends, this is the glance over the newsman's shoulder from the whimsical point of view, which is the point, I believe, that most promotes digestion. The newsman is to be met with on steamboats, railway-stations, and at every turn. His profits are small, he has a great amount of anxiety and care, and no little amount of personal wear and tear. He is indispensable to civilization and freedom; and he is looked for with pleasurable excitement every day, except when he lends the paper for an hour, and when he is punctual in calling for it, which is sometimes very painful. I think the lesson we can learn from our newsman is some new illustration of the uncertainty of life, some illustration of its vicissitudes and fluctuations. Mindful of this permanent lesson, some members of the trade originated this society, which affords them assistance in time of sickness and indigence. The subscription is infinitesimal. It amounts annually to five shillings. Looking at the returns before me, the progress of the society would seem to be slow; but it has only been slow for the best of all reasons, that it has been sure. The pensions granted are all obtained from the interest on the funded capital; and therefore the institution is literally as safe as the bank. It is stated that there are several newsvenders who are not members of the society; but that is true in all institutions which have come under my experience. The persons who are most likely to stand in need of the benefits which an institution confers are usually the persons to keep away until bitter experience comes to them too late."

THANKS FOR HIS RECEPTION. (EDINBURGH, 1841.)

"If I felt your warm and generous welcome less, I should be better able to thank you,—if I could have listened as you have listened to the glowing language of your distinguished chairman, and if I could have heard as you have heard the 'thoughts that breathed, words that burn,' which he has uttered. But every word which fell from his lips, and every demonstration of sympathy and approbation with which you received his eloquent expressions, renders me unable to respond to his kindness, and leaves me at last all heart and no lips, yearning to respond as I would to your cordial greeting,—possessing, Heaven knows, the will, and desiring only to find the way.

"The way to your good opinion, favor, and support, has been to me very pleasing,—a path strewn with flowers and cheered with sunshine.

"I feel as if I stood amongst old friends, whom I had intimately known and highly valued. I feel as if the deaths of the fictitious creatures, in which you have been kind enough to express an interest, had en-

deared us to each other, as real afflictions deepen friendships in actual life: I feel as if they had been real persons, whose fortunes we had pursued together in inseparable connection, and that I had never known them apart from you.

"It is a difficult thing for a man to speak of himself or of his works. But perhaps, on this occasion, I may, without impropriety, venture to say a word on the spirit in which mine were conceived. I felt an earnest and humble desire, and shall do till I die, to increase the stock of harmless cheerfulness. I felt that the world was not utterly to be despised; that it was worthy of living in for many reasons. I was anxious to find, as the Professor has said, if I could, in evil things, that soul of goodness which the Creator has put in them. I was anxious to show that virtue may be found in the byways of the world, that it is not incompatible with poverty, and even with rags, and to keep steadily through life the motto expressed in the burning words of your Northern poet, —

" ' The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.' "

And in following this track, where could I have better assurance that I was right, or where could I have stronger assurance to cheer me on, than in your kindness on this, to me, memorable night?

"I am anxious and glad to have an opportunity of saying a word in reference to one incident, in which I am happy to know you were interested, and still more happy to know — though it may sound paradoxical — that you were disappointed. I mean the death of the little heroine. When I first conceived the idea of conducting that simple story to its termination, I determined rigidly to adhere to it, and never to forsake the end I had in view. Not untried in the school of affliction, in the death of those we love, I thought what a good thing it would be if, in my little work of pleasant amusement, I could substitute a garland of fresh flowers for the sculptured horrors which disgrace the tomb. If I have put into my book anything which can fill the young mind with better thoughts of death, or soften the griefs of older hearts; if I have written one word which can afford pleasure or consolation to old or young in time of trial, I shall consider it as something achieved, — something which I shall be glad to look back upon in after life. Therefore I kept to my purpose, notwithstanding that, towards the conclusion of the story, I daily received letters of remonstrance, especially from the ladies. God bless them for their tender mercies! The Professor was quite right when he said that I had not reached to an adequate delineation of their virtues; and I fear that I must go on blotting their characters in endeavoring to reach the ideal in my mind. These letters were, however, combined with others from the sterner sex; and some of them were not altogether free from personal invective. But, notwithstanding, I kept to my purpose; and I am happy to know, that many of those who at first condemned me are now foremost in their approbation.

"If I have made a mistake in detaining you with this little incident, I do not regret having done so; for your kindness has given me such confidence in you, that the fault is yours, and not mine. I come once more to thank you, and here I am in a difficulty again. The distinction you have conferred upon me is one which I never hoped for, and of which I never dared to dream. That it is one which I shall never forget, and that while I live I shall be proud of its remembrance, you must well know. I believe I shall never hear the name of this capital of Scotland without a thrill of gratitude and pleasure. I shall love, while I have life, her people, her hills, and her houses, and even the very stones of her streets. And if in the future works which may lie before me you should discern — God grant you may! — a brighter spirit and a clearer wit, I pray you to refer it back to this night, and point to that as a Scottish passage for evermore. I thank you again and again, with the energy of a thousand thanks in each one, and I drink to you with a heart as full as my glass, and far easier emptied, I do assure you."

ON HIS OWN WORKS. (BOSTON, 1842.)

"It is not easy for a man to speak of his own books. I dare say that few persons have been more interested in mine than I; and if it be a general principle in nature that a lover's love is blind, and that a mother's love is blind, I believe it may be said of an author's attachment to the creatures of his own imagination, that it is a perfect model of constancy and devotion, and is the blindest of all. But the objects and purposes I have had in view are very plain and simple, and may be easily told. I have always had, and always shall have, an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I have always had, and always shall have, an invincible repugnance to that mole-eyed philosophy which loves the darkness, and winks and scowls in the light. I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she, and every beautiful object in external nature, claims some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she goes barefoot as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and byways than she does in courts and palaces, and that it is good, and pleasant, and profitable to track her out, and follow her. I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten and too often misused, and to say to the proudest and most thoughtless, 'These creatures have the same elements and capacities of goodness as yourselves, they are moulded in the same form, and made of the same clay; and though ten times worse than you, may, in having retained any-

thing of their original nature amidst the trials and distresses of their condition, be really ten times better.' I believe that to do this is to pursue a worthy and not useless vocation. Gentlemen, that you think so too, your fervent greeting sufficiently assures me. That this feeling is alive in the Old World as well as in the New, no man should know better than I, — I who have found such wide and ready sympathy in my own dear land. That, in expressing it, we are treading in the steps of those great master-spirits who have gone before, we know by reference to all the bright examples in our literature, from Shakspeare downward.

"There is one other point connected with the labors (if I may call them so) that you hold in such generous esteem, to which I cannot help advertng. I cannot help expressing the delight, the more than happiness it was to me, to find so strong an interest awakened on this side of the water in favor of that little heroine of mine, to whom your president has made allusion, who died in her youth. I had letters about that child in England from the dwellers in log-houses among the morasses, and swamps, and dense forests, and deep solitudes of the Far West. Many a sturdy hand, hard with the axe and spade, and browned by the summer's sun, has taken up the pen, and written to me a little history of domestic joy or sorrow, always coupled, I am proud to say, with something of interest in that little tale, or some comfort or happiness derived from it; and my correspondent has always addressed me, not as a writer of books for sale, resident some four or five thousand miles away, but as a friend to whom he might freely impart the joys and sorrows of his own fireside. Many a mother — I could reckon them now by dozens, not by units — has done the like, and has told me how she lost such a child at such a time, and where she lay buried, and how good she was, and how, in this or that respect, she resembles Nell. I do assure you that no circumstance of my life has given me one-hundredth part of the gratification I have derived from this source. I was wavering at the time whether or not to wind up my Clock,* and come and see this country, and this decided me. I felt as if it were a positive duty, as if I were bound to pack up my clothes, and come and see my friends; and even now I have such an odd sensation in connection with these things, that you have no chance of spoiling me. I feel as though we were agreeing — as indeed we are, if we substitute for fictitious characters the classes from which they are drawn — about third parties, in whom we had a common interest. At every new act of kindness on your part, I say to myself, 'That's for Oliver; I should not wonder if that was meant for Smike; I have no doubt that is intended for Nell.' And so I become a much happier, certainly, but a more sober and retiring man than ever I was before."

* "Master Humphrey's Clock," under which title "Barnaby Rudge" and "The Old Curiosity Shop" originally appeared.

ON WASHINGTON IRVING.

"There is in this city [New York] a gentleman who, at the reception of one of my books — I well remember it was 'The Old Curiosity Shop' — wrote to me in England a letter so generous, so affectionate, and so manly, that, if I had written the book under every circumstance of disappointment, of discouragement and difficulty, instead of the reverse, I should have found in the receipt of that letter my best and most happy reward. I answered him, and he answered me; and so we kept shaking hands autographically, as if no ocean rolled between us. I came here to this city eager to see him, and [laying his hand on Irving's shoulder] here he sits! I need not tell you how happy and delighted I am to see him here to-night in this capacity.

"Washington Irving! Why, gentleman, I don't go up stairs to bed two nights out of the seven, — as a very creditable witness near at hand can testify, — I say I do not go to bed two nights out of the seven without taking Washington Irving under my arm; and when I don't take him, I take his own brother, Oliver Goldsmith. Washington Irving! Why, of whom but him was I thinking the other day when I came up by the Hog's Back, the Frying Pan, Hell Gate, and all these places? Why, when, not long ago, I visited Shakspeare's birthplace, and went beneath the roof where he first saw light, whose name but *his* was pointed out to me upon the wall? Washington Irving, Diedrich Knickerbocker, Geoffrey Crayon! Why, where can you go that they have not been there before? Is there an English farm — is there an English stream, an English city, or an English country-seat, where they have not been? Is there no Bracebridge Hall in existence? Has it no ancient shades or quiet streets?

"In bygone times, when Irving left that hall, he left, sitting in an old oak chair, in a small parlor of the Boar's Head, a little man with a red nose and an oil-skin hat. When I came away, he was sitting there still! — not a man *like* him, but the same man — with the nose of immortal redness, and the hat of an undying glaze! Crayon, while there, was on terms of intimacy with a certain radical fellow, who used to go about, with a hatful of newspapers, wofully out at elbows, and with a coat of great antiquity. Why, gentlemen, I know that man, — Tibbles, the elder, and he has not changed a hair; and when I came away, he charged me to give his best respects to Washington Irving!

"Leaving the town and the rustic life of England, — forgetting this man, if we can; putting out of mind the country churchyard and the broken heart, — let us cross the water again, and ask who has associated himself most closely with the Italian peasantry and the bandits of the Pyrenees? When the traveller enters his little chamber beyond the Alps, listening to the dim echoes of the long passages and spacious corridors, damp, and gloomy, and cold; as he hears the tempest beating with fury

against his window, and gazes at the curtains, dark and heavy, and covered with mould; and when all the ghost stories that ever were told come up before him, — amid all his thick-coming fancies, whom does he think of? Washington Irving. Go farther still: go to the Moorish fountains, sparkling full in the moonlight; go among the water-carriers and the village gossips, living still as in days of old; and who has travelled among them before you, and peopled the Alhambra, and made eloquent its shadows? Who awakes there a voice from every hill, and in every cavern, and bids legends which for centuries have slept a dreamless sleep start up and pass before you in all their life and glory? But leaving this again, who embarked with Columbus upon his gallant ship, — traversed with him the dark and mighty ocean, leaped upon the land, and planted there the flag of Spain, but this same man, now sitting by my side? And being here at home again, who is a more fit companion for money-diggers? And what pen but his has made Rip van Winkle, playing at nine-pins on that thundering afternoon, as much part and parcel of the Catskill Mountains as any tree or crag that they can boast?"

DICKENS ON HIS EARLY LIFE AS A REPORTER.

"I hope I may be allowed in the very few closing words that I feel a desire to say in remembrance of some circumstances, rather special, attending my present occupation of this chair, to give those words something of a personal tone. I am not here advocating the case of a mere ordinary client, of whom I have little or no knowledge: I hold a brief to-night for my brothers. I went into the gallery of the House of Commons as a parliamentary reporter when I was a boy not eighteen, and I left it—I can hardly believe the inexorable truth—nigh thirty years ago. I have pursued the calling of a reporter under circumstances of which many of my brethren at home in England here, many of my modern successors, can form no adequate conception. I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes important public speeches, in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark-lantern, in a post-chaise-and-four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. The very last time I was at Exeter I strolled into the castle yard, there to identify, for the amusement of a friend, the spot on which I once 'took,' as we used to call it, an election speech of my noble friend Lord Russell, in the midst of a lively fight maintained by all the vagabonds in that division of the county, and under such a pelting rain, that I remember two good-natured colleagues who chanced to be at leisure held a pocket-handkerchief over

my notebook, after the manner of a state canopy in an ecclesiastical procession. I have worn my knees by writing on them, on the whole back row of the old gallery of the old House of Commons; and I have worn my feet by standing to write in a preposterous pen in the old House of Lords, where we used to be huddled together like so many sheep, — kept in waiting, say, until the woolsack might want restuffing. Returning home from excited political meetings in the country to the waiting Press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, belated on miry byroads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken post-boys, and have got back in time for publication, to be received with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest of Scotch from the broadest of hearts I ever knew.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I mention these trivial things as an assurance to you that I have never forgotten the fascination of that old pursuit. The pleasure that I used to feel in the rapidity and dexterity of its exercise has never faded out of my breast. Whatever little cunning of hand or head I took to it, or acquired to it, I have so retained, as that, I fully believe, I could resume it to-morrow, very little the worse from long disuse. To this present year of my life, when I sit in this hall, or where not, hearing a dull speech, the phenomenon does occur. I sometimes beguile the tedium of the moment by mentally following the speaker in the old, old way; and sometimes, if you can believe me, I even find my finger going on the tablecloth, taking an imaginary note of it all. Accept these little truths as a confirmation of what I know, — as a confirmation of my undying interest in this old calling; accept them as a proof that my feeling for the vocation of my youth is not a sentiment taken up to-night to be thrown away to-morrow, but is a faithful sympathy which is a part of myself. I verily believe, — I am sure, — that if I had never quitted my old calling, I should have been foremost and zealous in the interests of this institution, believing it to be a sound, a wholesome, and a good one. Ladies and gentlemen, I am to propose to you to drink ‘Prosperity to the Newspaper Press Fund,’ with which toast I will connect, as to its acknowledgment, a name that has shed new brilliancy on even the foremost newspaper in the world, — the illustrious name of Mr. Russell.”

THE MORAL OF HIS LIFE, AND HIS BEQUEST TO POSTERITY.



HE flowers still lay thick upon the new-made grave when Dean Stanley spoke the moral of the life of Charles Dickens from the pulpit hard by, taking the parable of the rich man and Lazarus for his text. "There are some incidents of human life," said the preacher, "which almost demand a special notice, from the depth and breadth of the feeling which they awaken in the heart of the congregation. Such was the ceremony, which, on Tuesday last, conveyed to his grave within these walls, a lamented and gifted being, who had for years delighted and instructed the generation to which he belonged. And if the scripture of the day and the incident of the minute direct our minds to the same thoughts, and mutually illustrate each other, the attraction is irresistible, and the moral which each supplies is doubly enforced." The lessons the eloquent can draw are those with which, with his permission, I desire to close this "Day with Charles Dickens," — a day that it is my fervent hope will lead many a reader to pages full of beauty, truth, love, and wisdom, and without a spot upon the corner of the least considered of them.

But first let me refer to two other preachers who found sermons in the life of Charles Dickens.

From the pulpit of the Abbey, within sight of the grave, the Bishop of Manchester, preaching from the words, "Great is the mystery of godliness," said : —

"It will not be out of harmony with the line of thought we have been pursuing, — certainly it will be in keeping with the associations of this place, dear to Englishmen not only as one of the proudest Christian temples, but as containing the memorials of so many who by their genius in arts, or arms, or statesmanship, or literature, have made England what she is, — if in the simplest and briefest words, I allude to that sad and unexpected death which has robbed English literature of one of its

highest living ornaments, and the news of which, two mornings ago, must have made every household in England feel as though they had lost a personal friend. He has been called in one notice an apostle of the people. I suppose it is meant that he had a mission, but in a style and fashion of his own; a gospel, a cheery, joyous, gladsome message, which the people understood, and by which they could hardly help being bettered: it was the gospel of kindness, of brotherly love, of sympathy in the widest sense of the word. I am sure I have felt in myself the healthful spirit of his teaching. Possibly we might not have been able to subscribe to the same creed in relation to God, but I think we should have subscribed to the same creed in relation to man. He who has taught us our duty to our fellow-men better than we knew it before; who knew so well to weep with them that weep, and to rejoice with them that rejoice; who has shown forth all his knowledge of the dark corners of the earth, how much sunshine may rest upon the lowliest lot; who had such evident sympathy with suffering, such natural instinct of purity, that there is scarcely a page of the thousands he has written which might not be put into the hands of a little child, — must be regarded by those who recognize the diversity of the gifts of the Spirit as a teacher sent from God. He would have been welcomed as a fellow-laborer in the common interests of humanity by Him who asked the question, ‘If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?’”

The Rev. Henry White, chaplain to the House of Commons, in his sermon at the Savoy Chapel, spoke of the death of Charles Dickens, and said that, strange as it might sound, Mr. Dickens had by his writings done essential service to the Christian Church. There was a purity and a healthiness in his writings which were a natural consequence of his character; and this might be understood by the fact that one of the last letters he wrote, if indeed not the very last, was written with a view to remove a calumny that he had been unfaithful to Christian truth. Mr. Dickens, the reverend chaplain said, had taught Christianity with much greater effect than many priests had done.

Dean Stanley was unwell, and could not be distinctly heard when he spoke his farewell over his illustrious friend's grave. That not one syllable of such speaking should be lost to the world, the following passages prove:—

“There was a truth — let us freely confess it — in the old Puritan feeling against an exaggerated enjoyment of romances, as tending to relax the fibre of the moral character. That was a wholesome restraint which I remember in my childhood, which kept us from revelling in tales of fancy till the day's work was over, and thus impressed upon us that the reading of pleasant fictions was the holiday of life, and not its serious business. It is this very thing which, as it constitutes the danger of ficti-

tious narratives, constitutes also their power. They approach us at times when we are indisposed to attend to anything else. They fill up those odd moments of life which exercise, for good or evil, so wide an effect over the whole tenor of our course. Poetry may enkindle a loftier fire, the drama may rivet the attention more firmly, science may open a wider horizon, philosophy may touch a deeper spring; but no works are so penetrating, so pervasive, none reach so many homes, and attract so many readers, as the romance of modern times. Those who read nothing else read eagerly the exciting tale. Those whom sermons never reach, whom history fails to arrest, are reached and arrested by the fictitious characters, the stirring plot, of the successful novelist. It is this which makes a wicked novel more detestable than almost any other form of wicked words or deeds. It is this which gives even to a foolish or worthless novel a demoralizing force beyond its own contemptible demerits. It is this which makes a good novel — pure in style, elevating in thought, true in sentiment — one of the best boons to the Christian home and to the Christian state."

Such boons has Dickens bequeathed, prodigally, to his country!

"But even thus, and even in this sacred place, it is good to remember that, in the writings of him who is gone, we have had the most convincing proof that it is possible to have moved old and young to inextinguishable laughter without the use of a single expression which could defile the purest or shock the most sensitive. Remember this, if there be any who think that you cannot be witty without being wicked; who think that in order to amuse the world and awaken the interest of hearers or readers, you must descend to filthy jests, and unclean suggestions, and debasing scenes. So may have thought some gifted novelists of former times; but so thought not, so wrote not (to speak only of the departed) Walter Scott, or Jane Austen, or Elizabeth Gaskell, or William Thackeray; so thought not, and so wrote not, the genial and loving humorist whom we now mourn. However deep into the dregs of society his varied imagination led him in his writings to descend, it still breathed an untainted atmosphere. He was able to show us, by his own example, that even in dealing with the darkest scenes and the most degraded characters, genius could be clean, and mirth could be innocent."

The following passage on the "advocate of the absent" will go straight to the reader's heart:—

"It was the distinguishing glory of a famous Spanish saint, that she was 'the advocate of the absent.' That is precisely the advocacy of the divine parable in the Gospels; the advocacy of these modern human parables, which in their humble measure represent its spirit; the advocacy of the absent poor, of the neglected, of the weaker side, whom not seeing

we are tempted to forget. It was a fine trait of a noble character of our own times, that, though full of interests, intellectual, domestic, social, the distress of the poor of England, he used to say, 'pierced through his happiness, and haunted him day and night.' It is because this susceptibility is so rare, so difficult to attain, that we ought doubly to value those who have the eye to see, and the ear to hear, and the tongue to speak, and the pen to describe, those who are not at hand to demand their own rights, to set forth their own wrongs, to portray their own sufferings. Such was he who lies yonder. By him that veil was rent asunder which parts the various classes of society. Through his genius the rich man, faring sumptuously every day, was made to see and feel the presence of the Lazarus at his gate. The unhappy inmates of the workhouse, the neglected children in the dens and caves of our great cities, the starved and ill-used boys in remote schools, far from the observation of men, felt that a new ray of sunshine was poured on their dark existence, a new interest awakened in their forlorn and desolate lot. It was because an unknown friend had pleaded their cause with a voice which rang through the palaces of the great, as well as through the cottages of the poor. It was because, as by a magician's wand, those gaunt figures and strange faces had been, it may be sometimes in exaggerated forms, made to stand and speak before those who hardly dreamed of their existence.

"Nor was it mere compassion that was thus evoked. As the same parable which delineates the miseries of the outcast Lazarus tells us also how, under that external degradation, was nursed a spirit fit for converse with the noble-minded and the gentle-hearted in the bosom of the Father of the Faithful, so the same master-hand which drew the sorrows of the English poor drew also the picture of the unselfish kindness, the courageous patience, the tender thoughtfulness, that lie concealed behind many a coarse exterior, in many a rough heart, in many a degraded home."

And now we come to the closing passage, and to the end of our "Day:"—

"As I sit not here in judgment on the exact place to be allotted in the roll of history to that departing glory, neither do I sit in judgment on that departing spirit. But there are some farewell thoughts which I would fain express.

"Many, many are the feet which have trodden and will tread the consecrated ground around that narrow grave; many, many are the hearts which both in the Old and in the New World are drawn towards it, as towards the resting-place of a dear personal friend; many are the flowers that have been strewed, many the tears shed, by the grateful affection of 'the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and those that had none to help them.' May I speak to these a few sacred words which perhaps will come with a new meaning and a deeper force, because they come from the lips of a lost friend—because they are the most solemn

utterance of lips now forever closed in the grave? They are extracted from 'the will of Charles Dickens, dated May 12, 1869,' and they will be heard by most here present for the first time. After the emphatic injunctions respecting 'the inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner' of his funeral, which were carried out to the very letter, he thus continues:—'I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. . . . I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there.'

"In that simple but sufficient faith he lived and died; in that faith he bids you live and die. If any of you have learned from his works the value, the eternal value of generosity, purity, kindness, unselfishness, and have learned to show these in your own hearts and lives, these are the best monuments, memorials, and testimonials of the friend whom you loved, and who loved, with a rare and touching love, his friends, his country, and his fellow-men,—monuments which he would not refuse, and which the humblest, the poorest, the youngest have it in their power to raise to his memory."

Let the reader who has not learned these lessons take to them with all possible speed.

HIS WORKS.

MR. PICKWICK AND MR. WELLER ARE SOMEWHAT DECEIVED BY MR. JOB TROTTER.—PICKWICK PAPERS.



HERE is no month in the whole year, in which nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August. Spring has many beauties, and May is a fresh and blooming month, but the charms of this time of year are enhanced by their contrast with the winter season. August has no such advantage. It comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields, and sweet-smelling flowers; when the recollection of snow, and ice, and bleak winds, has faded from our minds as completely as they have disappeared from the earth; and yet what a pleasant time it is! Orchards and corn-fields ring with the hum of labor; trees bend beneath the thick clusters of rich fruit which bow their branches to the ground; and the corn, piled in graceful sheaves, or waving in every light breath that sweeps above it, as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth; the influence of the season seems to extend itself to the very wagon, whose slow motion across the well-reaped field is perceptible only to the eye, but strikes with no harsh sound upon the ear.

As the coach rolls swiftly past the fields and orchards which skirt the road, groups of women and children, piling the fruit in sieves, or gathering the scattered ears of corn, pause for an instant from their labor, and shading the sun-burnt face with a still browner hand, gaze upon the passengers with curious eyes, while some stout urchin, too small to work, but too mischievous to be left at home, scrambles over the side of the basket in which he has been deposited for security, and kicks and screams with delight. The reaper stops in his work, and stands with folded arms, looking at the vehicle as it whirls past; and the rough cart-horses bestow a sleepy glance upon the smart coach team, which says, as plainly as a horse's glance can, "It's all very fine to look at, but slow going, over a

heavy field, is better than warm work like that, upon a dusty road, after all." You cast a look behind you, as you turn a corner of the road. The women and children have resumed their labor: the reaper once more stoops to his work: the cart-horses have moved on: and all are again in motion.

The influence of a scene like this, was not lost upon the well-regulated mind of Mr. Pickwick. Intent upon the resolution he had formed, of exposing the real character of the nefarious Jingle, in any quarter in which he might be pursuing his fraudulent designs, he sat at first taciturn and contemplative, brooding over the means by which his purpose could be best attained. By degrees his attention grew more and more attracted by the objects around him: and at last he derived as much enjoyment from the ride, as if it had been undertaken for the pleasantest reason in the world.

"Delightful prospect, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Beats the chimley-pots, sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

"I suppose you have hardly seen anything but chimney-pots and bricks and mortar all your life, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling.

"I worn't always a boots, sir," said Mr. Weller, with a shake of the head. "I was a wagginer's boy once."

"When was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"When I was first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles," replied Sam. "I was a carrier's boy at startin', then a wagginer's, then a helper, then a boots. Now I'm a gen'l-m'n's servant. I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. Who knows? I shouldn't be surprised, for one."

"You are quite a philosopher, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It runs in the family, I b'leve, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "My father's wery much in that line, now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies in a passion, and breaks his pipe; he steps out, and gets another. Then she screams wery loud, and falls into 'sterics: and he smokes wery comfortably 'till she comes to agin. That's philosophy, sir, ain't it?"

"A very good substitute for it, at all events," replied Mr. Pickwick, laughing. "It must have been of great service to you, in the course of your rambling life, Sam."

"Service, sir," exclaimed Sam. "You may say that. Arter I run away from the carrier, and afore I took up with the wagginer, I had unfurnished lodgin's for a fortnight."

"Unfurnished lodgings?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes,—the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge. Fine sleeping-place; within ten minutes' walk of all the public offices, only if there is any objection to it, it is that the sitivation's *rayther* too airy. I see some queer sights there."

"Ah, I suppose you did," said Mr. Pickwick, with an air of considerable interest.

"Sights, sir," resumed Mr. Weller, "as 'ud penetrate your benevolent heart, and come out on the other side. You don't see the reg'lar wagrants there; trust 'em, they knows better than that. Young beggers, male and female, as hasn't made a rise in their profession, takes up their quarters there sometimes: but it's generally the worn-out, starving, houseless creatures as rolls themselves in the dark corners o' them lonesome places — poor creeturs as ain't up to the twopenny rope."

"And pray, Sam, what is the twopenny rope?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"The twopenny rope, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "is just a cheap lodgin' house, where the beds is twopence a night."

"What do they call a bed a rope for?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless your innocence, sir, that ain't it," replied Sam. "Wen the lady and gen'l'm'n as keeps the Hot-el first begun business they used to make the beds on the floor; but this wouldn't do at no price, 'cos instead o' taking a moderate two-penn'orth o' sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, 'bout six foot apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking, stretched across 'em."

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "the advantage o' the plan's hobvious. At six o'clock every mornin' they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. 'Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked, they get up wery quietly, and walk away! Beg your pardon, sir," said Sam, suddenly breaking off in his loquacious discourse. "Is this Bury St. Edmunds?"

"It is," replied Mr. Pickwick.

The coach rattled through the well-paved streets of a handsome little town, of thriving and cleanly appearance, and stopped before a large inn situated in a wide open street, nearly facing the old abbey.

"And this," said Mr. Pickwick, looking up, "is the Angel! We alight here, Sam. But some caution is necessary. Order a private room, and do not mention my name. You understand."

"Right as a trivet, sir," replied Mr. Weller, with a wink of intelligence; and having dragged Mr. Pickwick's portmanteau from the hind boot, into which it had been hastily thrown when they joined the coach at Eatanswill, Mr. Weller disappeared on his errand. A private room was speedily engaged; and into it Mr. Pickwick was ushered without delay.

"Now, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "the first thing to be done is to" —

"Order dinner, sir," interposed Mr. Weller. "It's wery late, sir."

"Ah, so it is," said Mr. Pickwick, looking at his watch. "You are right, Sam."

"And if I might advise, sir," added Mr. Weller, "I'd just have a good night's rest arterwards, and not begin inquiring arter this here deep 'un 'till mornin'. There's nothin' so refreshin' as sleep, sir, as the servant-girl said afore she drank the egg-cupful o' laudanum."

"I think you are right, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "But I must first ascertain that he is in the house, and not likely to go away."

"Leave that to me, sir," said Sam. "Let me order you a snug little dinner, and make my inquiries below while it's a getting ready; I could worm ev'ry secret out o' the boots's heart, in five minutes, sir."

"Do so," said Mr. Pickwick: and Mr. Weller at once retired.

In half an hour, Mr. Pickwick was seated at a very satisfactory dinner; and in three-quarters Mr. Weller returned with the intelligence that Mr. Charles Fitz-Marshall had ordered his private room to be retained for him, until further notice. He was going to spend the evening at some private house in the neighborhood, had ordered the boots to sit up until his return, and had taken his servant with him.

"Now, sir," argued Mr. Weller, when he had concluded his report, "if I can get a talk with this here servant in the mornin', he'll tell me all his master's concerns."

"How do you know that?" interposed Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless your heart, sir, servants always do," replied Mr. Weller.

"Oh, ah, I forgot that," said Mr. Pickwick. "Well."

"Then you can arrange what's best to be done, sir, and we can act according."

As it appeared that this was the best arrangement that could be made, it was finally agreed upon. Mr. Weller, by his master's permission, retired to spend the evening in his own way; and was shortly afterwards elected, by the unanimous voice of the assembled company, into the tap-room chair, in which honorable post he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the gentlemen-frequenters, that their roars of laughter and approbation penetrated to Mr. Pickwick's bed-room, and shortened the term of his natural rest by at least three hours.

Early on the ensuing morning, Mr. Weller was dispelling all the feverish remains of the previous evening's conviviality, through the instrumentality of a halfpenny shower-bath (having induced a young gentleman attached to the stable-department, by the offer of that coin, to pump over his head and face, until he was perfectly restored), when he was attracted by the appearance of a young fellow in mulberry-covered livery, who was sitting on a bench in the yard, reading what appeared to be a hymn-book, with an air of deep abstraction, but who occasionally stole a glance at the individual under the pump, as if he took some interest in his proceedings, nevertheless.

"You're a rum 'un to look at, you are!" thought Mr. Weller, the first time his eyes encountered the glance of the stranger in the mulberry suit: who had a large, sallow, ugly face, very sunken eyes, and a gigantic head, from which depended a quantity of lank, black hair. "You're a rum 'un!" thought Mr. Weller; and thinking this, he went on washing himself, and thought no more about him.

Still the man kept glancing from his hymn-book to Sam, and from Sam to his hymn-book, as if he wanted to open a conversation. So at last, Sam, by way of giving him an opportunity, said with a familiar nod—

"How are you, governor?"

"I am happy to say, I am pretty well, sir," said the man, speaking with great deliberation, and closing the book. "I hope you are the same, sir?"

"Why, if I felt less like a walking brandy-bottle, I shouldn't be quite so staggersy this mornin'," replied Sam. "Are you stoppin' in this house, old 'un?"

The mulberry man replied in the affirmative.

"How was it, you worn't one of us, last night?" inquired Sam, scrubbing his face with the towel. "You seem one of the jolly sort — looks as convivial as a live trout in a lime basket," added Mr. Weller in an under tone.

"I was out last night, with my master," replied the stranger.

"What's his name?" inquired Mr. Weller, coloring up very red with sudden excitement, and the friction of the towel combined.

"Fitz-Marshall," said the mulberry man.

"Give us your hand," said Mr. Weller, advancing; "I should like to know you. I like your appearance, old fellow."

"Well, that is very strange," said the mulberry man, with great simplicity of manner. "I like yours so much, that I wanted to speak to you, from the very first moment I saw you under the pump."

"Did you though?"

"Upon my word. Now, isn't that curious?"

"Wery sing'ler," said Sam, inwardly congratulating himself upon the softness of the stranger. "What's your name, my patriarch?"

"Job."

"And a wery good name it is — only one I know, that ain't got a nick-name to it. What's the other name?"

"Trotter," said the stranger. "What is yours?"

Sam bore in mind his master's caution, and replied —

"My name's Walker; my master's name's Wilkins. Will you take a drop o' somethin' this mornin', Mr. Trotter?"

Mr. Trotter acquiesced in this agreeable proposal: and having deposited his book in his coat-pocket, accompanied Mr. Weller to the tap, where they were soon occupied in discussing an exhilarating compound, formed by mixing together in a pewter vessel, certain quantities of British Hollands, and the fragrant essence of the clove.

"And what sort of a place have you got?" inquired Sam, as he filled his companion's glass, for the second time.

"Bad," said Job, smacking his lips, "very bad."

"You don't mean that?" said Sam.

"I do, indeed. Worse than that, my master's going to be married."

"No."

"Yes; and worse than that, too, he's going to run away with an immense rich heiress, from boarding-school."

"What a dragon!" said Sam, refilling his companion's glass. "It's some boarding-school in this town, I suppose, ain't it?"

"Now, although this question was put in the most careless tone imaginable, Mr. Job Trotter plainly showed by gestures, that he perceived his new friend's anxiety to draw forth an answer to it. He emptied his glass, looked mysteriously at his companion, winked both of his small eyes, one after the other, and finally made a motion with his arm, as if he were working an imaginary pump-handle: thereby intimating that he (Mr. Trotter) considered himself as undergoing the process of being pumped, by Mr. Samuel Weller.

"No, no," said Mr. Trotter, in conclusion, "that's not to be told to everybody. That is a secret — a great secret, Mr. Walker."

As the mulberry man said this, he turned his glass upside down, as a means of reminding his companion that he had nothing left wherewith to slake his thirst. Sam observed the hint; and feeling the delicate manner in which it was conveyed, ordered the pewter vessel to be refilled, whereat the small eyes of the mulberry man glistened.

"And so it's a secret?" said Sam.

"I should rather suspect it was," said the mulberry man, sipping his liquor with a complacent face.

"I suppose your mas'r's wery rich?" said Sam.

Mr. Trotter smiled, and holding his glass in his left hand, gave four distinct slaps on the pocket of his mulberry indescribables with his right, as if to intimate that his master might have done the same without alarming anybody much, by the chinking of coin.

"Ah," said Sam, "that's the game, is it?"

The mulberry man nodded significantly.

"Well, and don't you think, old feller," remonstrated Mr. Weller, "that if you let your master take in this here young lady, you're a precious rascal?"

"I know that," said Job Trotter, turning upon his companion a countenance of deep contrition, and groaning slightly. "I know that, and that's what it is that preys upon my mind. But what am I to do?"

"Do!" said Sam; "di-wulge to the missis, and give up your master."

"Who'd believe me?" replied Job Trotter. "The young lady's considered the very picture of innocence and discretion. She'd deny it, and so would my master. Who'd believe me? I should lose my place, and get indicted for a conspiracy, or some such thing; that's all I should take by my motion."

"There's somethin' in that," said Sam, ruminating; "there's somethin' in that."

"If I knew any respectable gentleman who would take the matter up," continued Mr. Trotter, "I might have some hope of preventing the elopement; but there's the same difficulty, Mr. Walker, just the same. I know no gentleman in this strange place, and ten to one if I did, whether he would believe my story."

"Come this way," said Sam, suddenly jumping up, and grasping the mulberry man by the arm. "My mas'r's the man you want, I see."

And after a slight resistance on the part of Job Trotter, Sam led his newly-found friend to the apartment of Mr. Pickwick, to whom he presented him together with a brief summary of the dialogue we have just repeated.

"I am very sorry to betray my master, sir," said Job Trotter, applying to his eyes a pink-checked pocket-handkerchief about six inches square.

"The feeling does you a great deal of honor," replied Mr. Pickwick; "but it is your duty, nevertheless."

"I know it is my duty, sir," replied Job, with great emotion. "We should all try to discharge our duty, sir, and I humbly endeavor to discharge mine, sir; but it is a hard trial to betray a master, sir, whose clothes you wear, and whose bread you eat, even though he is a scoundrel, sir."

"You are a very good fellow," said Mr. Pickwick, much affected, "an honest fellow."

"Come, come," interposed Sam, who had witnessed Mr. Trotter's tears with considerable impatience, "blow this here water-cart bis'ness. It won't do no good, this won't."

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, reproachfully, "I am sorry to find that you have so little respect for this young man's feelings."

"His feelin's is all wery well, sir," replied Mr. Weller; "and as they're so wery fine, and it's a pity he should lose 'em, I think he'd better keep 'em in his own buzzum than let 'em ewaporate in hot water, 'specially as they do no good. Tears never yet wound up a clock, or worked a steam ingen'. The next time you go out to a smoking party, young fellow, fill your pipe with that 'ere reflection; and for the present just put that bit of pink gingham into your pocket. 'Tain't so handsome that you need keep waving it about, as if you was a tight-rope dancer."

"My man is in the right," said Mr. Pickwick, accosting Job, "although his mode of expressing his opinion is somewhat homely, and occasionally incomprehensible."

"He is, sir, very right," said Mr. Trotter, "and I will give way no longer."

"Very well," said Mr. Pickwick. "Now, where is this boarding-school?"

"It is a large, old, red-brick house, just outside the town, sir," replied Job Trotter.

"And when," said Mr. Pickwick, "when is this villainous design to be carried into execution — when is this elopement to take place?"

"To-night, sir," replied Job.

"To-night!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"This very night, sir," replied Job Trotter. "That is what alarms me so much."

"Instant measures must be taken," said Mr. Pickwick. "I will see the lady who keeps the establishment immediately."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Job, "but that course of proceeding will never do."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"My master, sir, is a very artful man."

"I know he is," said Mr. Pickwick.

"And he has so wound himself round the old lady's heart, sir," resumed Job, "that she would believe nothing to his prejudice, if you went down on your bare knees, and swore it; especially as you have no proof but the word of a servant, who, for anything she knows (and my master would be sure to say so), was discharged for some fault, and does this in revenge."

"What had better be done, then?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Nothing but taking him in the very fact of eloping, will convince the old lady, sir," replied Job.

"All them old cats *will* run their heads agin mile-stones," observed Mr. Weller in a parenthesis.

"But this taking him in the very act of elopement, would be a very difficult thing to accomplish, I fear," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I don't know, sir," said Mr. Trotter, after a few moments' reflection. "I think it might be very easily done."

"How?" was Mr. Pickwick's inquiry.

"Why," replied Mr. Trotter, "my master and I, being in the confidence of the two servants, will be secreted in the kitchen at ten o'clock. When the family have retired to rest, we shall come out of the kitchen, and the young lady out of her bed-room. A post-chaise will be waiting, and away we go."

"Well?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir, I have been thinking that if you were in waiting in the garden behind, alone" —

"Alone," said Mr. Pickwick. "Why alone?"

"I thought it very natural," replied Job, "that the old lady wouldn't like such an unpleasant discovery to be made before more persons than can possibly be helped. The young lady too, sir, — consider her feelings."

"You are very right," said Mr. Pickwick. "The consideration evinces your delicacy of feeling. Go on: you are very right."

"Well, sir, I have been thinking that if you were waiting in the back garden alone, and I was to let you in, at the door which opens into it, from the end of the passage, at exactly half-past eleven o'clock, you would be just in the very moment of time to assist me in frustrating the designs of this bad man, by whom I have been unfortunately ensnared." Here Mr. Trotter sighed deeply.

"Don't distress yourself on that account," said Mr. Pickwick, "if he had one grain of the delicacy of feeling which distinguishes you, humble as your station is, I should have some hopes of him."

Job Trotter bowed low: and in spite of Mr. Weller's previous remonstrance, the tears again rose to his eyes.

"I never see such a feller," said Sam. "Blessed if I don't think he's got a main in his head as is always turned on."

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, with great severity. "Hold your tongue."

"Wery well, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"I don't like this plan," said Mr. Pickwick, after deep meditation. "Why cannot I communicate with the young lady's friends?"

"Because they live one hundred miles from here, sir," responded Job Trotter.

"That's a clincher," said Mr. Weller, aside.

"Then this garden," resumed Mr. Pickwick. "How am I to get into it?"

"The wall is very low, sir, and your servant will give you a leg up."

"My servant will give me a leg up," repeated Mr. Pickwick, mechanically. "You will be sure to be near this door that you speak of?"

"You cannot mistake it, sir; it's the only one that opens into the garden. Tap at it when you hear the clock strike, and I will open it instantly."

"I don't like the plan," said Mr. Pickwick; "but as I see no other, and as the happiness of this young lady's whole life is at stake, I adopt it. I shall be sure to be there."

Thus, for the second time, did Mr. Pickwick's innate good-feeling involve him in an enterprise from which he would most willingly have stood aloof.

"What is the name of the house?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Westgate House, sir. You turn a little to the right when you get to the end of the town; it stands by itself, some little distance off the high road, with the name on a brass plate on the gate."

"I know it," said Mr. Pickwick. "I observed it once before, when I was in this town. You may depend upon me."

Mr. Trotter made another bow, and turned to depart, when Mr. Pickwick thrust a guinea into his hand.

"You're a fine fellow," said Mr. Pickwick, "and I admire your goodness of heart. No thanks. Remember — eleven o'clock."

"There is no fear of my forgetting it, sir," replied Job Trotter. With these words he left the room followed by Sam.

"I say," said the latter, "not a bad notion that 'ere crying. I'd cry like a rain-water spout in a shower on such good terms. How do you do it?"

"It comes from the heart, Mr. Walker," replied Job solemnly. "Good morning, sir."

"You're a soft customer, you are; — we've got it all out o' you, anyhow," thought Mr. Weller, as Job walked away.

We cannot state the precise nature of the thoughts which passed through Mr. Trotter's mind, because we don't know what they were.

The day wore on, evening came, and at a little before ten o'clock Sam Weller reported that Mr. Jingle and Job had gone out together, that their luggage was packed up, and that they had ordered a chaise. The plot was evidently in execution, as Mr. Trotter had foretold.

Half-past ten o'clock arrived, and it was time for Mr. Pickwick to issue forth on his delicate errand. Resisting Sam's tender of his great-coat, in order that he might have no incumbrance in scaling the wall, he set forth, followed by his attendant.

There was a bright moon, but it was behind the clouds. It was a fine dry night, but it was most uncommonly dark. Paths, hedges, fields, houses, and trees, were enveloped in one deep shade. The atmosphere was hot and sultry, the summer lightning quivered faintly on the verge of the horizon, and was the only sight that varied the dull gloom in which everything was wrapped — sound there was none, except the distant barking of some restless house-dog.

They found the house, read the brass plate, walked round the wall, and stopped at that portion of it which divided them from the bottom of the garden.

"You will return to the inn, Sam, when you have assisted me over," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir."

"And you will sit up till I return."

"Cert'nly, sir."

"Take hold of my leg; and, when I say, 'Over,' raise me gently."

"All right, sir."

Having settled these preliminaries, Mr. Pickwick grasped the top of the wall, and gave the word "Over," which was very literally obeyed. Whether his body partook in some degree of the elasticity of his mind, or whether Mr. Weller's notions of a gentle push were of a somewhat rougher description than Mr. Pickwick's, the immediate effect of his assistance was to jerk that immortal gentleman completely over the wall on to the bed beneath, where, after crushing three gooseberry-bushes and a rose-tree, he finally alighted at full length.

"You ha'n't hurt yourself, I hope, sir?" said Sam, in a loud whisper, as soon as he recovered from the surprise consequent upon the mysterious disappearance of his master.

"I have not hurt *myself*, Sam, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, from the other side of the wall, "but I rather think that *you* have hurt me."

"I hope not, sir," said Sam.

"Never mind," said Mr. Pickwick, rising, "it's nothing but a few scratches. Go away, or we shall be overheard."

"Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye."

"With stealthy steps Sam Weller departed, leaving Mr. Pickwick alone in the garden.

Lights occasionally appeared in the different windows of the house, or glanced from the staircases, as if the inmates were retiring to rest. Not caring to go too near the door, until the appointed time, Mr. Pickwick crouched into an angle of the wall, and awaited its arrival.

It was a situation which might well have depressed the spirits of many

a man. Mr. Pickwick, however, felt neither depression nor misgiving. He knew that his purpose was in the main a good one, and he placed implicit reliance on the high-minded Job. It was dull, certainly; not to say dreary; but a contemplative man can always employ himself in meditation. Mr. Pickwick had meditated himself into a doze, when he was roused by the chimes of the neighboring church ringing out the hour—half-past eleven.

"That is the time," thought Mr. Pickwick, getting cautiously on his feet. He looked up at the house. The lights had disappeared, and the shutters were closed—all in bed, no doubt. He walked on tip-toe to the door, and gave a gentle tap. Two or three minutes passing without any reply, he gave another tap rather louder, and then another rather louder than that.

At length the sound of feet was audible upon the stairs, and then the light of a candle shone through the key-hole of the door. There was a good deal of unchaining and unbolting, and the door was slowly opened.

Now the door opened outwards; and as the door opened wider and wider, Mr. Pickwick receded behind it, more and more. What was his astonishment when he just peeped out, by way of caution, to see that the person who had opened it was—not Job Trotter, but a servant-girl with a candle in her hand! Mr. Pickwick drew in his head again, with the swiftness displayed by that admirable melodramatic performer, Punch, when he lies in wait for the flat-headed comedian with the tin box of music.

"It must have been the cat, Sarah," said the girl, addressing herself to some one in the house. "Puss, puss, puss,—tit, tit, tit."

But no animal being decoyed by these blandishments, the girl slowly closed the door, and refastened it; leaving Mr. Pickwick drawn up straight against the wall.

"This is very curious," thought Mr. Pickwick. "They are sitting up beyond their usual hour, I suppose. Extremely unfortunate, that they should have chosen this night, of all others, for such a purpose—exceedingly." And with these thoughts, Mr. Pickwick cautiously retired to the angle of the wall in which he had been before ensconced; waiting until such time as he might deem it safe to repeat the signal.

He had not been here five minutes, when a vivid flash of lightning was followed by a loud peal of thunder that crashed and rolled away in the distance with a terrific noise—then came another flash of lightning, brighter than the other, and a second peal of thunder louder than the first; and then down come the rain, with a force and fury that swept everything before it.

Mr. Pickwick was perfectly aware that a tree is a very dangerous neighbor in a thunder-storm. He had a tree on his right, a tree on his left, a third before him, and a fourth behind. If he remained where he was, he might fall the victim of an accident: if he showed himself in the centre of the garden, he might be consigned to a constable;—once or

twice he tried to scale the wall, but having no other legs this time, than those with which Nature had furnished him, the only effect of his struggles was to inflict a variety of very unpleasant gratings on his knees and shins, and to throw him into a state of the most profuse perspiration.

"What a dreadful situation," said Mr. Pickwick, pausing to wipe his brow after this exercise. He looked up at the house—all was dark. They must be gone to bed now. He would try the signal again.

He walked on tip-toe across the moist gravel, and tapped at the door. He held his breath and listened at the key-hole. No reply: very odd. Another knock. He listened again. There was a low whispering inside, and then a voice cried—

"Who's there?"

"That's not Job," thought Mr. Pickwick, hastily drawing himself straight up against the wall again. "It's a woman."

He had scarcely had time to form this conclusion, when a window above stairs was thrown up, and three or four female voices repeated the query—"Who's there?"

Mr. Pickwick dared not move hand or foot. It was clear that the whole establishment was roused. He made up his mind to remain where he was, until the alarm had subsided; and then by a supernatural effort, to get over the wall, or perish in the attempt.

Like all Mr. Pickwick's determinations, this was the best that could be made under the circumstances; but, unfortunately, it was founded upon the assumption that they would not venture to open the door again. What was his discomfiture, when he heard the chains and bolts withdrawn, and saw the door slowly opening, wider and wider! He retreated into the corner, step by step; but, do what he would, the interposition of his own person prevented its being opened to its utmost width.

"Who's there?" screamed a numerous chorus of treble voices from the staircase inside, consisting of the spinster lady of the establishment, three teachers, five female servants, and thirty boarders, all half-dressed, and in a forest of curl-papers.

Of course, Mr. Pickwick didn't say who *was* there: and then the burden of the chorus changed into—"Lor'! I am so frightened."

"Cook," said the lady abbess, who took care to be on the top stair, the very last of the group—"Cook, why don't you go a little way into the garden?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't like," responded the cook.

"Lor', what a stupid thing that cook is!" said the thirty boarders.

"Cook," said the lady abbess, with great dignity; "don't answer me if you please. I insist upon your looking into the garden immediately."

Here the cook began to cry, and the house-maid said it was "a shame!" for which partisanship she received a month's warning on the spot.

"Do you hear, cook?" said the lady abbess, stamping her foot impatiently.

"Don't you hear your missis, cook?" said the three teachers.

"What an impudent thing that cook is!" said the thirty boarders.

The unfortunate cook, thus strongly urged, advanced a step or two, and holding her candle just where it prevented her from seeing anything at all, declared there was nothing there, and it must have been the wind. The door was just going to be closed in consequence when an inquisitive boarder, who had been peeping between the hinges, set up a fearful screaming, which called back the cook and housemaid, and all the more adventurous, in no time.

"What is the matter with Miss Smithers?" said the lady abbess, as the aforesaid Miss Smithers proceeded to go into hysterics of four young lady power.

"Lor', Miss Smithers, dear," said the other nine-and-twenty boarders.

"Oh, the man — the man — behind the door," screamed Miss Smithers.

The lady abbess no sooner heard this appalling cry, than she retreated to her own bed-room, double-locked the door, and fainted away comfortably. The boarders, and the teachers, and the servants, fell back upon the stairs, and upon each other; and never was such a screaming, and fainting, and struggling, beheld. In the midst of the tumult, Mr. Pickwick emerged from his concealment, and presented himself amongst them.

"Ladies — dear ladies," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, he says we're dear," cried the oldest and ugliest teacher. "Oh, the wretch!"

"Ladies," roared Mr. Pickwick, rendered desperate by the danger of his situation. "Hear me. I am no robber. I want the lady of the house."

"Oh, what a ferocious monster!" screamed another teacher. "He wants Miss Tomkins."

Here there was a general scream.

"Ring the alarm bell, somebody!" cried a dozen voices.

"Don't — don't," shouted Mr. Pickwick. "Look at me. Do I look like a robber? My dear ladies — you may bind me hand and leg, or lock me up in a closet, if you like. Only hear what I have got to say — only hear me."

"How did you come in our garden?" faltered the housemaid.

"Call the lady of the house, and I'll tell her everything — everything:" said Mr. Pickwick, exerting his lungs to the utmost pitch. "Call her — only be quiet, and call her, and you shall hear everything."

It might have been Mr. Pickwick's appearance, or it might have been his manner, or it might have been the temptation — irresistible to a female mind — of hearing something at present enveloped in mystery, that reduced the more reasonable portion of the establishment (some four individuals) to a state of comparative quiet. By them it was proposed, as a test of Mr. Pickwick's sincerity, that he should immediately submit to personal restraint; and that gentleman having consented to hold a con-

ference with Miss Tomkins, from the interior of a closet in which the day boarders hung their bonnets and sandwich-bags, he at once stepped into it, of his own accord, and was securely locked in. This revived the others; and Miss Tomkins having been brought to, and brought down, the conference began.

"What did you do in my garden, Man?" said Miss Tomkins, in a faint voice.

"I came to warn you that one of your young ladies was going to elope to-night," replied Mr. Pickwick, from the interior of the closet.

"Elope!" exclaimed Miss Tomkins, the three teachers, the thirty boarders, and the five servants. "Who with?"

"Your friend, Mr. Charles Fitz-Marshall."

"My friend! I don't know any such person."

"Well; Mr. Jingle, then."

"I never heard the name in my life."

"Then, I have been deceived and deluded," said Mr. Pickwick. "I have been the victim of a conspiracy—a foul and base conspiracy. Send to the Angel, my dear ma'am, if you don't believe me. Send to the Angel for Mr. Pickwick's man-servant, I implore you, ma'am."

"He must be respectable—he keeps a man-servant," said Miss Tomkins to the writing and ciphering governess.

"It's my opinion, Miss Tomkins," said the writing and ciphering governess, "that his man-servant keeps him. I think he's a madman, Miss Tomkins, and the other's his keeper."

"I think you are very right, Miss Gwynn," responded Miss Tomkins. "Let two of the servants repair to the Angel, and let the others remain here to protect us."

So two of the servants were despatched to the Angel in search of Mr. Samuel Weller: and the remaining three stopped behind to protect Miss Tomkins, and the three teachers, and the thirty boarders. And Mr. Pickwick sat down in the closet, beneath a grove of sandwich bags, and awaited the return of the messengers, with all the philosophy and fortitude he could summon to his aid.

An hour and a half elapsed before they came back, and when they did come, Mr. Pickwick recognized, in addition to the voice of Mr. Samuel Weller, two other voices, the tones of which struck familiarly on his ear; but whose they were, he could not, for the life of him, call to mind.

A very brief conversation ensued. The door was unlocked. Mr. Pickwick stepped out of the closet, and found himself in the presence of the whole establishment of Westgate House, Mr. Samuel Weller, and—old Wardle, and his destined son-in-law, Mr. Trundle!

"My dear friend," said Mr. Pickwick, running forward and grasping Wardle's hand, "my dear friend, pray, for Heaven's sake, explain to this lady the unfortunate and dreadful situation in which I am placed. You must have heard it from my servant; say, at all events, my dear fellow, that I am neither a robber nor a madman."

"I have said so, my dear friend. I have said so already," replied Mr. Wardle, shaking the right hand of his friend, while Mr. Trundle shook the left.

"And whoever says, or has said, he is," interposed Mr. Weller, stepping forward, "says that which is not the truth, but so far from it, on the contrary, quite the reverse. And if there's any number o' men on these here premises as has said so, I shall be wery happy to give 'em all a wery convincing proof o' their being mistaken, in this here wery room, if these wery respectable ladies'll have the goodness to retire, and order 'em up, one at a time." Having delivered this defiance with great volubility, Mr. Weller struck his open palm emphatically with his clenched fist, and winked pleasantly on Miss Tomkins: the intensity of whose horror at his supposing it within the bounds of possibility that there could be any men on the premises of Westgate House Establishment for Young Ladies, it is impossible to describe.

Mr. Pickwick's explanation having already been partially made was soon concluded. But neither in the course of his walk home with his friends, nor afterwards when seated before a blazing fire at the supper he so much needed, could a single observation be drawn from him. He seemed bewildered and amazed. Once, and only once, he turned round to Mr. Wardle, and said, —

"How did you come here?"

"Trundle and I came down here, for some good shooting on the first," replied Wardle. "We arrived to-night, and were astonished to hear from your servant that you were here too. But I am glad you are," said the old fellow, slapping him on the back. "I am glad you are. We shall have a jovial party on the first, and we'll give Winkle another chance — eh, old boy?"

Mr. Pickwick made no reply; he did not even ask after his friends at Dingley Dell, and shortly afterwards retired for the night, desiring Sam to fetch his candle when he rung.

The bell did ring in due course, and Mr. Weller presented himself.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, looking out from under the bed-clothes.

"Sir," said Mr. Weller.

Mr. Pickwick paused, and Mr. Weller snuffed the candle.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick again, as if with a desperate effort.

"Sir," said Mr. Weller once more.

"Where is that Trotter?"

"Job, sir?"

"Yes."

"Gone, sir."

"With his master, I suppose?"

"Friend or master, or whatever he is, he's gone with him," replied Mr. Weller. "There's a pair on 'em, sir."

"Jingle suspected my design, and set that fellow on you, with this story, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick half choking.

"Just that, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"It was all false, of course?"

"All, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Reg'lar do, sir; artful dodge."

"I don't think he'll escape us quite so easily the next time, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"I don't think he will, sir."

"Whenever I meet that Jingle again, wherever it is," said Mr. Pickwick, raising himself in bed, and indenting his pillow with a tremendous blow, "I'll inflict personal chastisement on him in addition to the exposure he so richly merits. I will or my name is not Pickwick."

"And whenever I catches hold o' that there melan-cholly chap with the black hair," said Sam, "if I don't bring some real water into his eyes, for once in a way, my name ain't Weller. Good night, sir!"

THE ENDING OF THE RETURN MATCH BETWEEN MR. WELLER AND MR. TROTTER.—PICKWICK PAPERS.

"Stay!" said Mr. Pickwick.

Jingle stopped.

"I might," said Mr. Pickwick, "have taken a much greater revenge for the treatment I have experienced at your hands, and that of your hypocritical friend there."

Job Trotter bowed with great politeness, and laid his hand upon his heart.

"I say," said Mr. Pickwick, growing gradually angry, "that I might have taken a greater revenge, but I content myself with exposing you, which I consider a duty I owe to society. This is a leniency, sir, which I hope you will remember."

When Mr. Pickwick arrived at this point, Job Trotter, with facetious gravity, applied his hand to his ear, as if desirous not to lose a syllable he uttered.

"And I have only to add, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, now thoroughly angry, "that I consider you a rascal and a — a ruffian — and — and worse than any man I ever saw, or heard of, except that pious and sanctified vagabond in the mulberry livery."

"Ha! ha!" said Jingle, "good fellow, Pickwick — fine heart — stout old boy — but must *not* be passionate — bad thing, very — bye, bye — see you again some day — keep up your spirits — now, Job — trot!"

With these words, Mr. Jingle stuck on his hat in the old fashion, and strode out of the room. Job Trotter paused, looked round, smiled, and then with a bow of mock solemnity to Mr. Pickwick and a wink to Mr. Weller, the audacious slyness of which baffles all description, followed the footsteps of his hopeful master.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as Mr. Weller was following.

"Sir."

"Stay here."

Mr. Weller seemed uncertain.

"Stay here," repeated Mr. Pickwick.

"Mayn't I polish that ere Job off, in the front garden?" said Mr. Weller.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Mayn't I kick him out o' the gate, sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Not on any account," replied his master.

For the first time since his engagement, Mr. Weller looked, for a moment, discontented and unhappy. But his countenance immediately cleared up; for the wily Mr. Muzzle, by concealing himself behind the street door, and rushing violently out at the right instant, contrived with great dexterity to overturn both Mr. Jingle and his attendant, down the flight of steps, into the American aloe tubs that stood beneath.

THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF SALMON.—PICKWICK PAPERS.

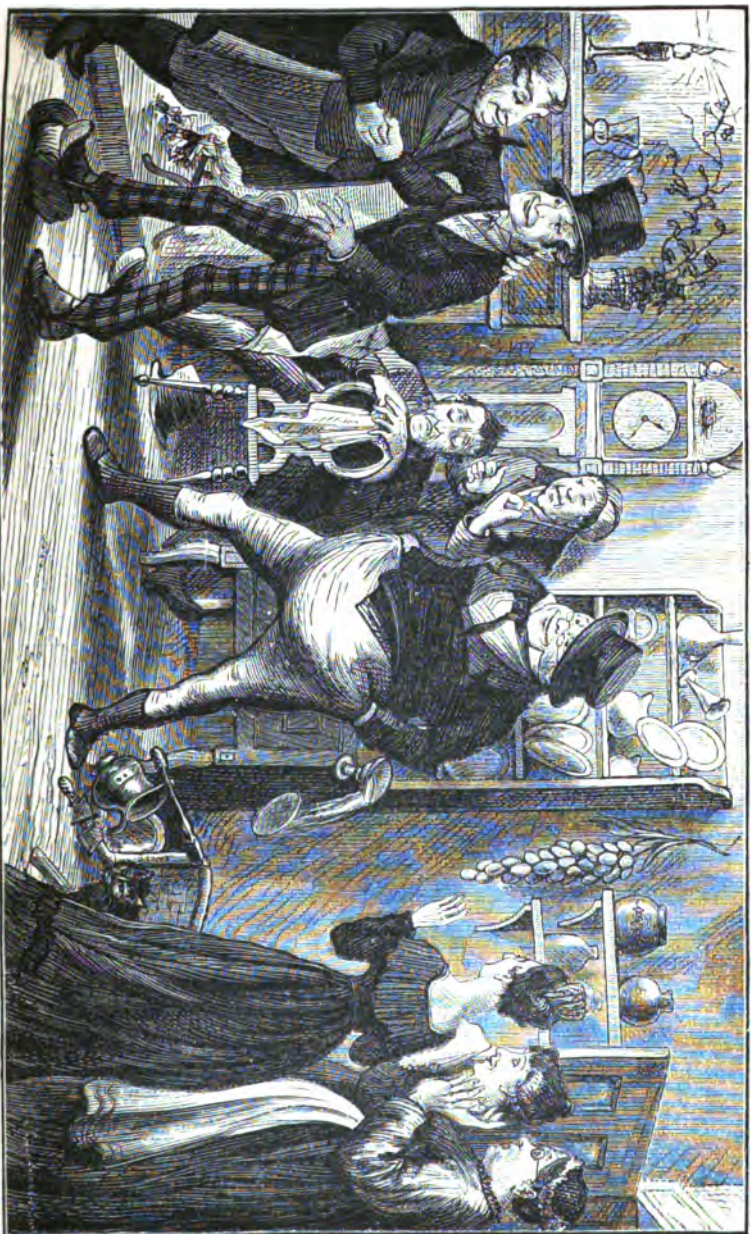
Eleven—twelve—one o'clock had struck, and the gentlemen had not arrived. Consternation sat on every face. Could they have been waylaid and robbed? Should they send men and lanterns in every direction by which they could be supposed likely to have travelled home? or should they—Hark! there they were. What could have made them so late? A strange voice, too! To whom could it belong? They rushed into the kitchen whither the truants had repaired, and at once obtained rather more than a glimmering of the real state of the case.

Mr. Pickwick, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat cocked completely over his left eye, was leaning against the dresser, shaking his head from side to side, and producing a constant succession of the blandest and most benevolent smiles, without being moved thereunto by any discernible cause or pretence whatsoever; old Mr. Wardle, with a highly-inflamed countenance, was grasping the hand of a strange gentleman, muttering protestations of eternal friendship; Mr. Winkle, supporting himself by the eight-day clock, was feebly invoking destruction upon the head of any member of the family who should suggest the propriety of his retiring for the night; and Mr. Snodgrass had sunk into a chair, with an expression of the most abject and hopeless misery that the human mind can imagine, portrayed in every lineament of his expressive face.

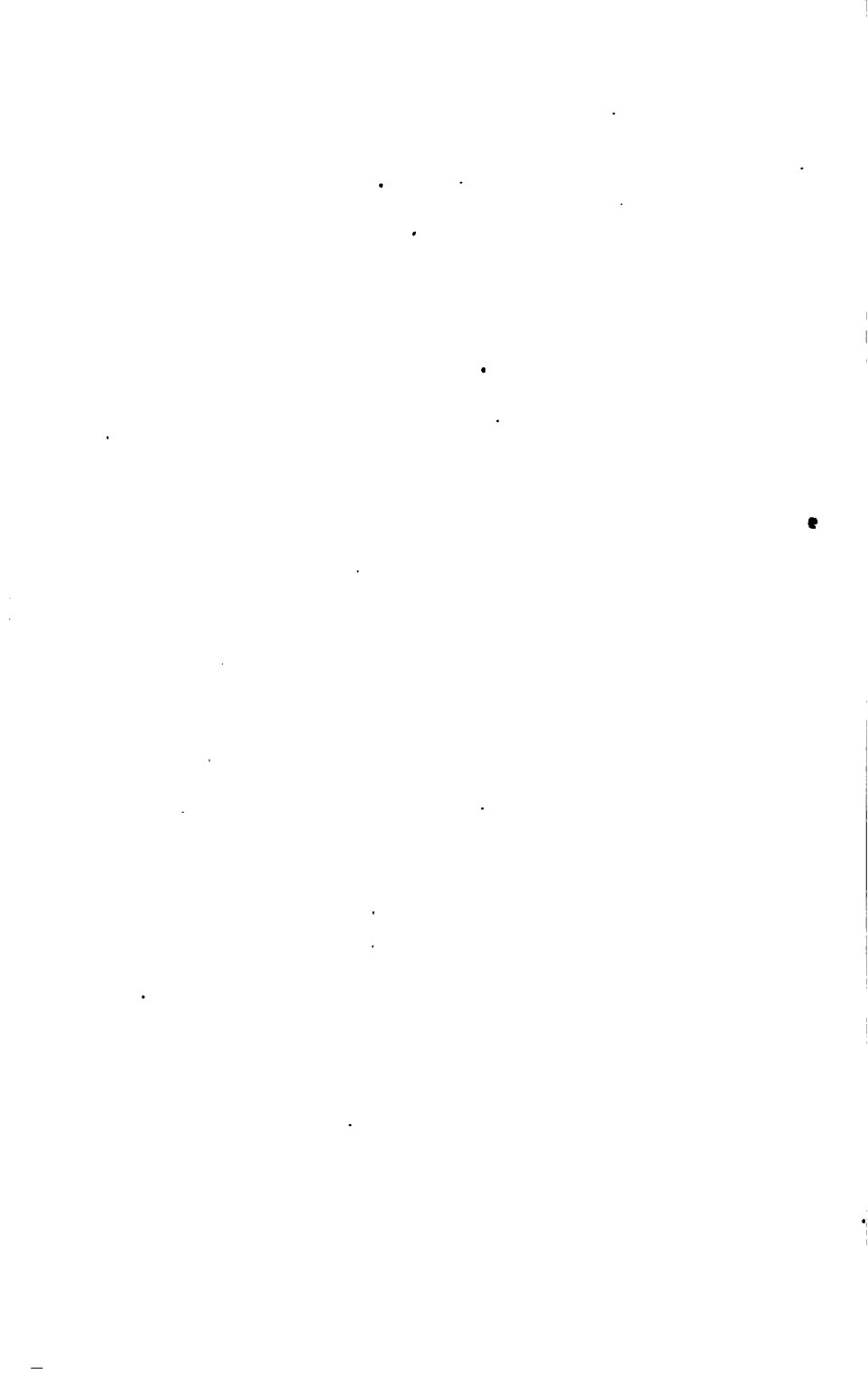
"Is anything the matter?" inquired the three ladies.

"Nothing the matter," replied Mr. Pickwick. "We—we're—all right,—I say, Wardle, we're all right, ain't we?"

"I should think so," replied the jolly host. "My dears, here's my



THE EFFECTS OF "THE SALMON."



friend, Mr. Jingle — Mr. Pickwick's friend, Mr. Jingle, come 'pon — little visit."

"Is anything the matter with Mr. Snodgrass, sir?" inquired Emily, with great anxiety.

"Nothing the matter, ma'am," replied the stranger. "Cricket dinner — glorious party — capital songs — old port — claret — good — very good — wine, ma'am — wine."

"It wasn't the wine," murmured Mr. Snodgrass, in a broken voice. "It was the salmon." (Somehow or other, it never is the wine, in these cases.)

"Hadn't they better go to bed, ma'am?" inquired Emma. "Two of the boys will carry the gentlemen up-stairs."

"I won't go to bed," said Mr. Winkle, firmly.

"No living boy shall carry me," said Mr. Pickwick, stoutly; and he went on smiling as before.

"Hurrah!" gasped Mr. Winkle, faintly.

"Hurrah!" echoed Mr. Pickwick, taking off his hat and dashing it on the floor, and insanely casting his spectacles into the middle of the kitchen. At this humorous feat he laughed outright.

"Let's — have — 'nother — bottle," cried Mr. Winkle, commencing in a very loud key, and ending in a very faint one. His head dropped upon his breast; and, muttering his invincible determination not to go to his bed, and a sanguinary regret that he had not "done for old Tupmân" in the morning, he fell fast asleep; in which condition he was borne to his apartment by two young giants under the personal superintendence of the fat boy, to whose protecting care Mr. Snodgrass shortly afterwards confided his own person. Mr. Pickwick accepted the proffered arm of Mr. Tupman and quietly disappeared, smiling more than ever; and Mr. Wardle, after taking as affectionate a leave of the whole family as if he were ordered for immediate execution, consigned to Mr. Trundle the honor of conveying him up-stairs, and retired with a very futile attempt to look impressively solemn and dignified.

THE ELECTION FOR BEADLE. — SKETCHES BY BOZ.

A great event has recently occurred in our parish. A contest of paramount interest has just terminated; a parochial convulsion has taken place. It has been succeeded by a glorious triumph, which the country — or at least the parish — it is all the same — will long remember. We have had an election, an election for beadle. The supporters of the old beadle system have been defeated in their stronghold, and the advocates of the great new beadle principles have achieved a proud victory.

Our parish, which, like all other parishes, is a little world of its own,

has long been divided into two parties, whose contentions, slumbering for a while, have never failed to burst forth with unabated vigor, on any occasion on which they could by possibility be renewed. Watching-rates, lighting-rates, paving-rates, sewers'-rates, church-rates, poor's-rates — all sorts of rates, have been in their turns the subjects of a grand struggle; and as to questions of patronage, the asperity and determination with which they have been contested is scarcely credible.

The leader of the official party — the steady advocate of the churchwardens, and the unflinching supporter of the overseers — is an old gentleman who lives in our row. He owns some half-dozen houses in it, and always walks on the opposite side of the way, so that he may be able to take in a view of the whole of his property at once. He is a tall, thin, bony man, with an interrogative nose, and a little restless perking eyes, which appear to have been given him for the sole purpose of peeping into other people's affairs with. He is deeply impressed with the importance of our parish business, and prides himself, not a little, on his style of addressing the parishioners in vestry assembled. His views are rather confined than extensive; his principles more narrow than liberal. He has been heard to declaim very loudly in favor of the liberty of the press, and advocates the repeal of the stamp-duty on newspapers, because the daily journals who now have a monopoly of the public, never give *verbatim* reports of vestry meetings. He would not appear egotistical for the world, but at the same time he must say, that there *are* speeches — that celebrated speech of his own, on the emoluments of the sexton, and the duties of the office, for instance — which might be communicated to the public, greatly to their improvement and advantage.

His great opponent in public life is Captain Purday, the old naval officer on half-pay to whom we have already introduced our readers. The captain being a determined opponent of the constituted authorities, whoever they may chance to be, and our other friend being their steady supporter with an equal disregard of their individual merits, it will readily be supposed, that occasions for their coming into direct collision are neither few nor far between. They divided the vestry fourteen times on a motion for heating the church with warm water instead of coals; and made speeches about liberty and expenditure, and prodigality and hot water, which threw the whole parish into a state of excitement. Then the captain, when he was on the visiting committee, and his opponent overseer, brought forward certain distinct and specific charges relative to the management of the workhouse, boldly expressed his total want of confidence in the existing authorities, and moved for "a copy of the recipe by which the paupers' soup was prepared, together with any documents relating thereto." This the overseer steadily resisted; he fortified himself by precedent, appealed to the established usage, and declined to produce the papers, on the ground of the injury that would be done to the public service, if documents of a strictly private nature, passing between the master of the workhouse and the cook, were to be thus dragged to light on the

motion of any individual member of the vestry. The motion was lost by a majority of two; and then the captain, who never allows himself to be defeated, moved for a committee of inquiry into the whole subject. The affair grew serious: the question was discussed at meeting after meeting, and vestry after vestry; speeches were made, attacks repudiated, personal defiances exchanged, explanations received, and the greatest excitement prevailed, until at last, just as the question was going to be finally decided, the vestry found that somehow or other, they had become entangled in a point of form, from which it was impossible to escape with propriety. So, the motion was dropped, and everybody looked extremely important, and seemed quite satisfied with the meritorious nature of the whole proceedings.

This was the state of affairs in our parish a week or two since, when Simmons, the beadle, suddenly died. The lamented deceased had over-exerted himself, a day or two previously, in conveying an aged female, highly intoxicated, to the strong room of the workhouse. The excitement thus occasioned, added to a severe cold, which this indefatigable officer had caught in his capacity of director of the parish engine, by inadvertently playing over himself instead of a fire, proved too much for a constitution already enfeebled by age; and the intelligence was conveyed to the Board one evening that Simmons had died, and left his respects.

The breath was scarcely out of the body of the deceased functionary, when the field was filled with competitors for the vacant office, each of whom rested his claims to public support entirely on the number and extent of his family, as if the office of beadle were originally instituted as an encouragement for the propagation of the human species. "Bung for Beadle. Five small children!"—"Hopkins for Beadle. Seven small children!"—"Timkins for Beadle. Nine small children!!" Such were the placards in large black letters on a white ground, which were plentifully pasted on the walls, and posted in the windows of the principal shops. Timkins's success was considered certain: several mothers of families half promised their votes, and the nine small children would have run over the course, but for the production of another placard, announcing the appearance of a still more meritorious candidate. "Spruggins for Beadle. Ten small children (two of them twins), and a wife!!!" There was no resisting this; ten small children would have been almost irresistible in themselves, without the twins, but the touching parenthesis about that interesting production of nature, and the still more touching allusion to Mrs. Spruggins, must ensure success. Spruggins was the favorite at once, and the appearance of his lady, as she went about to solicit votes (which encouraged confident hopes of a still further addition to the house of Spruggins at no remote period), increased the general prepossession in his favor. The other candidates, Bung alone excepted, resigned in despair. The day of election was fixed: and the canvass proceeded with briskness and perseverance on both sides.

The members of the vestry could not be supposed to escape the con-

tagious excitement inseparable from the occasion. The majority of the lady inhabitants of the parish declared at once for Spruggins; and the *quondam* overseer took the same side, on the ground that men with large families always had been elected to the office, and that although he must admit, that, in other respects, Spruggins was the least-qualified candidate of the two, still it was an old practice, and he saw no reason why an old practice should be departed from. This was enough for the captain. He immediately sided with Bung, canvassed for him personally in all directions, wrote squibs on Spruggins, and got his butcher to skewer them up on conspicuous joints in his shop-front; frightened his neighbor, the old lady, into a palpitation of the heart, by his awful denunciations of Spruggins's party; and bounced in and out, and up and down, and backwards and forwards, until all the sober inhabitants of the parish thought it inevitable that he must die of a brain fever, long before the election began.

The day of election arrived. It was no longer an individual struggle, but a party contest between the ins and outs. The question was, whether the withering influence of the overseers, the domination of the churchwardens, and the blighting despotism of the vestry-clerk, should be allowed to render the election of beadle a form — a nullity: whether they should impose a vestry-elected beadle on the parish, to do their bidding and forward their views, or whether the parishioners, fearlessly asserting their undoubted rights, should elect an independent beadle of their own.

The nomination was fixed to take place in the vestry, but so great was the throng of anxious spectators, that it was found necessary to adjourn to the church, where the ceremony commenced with due solemnity. The appearance of the churchwardens and overseers, and the ex-churchwardens, and ex-overseers, with Spruggins in the rear, excited general attention. Spruggins was a little thin man, in rusty black, with a long pale face, and a countenance expressive of care and fatigue, which might either be attributed to the extent of the family or the anxiety of his feelings. His opponent appeared in a cast-off coat of the captain's — a blue coat with bright buttons: white trousers, and that description of shoes familiarly known by the appellation of "high-lows." There was a serenity in the open countenance of Bung — a kind of moral dignity in his confident air — an "I wish you may get it," sort of expression in his eye — which infused animation into his supporters, and evidently dispirited his opponents.

The ex-churchwarden rose to propose Thomas Spruggins for beadle. He had known him long. He had had his eye upon him closely for years; he had watched him with twofold vigilance for months. (A parishioner here suggested that this might be termed "taking a double sight," but the observation was drowned in loud cries of "Order!") He would repeat that he had had his eye upon him for years, and this he would say, that a more well-conducted, a more well-behaved, a more sober,

a more quiet man, with a more well-regulated mind, he had never met with. A man with a larger family he had never known (cheers). The parish required a man who could be depended on ("Hear!" from the Spruggins side, answered by ironical cheers from the Bung party). Such a man he now proposed ("No," "Yes"). He would not allude to individuals (the ex-churchwarden continued in the celebrated negative style adopted by great speakers). He would not advert to a gentleman who had once held a high rank in the service of his majesty; he would not say, that that gentleman was no gentleman; he would not assert, that that man was no man; he would not say, that he was a turbulent parishioner; he would not say, that he had grossly misbehaved himself, not only on this, but on all former occasions; he would not say, that he was one of those discontented and treasonable spirits, who carried confusion and disorder wherever they went; he would not say, that he harbored in his heart envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. No! He wished to have everything comfortable and pleasant, and therefore, he would say, — nothing about him (cheers).

The captain replied in a similar parliamentary style. He would not say, he was astonished at the speech they had just heard; he would not say, he was disgusted (cheers). He would not retort the epithets which had been hurled against him (renewed cheering): he would not allude to men once in office, but now happily out of it, who had mismanaged the workhouse, ground the paupers, diluted the beer, slack-baked the bread, boned the meat, heightened the work, and lowered the soup (tremendous cheers). He would not ask what such men deserved (a voice, "Nothing a-day, and find themselves!"). He would not say, that one burst of general indignation should drive them from the parish they polluted with their presence ("Give it him!"). He would not allude to the unfortunate man who had been proposed — he would not say, as the vestry's tool, but as Beadle. He would not advert to that individual's family: he would not say, that nine children, twins, and a wife, were very bad examples for pauper imitation (loud cheers). He would not advert in detail to the qualifications of Bung. The man stood before him, and he would not say in his presence, what he might be disposed to say of him if he were absent. (Here Mr. Bung telegraphed to a friend near him, under cover of his hat, by contracting his left eye, and applying his right thumb to the tip of his nose). It had been objected to Bung that he had only five children ("Hear, hear!" from the opposition). Well, he had yet to learn that the legislature had affixed any precise amount of infantine qualification to the office of beadle; but taking it for granted that an extensive family were a great requisite, he entreated them to look to facts, and compare *data*, about which there could be no mistake. Bung was 35 years of age. Spruggins — of whom he wished to speak with all possible respect was 50. Was it not more than possible — was it not very probable — that by the time that Bung attained the latter age, he might see round him a family, even exceeding in number and extent that to which Spruggins at

present laid claim (deafening cheers and waving of handkerchiefs)? The captain concluded, amidst loud applause, by calling upon the parishioners to sound the tocsin, rush to the poll, free themselves from dictation, or be slaves forever.

On the following day the polling began, and we never have had such a bustle in our parish since we got up our famous anti-slavery petition, which was such an important one, that the House of Commons ordered it to be printed, on the motion of the member for the district. The captain engaged two hackney-coaches and a cab for Bung's people, — the cab for the drunken voters, and the two coaches for the old ladies, the greater portion of whom, owing to the captain's impetuosity, were driven up to the poll and home again, before they recovered from their flurry sufficiently, to know with any degree of clearness what they had been doing. The opposite party wholly neglected these precautions, and the consequence was that a great many ladies who were walking leisurely up to the church — for it was a very hot day, — to vote for Spruggins, were artfully decoyed into the coaches, and voted for Bung. The captain's arguments, too, had produced considerable effect; the attempted influence of the vestry produced a greater. A threat of exclusive dealing was clearly established against the vestry-clerk — a case of heartless and profligate atrocity. It appeared that the delinquent had been in the habit of purchasing six penn'orth of muffins, weekly, from an old woman who rents a small house in the parish, and resides among the original settlers: on her last weekly visit, a message was conveyed to her through the medium of the cook, couched in mysterious terms, but indicating with sufficient clearness, that the vestry-clerk's appetite for muffins, in future, depended entirely on her vote on the beadleship. This was sufficient; the stream had been turning previously, and the impulse thus administered directed its final course. The Bung party ordered one shilling's-worth of muffins weekly for the remainder of the old woman's natural life; the parishioners were loud in their exclamations; and the fate of Spruggins was sealed.

It was in vain that the twins were exhibited in dresses of the same pattern, and night-caps to match, at the church door: the boy in Mrs. Spruggins's right arm, and the girl in her left — even Mrs. Spruggins herself failed to be an object of sympathy any longer. The majority attained by Bung on the gross poll was four hundred and twenty-eight, and the cause of the parishioners triumphed.

MISS EVANS AND "THE EAGLE."—SKETCHES BY BOZ.

Mr. Samuel Wilkins was a carpenter, a journeyman carpenter of small dimensions, decidedly below the middle size — bordering, perhaps, upon the dwarfish. His face was round and shining, and his hair carefully twisted into the outer corner of each eye, till it formed a variety of that description of semi-curls, usually known as "aggerawators." His earnings were all-sufficient for his wants, varying from eighteen shillings to one pound five, weekly, — his manner undeniable — his sabbath waist-coats dazzling. No wonder that with these qualifications, Samuel Wilkins found favor in the eyes of the other sex: many women have been captivated by far less substantial qualifications. But Samuel was proof against their blandishments until at length his eyes rested on those of a Being for whom, from that time forth, he felt fate had destined him. He came, and conquered — proposed, and was accepted — loved, and was beloved. Mr. Wilkins "kept company" with Jemima Evans.

Miss Evans (or Ivins to adopt the pronunciation most in vogue with her circle of acquaintance) had adopted in early life the useful pursuit of shoe-binding, to which she had afterwards superadded the occupation of a straw-bonnet maker. Herself, her maternal parent, and two sisters, formed an harmonious quartet in the most secluded portion of Camden Town; and here it was that Mr. Wilkins presented himself, one Monday afternoon, in his best attire, with his face more shining and his waistcoat more bright than either had ever appeared before. The family were just going to tea, and were so glad to see him. It was quite a little feast; two ounces of seven-and-sixpenny green, and a quarter of a pound of the best fresh; and Mr. Wilkins had brought a pint of shrimps, neatly folded up in a clean belcher, to give a zest to the meal, and propitiate Mrs. Ivins. Jemima was "cleaning herself" up-stairs; so Mr. Samuel Wilkins sat down and talked domestic economy with Mrs. Ivins, whilst the two youngest Miss Ivinses poked bits of lighted brown paper between the bars under the kettle to make the water boil for tea.

"I was a thinking," said Mr. Samuel Wilkins, during a pause in the conversation — "I was a thinking of taking J'mima to the Eagle to-night." — "Oh my!" exclaimed Mrs. Ivins. "Lor! how nice!" said the youngest Miss Ivins. "Well, I declare!" added the youngest Miss Ivins but one. "Tell J'mima to put on her white muslin, Tilly." screamed Mrs. Ivins, with motherly anxiety; and down came J'mima herself soon afterwards in a white muslin gown carefully hooked and eyed, a little red shawl, plentifully pinned, a white straw bonnet trimmed with red ribbons, a small necklace, a large pair of bracelets, Denmark satin shoes, and open-worked stockings; white cotton gloves on her fingers, and a cambric pocket-handkerchief, carefully folded up, in her hand — all quite genteel and ladylike. And away went Miss Jemima Ivins and Mr. Samuel Wilkins, and a dress cane with a gilt knob at the top, to the admiration and envy

of the street in general, and to the high gratification of Mrs. Ivins, and the two youngest Miss Ivinses in particular. They had no sooner turned into the Pancras road, than who should Miss J'mima Ivins stumble upon, by the most fortunate accident in the world, but a young lady as she knew, with *her* young man! — And it is so strange how things do turn out sometimes — they were actually going to the Eagle too. So Mr. Samuel Wilkins was introduced to Miss J'mima Ivins's friend's young man, and they all walked on together, talking, and laughing, and joking away like anything; and when they got as far as Pentonville, Miss Ivins's friend's young man *would* have the ladies go into the Crown, to taste some shrub, which, after a great blushing and giggling, and hiding of faces in elaborate pocket-handkerchiefs, they consented to do. Having tasted it once, they were easily prevailed upon to taste it again; and they sat out in the garden tasting shrub, and looking at the Busses alternately, till it was just the proper time to go to the Eagle: and then they resumed their journey, and walked very fast, for fear they should lose the beginning of the concert in the Rotunda.

"How ev'nly!" said Miss Jemima Ivins, and Miss Jemima Ivins's friend, both at once, when they had passed the gate and were fairly inside the gardens. There were the walks, beautifully gravelled and planted — and the refreshment-boxes, painted and ornamented like so many snuff-boxes — and the variegated lamps shedding their rich light upon the company's heads — and the place for dancing ready chalked for the company's feet — and a Moorish band playing at one end of the gardens — and an opposition military band playing away at the other. Then, the waiters were rushing to and fro with glasses of negus, and glasses of brandy-and-water, and bottles of ale, and bottles of stout; and ginger-beer was going off in one place, and practical jokes were going on in another; and people were crowding to the door of the Rotunda; and in short the whole scene was, as Miss J'mima Ivins, inspired by the novelty, or the shrub, or both, observed — "one of dazzling excitement." As to the concert-room, never was anything half so splendid. There was an orchestra for the singers, all paint, gilding, and plate-glass; and such an organ! Miss J'mima Ivins's friend's young man whispered it had cost "four hundred pound," which Mr. Samuel Wilkins said was "not dear neither;" an opinion in which the ladies perfectly coincided. The audience were seated on elevated benches round the room, and crowded into every part of it; and everybody was eating and drinking as comfortably as possible. Just before the concert commenced, Mr. Samuel Wilkins ordered two glasses of rum-and-water "warm with" — and two slices of lemon, for himself and the other young man, together with "a pint o' sherry wine for the ladies, and some sweet caraway-seed biscuits;" and they would have been quite comfortable and happy, only a strange gentleman with large whiskers *would* stare at Miss J'mima Ivins, and another gentleman, in a plaid waistcoat *would* wink at Miss J'mima Ivins's friend; on which Miss J'mima Ivins's friend's young man exhibited symptoms of

boiling over, and began to mutter about "people's impudence," and "swells out o' luck;" and to intimate, in oblique terms, a vague intention of knocking somebody's head off; which he was only prevented from announcing more emphatically, by both Miss J'mima Ivins and her friend threatening to faint away on the spot if he said another word.

The concert commenced — overture on the organ. "How solemn!" exclaimed Miss J'mima Ivins, glancing, perhaps unconsciously, at the gentleman with the whiskers. Mr. Samuel Wilkins, who had been muttering apart for some time past, as if he were holding a confidential conversation with the gilt knob of the dress cane, breathed hard — breathing vengeance; perhaps, — but said nothing. "The soldier tired," Miss Somebody in white satin. "Ancore!" cried Miss J'mima Ivins's friend. "Ancore!" shouted the gentleman in the plaid waistcoat immediately, hammering the table with a stout-bottle. Miss J'mima Ivins's friend's young man eyed the man behind the waistcoat from head to foot, and cast a look of interrogative contempt towards Mr. Samuel Wilkins. Comic song, accompanied on the organ. Miss J'mima Ivins was convulsed with laughter — so was the man with the whiskers. Everything the ladies did, the plaid waistcoat and whiskers did, by way of expressing unity of sentiment and congeniality of soul; and Miss J'mima Ivins, and Miss J'mima Ivins's friend, grew lively and talkative, as Mr. Samuel Wilkins, and Miss J'mima Ivins's friend's young man, grew morose and surly in inverse proportion.

Now, if the matter had ended here, the little party might soon have recovered their former equanimity; but Mr. Samuel Wilkins and his friend began to throw looks of defiance upon the waistcoat and whiskers. And the waistcoat and whiskers, by way of intimating the slight degree in which they were affected by the looks aforesaid, bestowed glances of increased admiration upon Miss J'mima Ivins and friend. The concert and vaudeville concluded, they promenaded the gardens. The waistcoat and whiskers did the same; and made divers remarks complimentary to the ankles of Miss J'mima Ivins and friend, in an audible tone. At length, not satisfied with these numerous atrocities, they actually came up and asked Miss J'mima Ivins, and Miss J'mima Ivins's friend to dance, without taking no more notice of Mr. Samuel Wilkins, and Miss J'mima Ivins's friend's young man, than if they was nobody!

"What do you mean by that, scoundrel?" exclaimed Mr. Samuel Wilkins, grasping the gilt-knobbed dress cane firmly in his right hand. "What's the matter with *you*, you little humbug?" replied the whiskers. "How dare you insult me and my friend?" inquired the friend's young man. "You and your friend be hanged!" responded the waistcoat. "Take that," exclaimed Mr. Samuel Wilkins. The ferrule of the gilt-knobbed dress cane was visible for an instant, and then the light of the variegated lamps shone brightly upon it as it whirled into the air, cane and all. "Give it him," said the waistcoat. "Horficer!" screamed the ladies.

Miss J'mima Ivins's beau, and the friend's young man, lay gasping on the gravel, and the waistcoat and whiskers were seen no more.

Miss J'mima Ivins and friend being conscious that the affray was in no slight degree attributable to themselves, of course went into hysterics forthwith; declared themselves the most injured of women; exclaimed, in incoherent ravings, that they had been suspected—wrongfully suspected—oh! that they should ever have lived to see the day,—and so forth; suffered a relapse every time they opened their eyes and saw their unfortunate little admirers; and were carried to their respective abodes in a hackney-coach, and a state of insensibility, compounded of shrub, sherry, and excitement.



A DAY WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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Fac Simile of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S MS.

Night Wallace stood on Dickmount ^{head} ~~hill~~
 He blew his Bogle gauge round
 Tell the wild Bull in Padjou wood
 This started at the sound
 Its eyes ^{large open} ~~crept~~ ^{was} ~~wide~~ ^{wide} over Bothwell
 And from the lofty turret flung
 Its crimson blaze on Clyde
 And shouting at the Bogle ^{blast} ~~sound~~
 That marked the ^{beginning} ~~hour~~ for
 Old England's women must lead fast
 And bent the bow ^{from} ~~their~~ ^{bow}.

~~Round in the midst rose Pembroke's lady~~
~~Aymar of Valence the~~
~~Tell in the midst for Aymar rose~~
~~of Pembroke~~
 Broad Pembroke's Earl was he

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HIS CRADLE.



COTT has said that Pope's translation of Homer was, with the exception of a few "traditionary ballads" and the songs in Allan Ramsay's "Evergreen," the first poetry he ever perused. Homer, these "traditionary ballads," "The Iliad," and "The Odyssey," were the first cradles, then, in which all the rich store of noble romance that has travelled round the world, and passed into every printed language, was nursed. Scott's head was "on fire for chivalry." He glowed at the name of Montrose, with his victorious highlanders; and had tough fights with his Whig tutor, who "liked Presbyterian Ulysses—the dark and politic Argyle." "Existence," Dr. Robert Chambers observes of the poet's birth, "opened upon the author of 'Waverley' in one of the dusk-iest parts of the ancient capital (Edinburgh), which he has been pleased to apostrophize in 'Marmion' as 'his own romantic town.' At the time of his birth, and for some time after, his father lived at the head of the College Wynd—a narrow alley leading from the Cowgate to the gate of the College. . . . It appears, however, that before Sir Walter could receive any impressions from the romantic scenery of the Old Town of Edinburgh, he was removed, on account of the delicacy of his health, to the country, and lived for a considerable period under the charge of his paternal grandfather, at Sandyknow. This farm is situated upon high ground, near the bottom of Leader Water, and overlooks a large part of the Vale of Tweed. In the immediate neighborhood of the farmhouse, upon a rocky foundation, stood the Border fortlet called Smailholm Tower, which possessed many features to attract the attention of the young poet. It was his early residence at this romantic spot that imparted an intense affection for the southern part of Scotland, to which he

finally adjourned." An affectionate and a reverent nature are made manifest in the earliest accounts we have of Walter Scott. His heart warmed to every story of noble deeds — and these were in truth to him "the building sites of a child's church." With an unerring and unfaltering instinct he kept to those studies which were to mature his genius, and make his fame immortal. His "little Latin and less Greek" were compensated by the wealth of legend and lore, that, in his subtle brain, were woven into undying poetry, and the noblest store of romance one man has ever bequeathed to posterity. Dr. Chambers gives an extract from an original letter on Scott's school-days : —

"The following lines were written by Walter Scott when he was between ten and eleven years of age, and while he was attending the High School, Edinburgh. His master there had spoken of him as a remarkably stupid boy,* and his mother with grief acknowledged that they spoke truly. She saw him one morning in the midst of a tremendous thunderstorm, standing still in the street, and looking at the sky. She called to him repeatedly, but he remained looking upwards, without taking the least notice of her. When he returned into the house, she was very much displeased with him. 'Mother,' he said, 'I could tell you the reason why I stood still, and why I looked at the sky, if you would only give me a pencil.' She gave him one, and in less than five minutes he laid a bit of paper on her lap, with these words written on it : —

" ' Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll!
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole!
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly —
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky;
Then let the good thy mighty power revere —
Let hardened sinners thy just judgments fear.' "

The old lady repeated them to me herself, and the tears were in her eyes; for I really believe, simple as they are, that she values these lines — being the first effusion of her son's genius — more than any later beauties which have so charmed all the world besides."

They were, to her, the first precious proofs that Walter, albeit unlike the mass of the boys at the High school, was not stupid. We are told that he had "little Latin and less Greek;" and yet that he often surprised his masters by the miscellaneous knowledge which he possessed; and "now and then was acknowledged to display a sense of the beauties of the Latin authors, such as is seldom seen in boys," He saw the beauties, and his companions mastered the rules, being, possibly, at the same time stone-blind to the genius and the spirit of the text.

It should be remembered that Walter Scott in his early childhood, was a very sickly lad, and all his life he was lame. But this misfortune gave him one early advantage, since it led his baby eyes to those scenes

* The great men who have been described by their schoolmasters as stupid are only so many testimonies to the dulness of tutors.

which are now collectively known to his affectionate countrymen as "The Lands of Scott."* His bad health induced his removal to his father's farm, where he could overlook the Vale of Tweed and drink in liberally the romantic stories with which every acre of it abounds. It is remarked that very early he was a copious and popular story-teller among his companions. "In the rough amusements which went on out of school, his spirit enabled him to take a leading share, notwithstanding his lameness. He would help to man the Cowgate Port in a snow-ball match, and pass the Kittle nine steps on the Castle Rock with the best of them. In the winter evenings, when out-door exercise was not attractive, he would gather his companions round him at the fireside, and entertain them with stories, real and imaginary, of *which he seemed to have an endless store.*"

The "stupid" boy, albeit a poor classical scholar (which he afterwards regretted,† but which the world has no reason to lament), was an insatiable reader. Dr. Chambers says of his passion for books: "It amounted to an enthusiasm. He was at that time (between his twelfth and thirteenth year) very much in the house of his uncle, Dr. Rutherford, at the foot of Hyndford's Close, near the Netherbow, and there, even at breakfast, he would constantly have a book open by his side to refer to while sipping his coffee, like his old Oldbuck in 'The Antiquary.' His uncle frequently commanded him to lay aside his books while eating, and Sir Walter would only ask permission first to read out the paragraph in which he was engaged. But no sooner was one paragraph ended than another was begun, so that the doctor never could find that his nephew finished a paragraph in his life. It may be mentioned that 'Shakspeare' was at this period frequently in his hands, and that, of all the plays, 'The Merchant of Venice,' was his principal favorite."

This kind of reading was not congenial to his sober-minded and stiff parents. His home, although full of love, was, to his ardent spirit, cold and hard in its rules. Fortunately for the world, however, the author of "Waverley" was cradled chiefly in congenial places; and that the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border rang in his ears, to echo about the wide world presently in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and in "Waverley." Fortunately, also, he found a congenial spirit, between his twelfth and fifteenth year, in John Irving,‡ whose heart, like his own, was "on fire for chivalry," and who, with him, would borrow books of high and renowned deeds from the circulating library in the High Street, founded by Allan Ramsay, and find a picturesque nook by Arthur's Seat, where they might enjoy them together. Scott was well starred in the friends and surroundings of his childhood. His mother's connections brought him

* See "The Lands of Scott," by James F. Hunnewell.

† "I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if I could rest the remaining part upon a solid foundation of learning and science."—*Autobiography*.

‡ See "Scott's Companions and Correspondence."

into contact with bookish and gifted men, and made their children the associates of his play-hours. Adam Ferguson (afterwards Sir Adam, and author of "The History of the Roman Republic") was of his list of playmates; and in the house of Adam's father, he was, as a boy, associated with the most brilliant literary society of Edinburgh, including Burns, in the company of Dr. Dugald Stewart. The meeting of Burns and Scott—twin lights in the brilliant firmament of the genius of the North—has been described to Dr. Robert Chambers by Sir Adam, and the doctor gives the scene in these simple words:—

"He (Sir Adam) had himself brought his young friend, Walter Scott, as yet unnoted by his seniors. Burns seemed at first little inclined to mingle easily in the company: he went about the room, looking at the pictures on the walls. The print described by Scott, from a painting by Bunbury, attracted his attention. It represented a sad picture of the effects of war: a soldier lying stretched dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, while on the other sat his widow, nursing a child in her arms. The print was plain, yet touching; beneath were written the following lines:—

"Cold on Canadian hills, on Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears!"

Before getting to the end of the line, Burns's voice faltered, and his big black eye filled with tears. A little after, he turned with much interest to the company, pointed to the picture, and, with some eagerness, asked if any one could tell him who had written these affecting lines. The philosophers were silent—no one knew; but, after a decent interval, the pale, lame boy near by said, in a negligent manner: 'They're written by one Langhorne.' An explanation of the place where they occur (poem of 'The Country Justice') followed, and Burns fixed a look of half-serious interest on the youth, while he said, 'You'll be a man yet, sir.' Scott may be said to have derived literary ordination from Burns."

The print on which the two poets gazed together—and before which they spoke their first words to each other—is now in the possession of Robert Chambers's distinguished brother William.

While we are so often brought to dwell upon the romantic part of Walter Scott's character as a lad by his biographers, and on the desultory nature of his academical career, we are led, insensibly, to form a very high opinion of his spirit, courage, manliness, and scrupulous conscientiousness. "Respect for his parents and for the common duties of life," one biographer remarks, as he launches his hero out of school and into life, "was always a strong feeling in Scott." His mind was essentially orderly and duty compelling. Robert Chambers testifies to the repug-

nance he had to see papers awry. He prided himself on his business aptitude. As a lad, painfully toiling at the groundwork of his father's profession, he had books of romance and chivalry stuffed under his desk, it is true; but he kept to the copying of law papers with assiduity, and compensated himself by buying a book or an object on which he had passionately set his mind, with the fruit of his overwork, until he had mixed up the materials of a writer's apprentice with the collection of a romantic dreamer, in his little labor-room.

Mr. Carlyle has remarked, in the opening of his paper on the autobiography and biography of Jean Paul Richter, that a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one. Sir Walter Scott stands before the world, his life well written three times over, and with a story that it is most agreeable and improving to contemplate. With the exception of the business imprudences which finally harassed him,—laying upon his manly shoulders a horrible load of debt,—his life is one in which all the masculine human virtues shine forth abundantly. In his youth we are brought in contact with a bright, courageous, reverent spirit; with a mind laying up precious stores, as the bee gathers and lays up honey. From the flowers of chivalry the dreaming boy drew the most precious loads which have sweetened the hours of millions of his fellow-creatures. He appears to have shunned with instinctive aversion the vices common to the young of his day, and to have given himself up wholly to the song and story with which his cradle was thickly encompassed. He lived in an atmosphere of poetry, albeit in a lawyer's office, and concerned for the greater part of his time in the administration of the law. He showed a power of mental discipline beyond his years; yielding with grace to the persuasion of his elders, who were opposed to the military career which he craved for a moment. The reader's mind is refreshed and strengthened by the picture of young Scott buckling to the uncongenial business of life. A generous, tender, brave, and loyal spirit is in the young lawyer, set to law-writing on the kitchen floor of his father's house, and bound to struggle through the difficulties of a crowded profession. You feel that it will go well with the lad, who has been suddenly blessed with health after a sickly infancy, and so armed at the supreme moment for the fight. Happy in the companionship of congenial friends, in the quiet and virtue of his home, and in the framework of the life which was opening upon him, he got gradually that intellectual strength and moral tone which made every after literary utterance of his a healthy one.*

Mr. Chambers notices, among other things giving a color and character to the mind of the young advocate, certain periodical journeys which

* "While advancing to manhood, and during its first few years, Scott, besides keeping up his desultory system of reading, attended the meetings of a literary society composed of such youths as himself. A selection of these and his early schoolfellows became his ordinary companions. Amongst them was William Clerk, son of Mr. Clerk of Eldin, and afterwards a distinguished member of the Scottish Bar. It was the pleasure of this group of young men to take frequent rambles in the country, visiting any ancient castle or other remarkable object within their reach."—*Chambers*.

he made into the lovely district of Liddesdale, "where the castles of the old Border chiefs and the legends of their exploits were still rife." But we will quote the words of Scott's friend and biographer, whose recent loss all who knew his kindly face, and had enjoyed his hearty and brilliant conversation, have deeply deplored:—

"On these occasions he was accompanied by an intelligent friend, Mr. Robert Shortreed, long after sheriff-substitute at Jedburgh. No inns, and hardly any roads, were then in Liddesdale. The farmers were a simple race, knowing nothing of the outward world. So much was this the case, that one honest fellow, at whose house the travellers alighted to spend a night, was actually frightened at the idea of meeting an Edinburgh advocate. Willie o' Milburn, as this hero was called, at length took a careful survey of Scott round a corner of the stable, and getting somewhat re-assured from the sight, said to Mr. Shortreed, 'Weel, de'll ha'e me, if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think.' On these excursions, Scott took down from old people anecdotes of the old rough times, and copies of the ballads in which the adventures of the Elliots and Armstrongs were recorded. Thus were laid the foundations of the collections which became in time 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' The friendship of Mr. Edmonstone of Newton, led him, in like manner, to visit those districts of Stirlingshire and lower Perthshire, where he afterwards localized his 'Lady of the Lake.' There he learned much of the more recent rough times of the Highlands, and even conversed with one gentleman who had had to do with Rob Roy. These things constituted the real education of Scott's mind, as far as his character as a literary man is concerned."

His moral education—the education of his heart—came early, and in a warm and generous flow, from his admirable mother. When, as a child, he read Pope's translation of Homer to her, she improved the occasion. "My mother had good natural taste and great feeling," he records, in that fragment of biography he has left, which must remind many readers of Jean Paul's: "she used to make me pause upon those passages which expressed generous and worthy sentiments, and if she could not divert me from those which were descriptive of battle and tumult, she contrived, at least, to divide my attention between them. My own enthusiasm, however, was chiefly awakened by the wonderful and the terrible,—the common taste of children, but in which I have remained a child even unto this day."

His account of the development of his mind is among the most charming pages Walter Scott has left us. It is plain, unaffected, and full of those fine qualities that make his figure one of the most delightful in the world to contemplate. He is so frank, loyal, and affectionate towards his friends! so generous in every estimate of men and things which encompassed his boyish days, and so unaffectedly modest in his estimate of his own deserts! "In the intervals of my school-hours,"—thus he describes his desultory studies,— "I had always perused with avidity such books of

history or poetry or voyages and travels as chance presented to me — not forgetting the usual, or rather ten times the usual, quantity of fairy tales, Eastern stories, romances, etc. These studies were totally unregulated and undirected." He records how he found some odd volumes of Shakespeare in his mother's dressing-room, and that he sat up in his shirt, rapturously devouring them.

All these associations, studies, and activities combined to form the character, and to mould the genius of Scott in the happiest manner. His lot was cast throughout in pleasant places and among congenial men; so that when, as he approached manhood, and, as he says, he "bade farewell both to disease and medicine," he was well trained and armed for the splendid career that soon opened upon him. The Rev. G. R. Gleig observes of his entrance upon life: —

"Accordingly, when the College Session of 1785-6 opened, he was able to resume his studies. But the time was come for beginning the actual business of life, and on the 15th of May, 1786, the articles of apprenticeship to his father were signed. This circumstance so far innovated upon his habits, that he was constrained to devote a portion of his time every day to the work of the office. But there was in this no real hardship to him: on the contrary, it made him a ready penman; and as writers' apprentices are paid a small premium on every paper which they copy, he earned enough to gratify, more than ever he had previously been able to do, the ruling passion of his nature. Every shilling which rewarded his industry was laid out in the purchase of books; and poetry and romance became more and more interwoven with his nature. Among these purchases Evan's 'Ballads' and Mickle's 'Cumnor Hall' seem to have especially delighted him; and the pleasure derived from the latter, at least, never died out. 'After the labors of the day,' says Mr. Irving, 'we often walked to the Meadows (a large field, intersected by formal alleys of trees, adjoining George Square), especially in the moonlight nights; and he seemed never weary of repeating the first stanza, —

"The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

"That the impression made by this poem was as clear as it was enduring, we have the best proof in the future composition of 'Kenilworth'; indeed, it was only by a sort of accident that to that grand story — for such it is, with all faults — the title of Cumnor Hall was not given.

"Having referred to Mr. Irving, we may here mention, that, throughout the whole of their earlier career, that gentleman and Walter Scott were inseparable, though in after years they did not see much of each other. There was great similarity of taste between the young men. They both delighted in legends and romances. They were both prone to indulge the imaginative faculty. They even studied together Italian and Spanish,

in order that they might the better enjoy the charming tales of Tasso, Ariosto, and Cervantes. With young Scott, however, it was in Italian and Spanish as it had been in Latin, and as it afterwards became in German, he never took the trouble to make himself an accurate scholar. Enough for him if he could extract the meaning or take in the beauties of his author. For whether it were an ancient or a modern book which came in his way, — whether an English, an Italian, a Spanish, a German, or a Latin classic, — his sole object in perusing it was to pick out from it the ideas which recommended themselves to his taste or judgment. In no single instance did he dream of making it a means of ascertaining, far less of settling, the niceties of idiom or of grammar. We have specified these five tongues, omitting Greek altogether, for this obvious reason, — that Scott never mastered the grammar of that noble language, and had latterly forgotten the very letters.

“Imaginative lads are usually as peculiar in the selection of their favorite haunts as in the choice of their favorite pursuits. It was the practice of Walter and his friend Irving to walk sometimes as far as the Salisbury Crags, and choosing out some spot on the face of the hill all but inaccessible, to climb up thither, and there sit for hours, either reading together one of the romances with which the circulating library had supplied them, or telling to each other tales, usually of knight-errantry, which had no ending. This habit of wandering grew upon Scott to such an extent, that he occasionally strayed so far, or lost himself so completely, as to be unable to regain his home at the time when he was expected. At first his parents suffered a good deal of uneasiness on his account. But the practice became by and by so frequent that by degrees they grew accustomed to it, and kept their minds comparatively easy, even when, as sometimes occurred, he remained abroad all night.

“The most agreeable of Walter's duties while apprenticed to his father were those which carried him from time to time into the rural districts, where some of Mr. Scott's clients lived. He repeatedly visited the Border countries, penetrating sometimes as far as the remote valleys of the Cheviots. He studied character there almost without knowing it, and began that collection of songs and ballads which grew into the work which first fixed on him the attention of the public. Under similar circumstances he made his earliest acquaintance with the Highlands. There, too, his imagination found ample food on which to ruminate; and the results, when matured, came forth in poetry and romance. Meanwhile, his own inner nature was powerfully affected by what he saw and heard. Marching at the head of an armed party, in order to execute some process of *horning*, he lived, as he threaded the defile of the Trosachs, with Rob Roy and Roderick Dhu. The stories told to him by Alexander Stewart, of Invernahyle, entered into his soul, and became a portion of his being. That fine specimen of a Jacobite gentleman, who survived to recount, in serene and vigorous old age, his active experiences in the insurrections both of 1715 and 1745, seems early to have attracted Scott's attention and

admiration. He saw him in arms in September, 1779, when Paul Jones threatened a descent upon Edinburgh, and heard him exult in the prospect of drawing his claymore once more before he died. Invernahyle, as Scott adds, was the only person who appeared to retain the use of his cool senses at the period of that disgraceful alarm, and offered the magistrates to collect as many highlanders as would suffice for cutting off any part of the pirate's crew that might venture in quest of plunder into a city full of high houses and narrow lanes, and in every way well calculated for defence. The eager delight with which the youthful apprentice listened to the tales of this old man's early days produced an invitation to his residence among the mountains; and to these excursions were devoted the few weeks of an autumnal vacation, either in 1786 or 1787, it does not exactly appear which.

"Young men intended for the humbler branch of the legal profession in Scotland are, equally with aspirants to the advocate's gown, required to attend a course of lectures in the University, on Civil Law. In 1788 Scott entered the Civil Law class, and the incident wrought a wondrous change in his position and prospects. It renewed for him some desirable acquaintances which he had formed at the High School, and enabled him to contract others not less congenial. These latter belonged exclusively to the class of youths whom in 'Redgauntlet' he designates the Scottish *noblesse de la robe*. They comprised, among others, William Clerk of Eldon, George Abercrombie (afterwards Lord Abercrombie), Sir Patrick Murray of Ochertyre, John James Edmonstone of Newton, Patrick Murray of Simprun, and George Cranstoun, later in life Lord Corehouse. All of these, besides being well connected, were young men of personal mark, — clever, intelligent, bent on winning distinction, free and engaging in their manners, and strictly honorable. Scott, though at first his appearance told against him, soon broke down by the power and diversity of his talents whatever barrier of restraint stood at the outset between them. Mr. Clerk, for example, has left the statement upon record that he was struck, on the first day of Scott's entrance into the Civil Law class-room, with something odd, yet remarkable, in the young man's appearance. What that something was he could not quite recall, but he remembered telling his companions some time afterwards that he thought he looked like a hautboy-player. But once the ice was thawed, all recollection of the hautboy-player melted with it; and the uncouth lad, with his lame leg and corduroy smallclothes, was accepted freely and gratefully as one of themselves. The liveliness of his conversation, the strange variety of his knowledge, and above all, perhaps, the portentous tenacity of his memory, riveted more and more the attention of the clique into which he was in due time admitted; and prone as they all were to habits in which he came not behind the foremost of them, the good opinion thereby created never suffered eclipse. Whether it were at convivial meetings, or in feats of personal activity and prowess, he showed himself on all occasions well able to hold his own. He became, indeed, ere long, the centre round which the entire circle gathered.

"There were other bonds of union between Scott and his new acquaintances than those enumerated above. They were all fond of making long excursions on foot; so was he, and he taught them to combine with field sports a love of scenery, especially if it were connected with traditions of old romance. They accordingly explored, under his guidance, all the ruined castles and abbeys within a circuit of many miles round the capital, and found him the best of cicerones. They had adopted likewise the prevalent tastes of the day, and discussed literary and scientific subjects with characteristic boldness. For our readers must remember that we are speaking of a time when the Scottish capital was, or was believed by her citizens to be, at the head of the literature and science of the world. Reid had just vacated the chair of metaphysics that he might be succeeded by Dugald Stewart. Professor Robison stood deservedly as a mathematician and a naturalist. Adam Smith, though he taught in Glasgow, passed as much of his time as possible in Edinburgh. Hume and Robertson were both there, so were Monboddo and Ferguson; while Hume, the author of 'Douglas,' and Mackenzie, of 'The Man of Feeling,' contributed, each after his own fashion, to make up that galaxy of light by which the rest of the world was supposed to be dazzled. The young men composing the set of which Scott was a member, though they could not pretend to vie with these planets of the first magnitude, were ambitions of moving in the same orbit. They got up a debating club, which they called the Literary Society, and met from time to time to consider points of history, law, general literature, and antiquarian research. In the discussion of all these subjects Scott showed himself eminently well informed. He was already a dabbler in Anglo-Saxon and the Norse 'Sagas,' besides being well versed in Fordun and Wynton, and the Scottish chroniclers in general; indeed, so marked was his superiority in these respects over his associates, that they conferred upon him the *sobriquet* of 'Duns Scotus.' It is a remarkable fact, however, that his speeches or addresses, though full of knowledge, were by no means brilliant. Indeed, Scott, though confessedly one of the most agreeable talkers that ever lived, had very little of the orator about him. Even later in life, when his fame pervaded Europe, and the consciousness of his proper place in the world might have given him confidence, this distrust of his own power as a speaker continued to hang about him; nor was it, except on rare occasions, when his feelings happened to be strongly worked upon, that he ever expressed himself eloquently."

Scott has regretted that he occasionally took part with his companions in "high jinks"—in oyster suppers after their literary discussions; but it nowhere appears in the pages of Lockhart, Gleig, and Chambers, or in any of the thousand and one "recollections" and biographical essays which have been written on him, that he ever exceeded the bounds of moderation, or was for a day a slave to those "high jinks" which he has described in "Guy Mannering." The best proof of this—so far as Scott's connection with social gatherings is concerned—may be found in the

fact that one of his clubs, which merged, as the members grew older, into an annual dinner, found his beaming face at the table for thirty years. His father was wise enough to see that his son Walter would make an indifferent office-worker, and permitted him, in 1792, to resign his share in the writer's business, and become an advocate. This change was an advance towards the sphere in which Scott was destined to become famous before all his compeers. While waiting for the advocate's robe, he had been elected into the Speculation Society of Edinburgh; and very soon, so thorough and vigorous was he in all he took in hand (reminding me in these qualities of Charles Dickens), he was secretary and treasurer.

He was fortunate in all the corners of his cradle. At every turn he made a valuable acquaintance, or came upon an old song, or storied nook or ruin. "He never did lay himself out for briefs," says Mr. Gleig; "the tastes and habits which he contracted in childhood abode with and controlled him through all his after years. He used whatever legal knowledge he acquired, as he used all his other knowledge, for one purpose. The law became as much idealized to him as were Border ballads and Scandinavian sagas. He estimated, perhaps above its real value, his social *status* as an advocate, and swept the outer court, like others of his class, day by day, looking for business. But he was infinitely more in his element joking and telling stories on the mountain than conducting or trying to conduct, a case before the judges. So also, when the courts rose, he hurried away to the Border, or passed from house to house among the country residences of his allies, combining amusement with antiquarian research."

He was cradled in Scotia's heather, and nursed to sleep with her songs.

A LIFE OF WORK.

LET us open our account of Scott's immense literary labors with a glimpse of him — given by his own masterly hand — as he formed himself, or Nature formed him, for them: —

"In the mean while, my acquaintance with English literature was gradually extending itself. In the intervals of my school-hours I had always perused with avidity such books of history or poetry or voyages and travels as chance presented to me — not forgetting the usual, or rather ten times the usual quantity of fairy tales, Eastern stories, romances, &c. These stories were totally unregulated and undirected. My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother, besides that she might be in some degree trammelled by the religious scruples which he suggested, had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry

as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakspeare; nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt reading them, by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me that it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o'clock. Chance, however, threw in my way a poetical preceptor. This was no other than the excellent and benevolent Dr. Blacklock, well known at that time as a literary character. I know not how I attracted his attention, and that of some of the young men who boarded in his family; but so it was that I became a frequent and favored guest. The kind old man opened to me the stores of his library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Ossian and Spenser. I was delighted with both, yet I think chiefly with the latter poet. The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology disgusted me rather sooner than might have been expected from my age; but Spenser I could have read forever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has, through my whole life, acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty, — 'No, sir,' answered the old Borderer, 'I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy; and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able, when you finished, to remember a word you had been saying.' My memory was precisely of the same kind: it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree. The philosophy of history — a much more important subject — was also a sealed book at this period of my life; but I gradually assembled much of what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative; and when, in riper years, I attended more to the deduction of general principles, I was furnished with a powerful host of examples in illustration of them. I was, in short, like an ignorant gamester, who kept up a good hand until he knew how to play it.

"I left the High School, therefore, with a great quantity of general information, ill-arranged, indeed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon my mind; readily assorted by my power of connection and memory, and gilded, if I may be permitted to say so, by a vivid and active imagination. If my studies were not under any direction at Edinburgh, in the country, it may be well imagined, they were less so. A respectable subscription library, a circulating library of ancient standing,

and some private bookshelves were open to my random perusal; and I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford, without the power of searching my way unless by groping for it. My appetite for books was as ample and indiscriminating as it was indefatigable; and I since have had, too frequently, reason to repent that few ever read so much, and to so little purpose.

"Among the valuable acquisitions I made about this time was an acquaintance with Tasso's '*Jerusalem Delivered*,' through the flat medium of Mr. Hooke's translation. But, above all, I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy's '*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.' As I had been from infancy devoted to legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention, from the scarcity of materials and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined, but cannot be described, with what delight I saw pieces of the same kind which had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the Delilahs of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration, by an editor who showed his poetical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labors preserved. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge plantanus-tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbor, in the garden I have mentioned. The summer day sped onward so fast, that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was, in this instance, the same thing; and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm. About this period also I became acquainted with the works of Richardson, and those of Mackenzie (whom in later years, I became entitled to call my friend), with Fielding, Smollett, and some others of our best novelists.

"To this delightful period also I can trace distinctly the awakening of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighborhood of Kelso, the most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects, not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song; the ruins of an ancient abbey; the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle; the modern mansion of Fleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste,—are in themselves objects of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that

they harmonize into one general picture, and please rather by unison than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject; but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendor, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe."

Lord Macaulay has written of the perfect historian as one in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature: "He relates no fact; he attributes no expression to his characters which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed: some transactions are prominent, others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, the senate; but he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases, or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

"If a man, such as we are supposing, should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials

which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government, and the history of the people, would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in 'Old Mortality;' for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.'

"The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with coloring from romance, ballad, and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest,—from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders; the stately monastery with the good cheer in its refectory, and the high mass in its chapel; the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking; the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets, and the cloth of gold,—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain. The revival of letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appetite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century.

"In the Reformation we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a moral war, which raged in every family, which set the father against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted with the skill of Tacitus. We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We should perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or ungenerous; and to the last we should detect that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth in all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favorites whom she never trusted, and the wise old statesmen whom she never dismissed, uniting in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents,—the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne, the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman at least as striking as that in the novel of 'Kenilworth,' without employing a single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the mean time, we should see arts cultivated, wealth accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps, where nobles, insecure them-

selves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, — to the oriels of Longleat, and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh."

This noble tribute to Scott, as one who had used those fragments of truth which historians have thrown behind them, is a fitting introduction to the perusal of the "Waverley Novels." A truly great historian, the eminent critic tells us, would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. Had we a perfect historian we should not have to look "for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in 'Old Mortality;' for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.'" Scott stored himself with the material which the historian passes over. The writer of history is not usually that kind of man who made a pilgrimage with Mr. Laidlaw to Ettrick to visit the shepherd-poet, and sit up talking the hill-side history which passes about under the thatched roofs from generation to generation. Such history can only be collected by the pen, as the Indians collect attar with the leaf of the lily, from obscure streams.

Of the uses of romance Dean Stanley has spoken in fervent language, and with the authority of the pulpit. "There is the exquisite parable," he tells us, "of the Talking Trees in the Book of Judges; there is the sublime drama of the Patriarch and his Friends in the Book of Job; there is the touching and graceful picture of Jewish family life in the Book of Tobit, from which our church selects some of its most striking precepts, and which, in its homilies, is treated as if inspired directly by the Holy Ghost. All these are instances where moral lessons are conveyed by the invention of characters which either never existed at all, or, if they existed, are made to converse in forms of speech entirely drawn from the inspired imagination of the sacred writer. But the highest sanction to this mode of instruction is that given us in this parable by our Lord himself. This, we are told, was his ordinary mode of teaching: he stamped it with his peculiar mark. 'Without a parable,' without a fable, without an invented story of this kind, he rarely opened his lips. He, the Example of examples, the Teacher of teachers, 'taught his disciples many things by parables.' Through this parabolic form some of his gravest instructions have received a double life. If we were to ask for the most perfect exposition of the most perfect truth respecting God and man which the world contains, it will be found not in a discourse, or a creed, or a hymn, or even a prayer, but in a parable, — a story, one of those which I have already cited, — the parable of the Prodigal Son.

"I have dwelt on this characteristic of the gospel teaching because it is well that we should see how the Bible itself sanctions a mode of instruction which has been, in a special sense, God's gift to our own age.

"Doubtless his 'grace is manifold,' — in the original expression, many-colored. In various ages it has assumed various forms, — the divine flame of poetry, the far-reaching gaze of science, the searching analysis of philosophy, the glorious page of history, the burning eloquence of speaker or preacher, the grave address of moralist or divine. These all we have had in ages past: their memorials are around us here. These all we have in their measure, some more, some less, in the age in which we live. But it is perhaps not too much to say, that, in no age of the world, and in no country of the world, has been developed on so large a scale, and with such striking effects as in our own, the gift of 'speaking in parables,' the gift of addressing mankind through romance and novel and tale and fable. First, and far above all others, came that greatest of all the masters of fiction, — the glory of Scotland, — whose romances refreshed and exalted our childhood as they still refresh and exalt our advancing years — as would to God that they still might continue to refresh and exalt the childhood and the manhood of the coming generation! He rests not here. He rests beside his native Tweed. But long may his magic spell charm and purify the ages which yet shall be!"

Sir Walter Scott's work — that is, his literary work — opened with a translation of Goethe's romantic "*Goetz von Berlichingen*" (1799), which recommended itself to him by its tone and cast. Next followed some ballads, published in a collection called "*Tales of Wonder*;" and then, it would seem, by accident the wizard was launched into his proper sphere. It came about through a schoolfellow, — James Ballantyne, manager of a weekly newspaper. Dr. Chambers tells us, "Merely to give employment to his friend's types during the intervals of their ordinary use, Scott proposed to print a small collection of the old ballads which for some years he had been collecting on the Border. The design was fortunate in its supporters, — Richard Heber and John Leyden; the first an Englishman of fortune and an earnest bookworm, the second a Scottish peasant's son, who had been educated for the church, and was 'a marvel of learning, especially in languages and antiquities.'"

In the hands of these three earnest men, "*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*" grew to be the great collection of song we know. The first two volumes, which appeared in the beginning of 1802, were very successful, the novelty of the ballads being favorable to their popularity. The editor of this development of Scottish genius, by dint of careful reading and judicious selection, made up a most learned combination of graceful poetry, intelligent prose, and curious traditionary lore. The account of the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border gave Scott a standing in the literary world, not only as an editor, but as author also, because of the spirited and stirring songs in the collection to which his name was appended. Scott made some money by the first edition, and afterwards received £500 for the copyright. At this juncture he inherited from an uncle some five or six thousand pounds, which, with his other allowances, gave him an income of about a thousand a year. Being unsuccessful at the bar — he,

had been at it during ten years, and had never done anything beyond the mere drudgery,—he determined to look out for a vacancy in the Court of Session. He hoped by this to secure something to his children after him. He was beyond the reach of want; he had many powerful friends; so he left his cause in the hands of such men as the Buccleuchs and the Melvilles, and gradually gave his attention to literature. He had no hopes of pecuniary benefit from this source. He placed no dependence on any profits that might accrue to him: his literary efforts brought their own reward to him. He was wont to say, literature must only be, at the most, a staff—never a crutch. When the opportunity came, however, he could not be content with his settled income, and the additions to it brought by his literary work. He was over-anxious to do the best he could for his children; and his vaulting ambition overleaped itself, to the wreck of the latter years of his life. But it is perhaps as we see him battling with the storms of fate that we most admire him.

To the accomplished Countess of Dalkeith we owe "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." She asked Scott to write a poem upon an old tradition in the Buccleuch family. Scott complied; and the poem grew in his hands until it became a romantic narrative, which he found necessary to divide into cantos, in the approved style. This was, really, his acknowledged starting-point. The reading public, on its appearance, proclaimed the author one among the foremost original poets of his age. He was, at a bound, fairly established in the great world of letters.

His literary name was not thenceforth allowed to fade from the public mind. He worked incessantly. In 1805 he produced, as we have seen, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel;" in 1808, his admirable poetic romance "Marmion," appeared; and in 1810 he gave to the world that poem which is the more popular, "The Lady of the Lake."

During these years he was by no means idle in other branches of the profession. His literary labors were of an arduous and ungrateful character, in certain cases. Such achievements as a Revised and Authoritative Edition of Dryden's Works, the publication of Sadler's State Papers, and a collection of Somers's Tracts, excellent as they were, brought him nothing beyond his own satisfaction. He was prospering in a pecuniary sense. His "Marmion" brought him a thousand guineas, and his "Lady of the Lake" two thousand guineas,—prices unparalleled in those days.

Here we must, in order to give the narrative of his literary labor in proper form, refer to Scott's unfortunate association with James Ballantyne. This latter gentleman was an old friend of Scott's, and to his taste was due the favorable opinion universally conceded to the typography of the "Minstrelsy." Shortly after its publication, Ballantyne set up a printing-office in Edinburgh, in which Scott helped him considerably in a pecuniary sense. Ballantyne rapidly became engaged in a thriving business, and necessarily requiring more capital, applied to Scott, who

advanced him the requisite funds, on condition that he (Scott) should be made a partner in the concern. Scott would seem to have been singularly sharp-sighted with regard to the fragility of literary affairs, and singularly blind with regard to the insecurity of mercantile affairs. He was so afraid that he should be supposed to rely on his literary work for support, that he stipulated to be made a secret partner in Ballantyne's speculation, in order that the public might not connect him with any literary schemes. His solid prospects were just now strengthened. He obtained an appointment to a clerkship in the Court of Session. The salary of £1,300 a year was not paid to him, however, until after the death of a superannuated predecessor; therefore Scott realized no immediate gain. Still there was a considerable addition to his prospects.

"Marmion" was published by Mr. Constable. Soon after its appearance Scott quarrelled with him on account of his political views, and transferred his favor from "The Edinburgh Review" to "The Quarterly." He then set up a publishing establishment in Edinburgh, known as the firm of John Ballantyne and Company, the manager being a younger brother of the printer, whose only qualification for such a position was a tolerable knowledge of accounts! This firm published "The Lady of the Lake," and, as we have already stated, paid the author handsomely, — and it could well afford it, for the poem had a greater success than either of its predecessors, and therefore brought in solid sums of money to its publishers. Scott, in the mean time, as Ballantyne's secret partner, was urging on the firm the publication of an Annual Register, the reproduction of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, an edition of Defoe's novels, "The Secret Memoirs of the Court of James I.," a massive volume of verse which he called Tixall Poetry, and other learned but uninteresting works. During this year, 1810, Scott had a sum of £9,000 in the publishing affairs of his and his friend's firm. As a business man, it will have been seen, he was not quick. He was over-sanguine with regard to all commercial transactions, and the result was most unfortunate to himself. He had a remarkable disposition to overestimate all literary works but his own, and his indulgence of this amiable weakness led to the abrupt termination of his partnership, as we shall presently record. Things went on from bad to worse with John Ballantyne and Company. The public could not possibly digest the heavy reading Scott prepared for them, — we do not mean his own works, but those he edited and re-arranged, — and the firm lost ground. In 1812 the publication of Scott's "Rokeby" proved a failure; and now the affairs of Ballantyne and Company became intricately embarrassed. In 1813 Scott was obliged to have recourse to Constable, in opposition to whom he had set up this disastrous undertaking. It was estimated that the production of the volume of Tixhall Poetry — a disheartening failure, by-the-by — cost its publishers £2,500, and "The Edinburgh Annual Register" was a property which brought its proprietors an annual loss of £1,000. All Scott's resources

were exhausted by these results. His former publisher behaved excellently—having, of course, combined with its pleasantness a very keen eye to the main chance. He bought up a very large share of the stock, in order to relieve his rival, and, doubtless, hoping for the extinction of a firm that kept the author of “*Marmion*” out of his printing-office. The Duke of Buccleuch gave Scott credit for £4,000, and with this, and the sale of the remaining stock to various publishers, the disasters were surmounted. During this year of most vexatious trouble, Scott found means to lend a helping hand to literary men in distress: at the worst stages of his perplexities, he sent fifty pounds to Maturin, the Irish novelist. He had, in the year 1811, laid the foundation of his estate of Abbotsford. His prospects being promising at that time, he had bought—borrowing the money to do so!—a hundred acres of land on Tweedside. Here he afterwards erected a castle. At the time of his purchase, however, he was content with a cottage.

The appearance of “*Waverley*” created a sensation, which the mystery of the authorship enhanced. Scott began so early as 1805 to write a novel on the manners and customs of the Highlanders, which he called “*Waverley*; or, ‘Tis Sixty Years since.” His friends’ unfavorable opinion of the first chapters induced him to give up the idea. He was also afraid of endangering his poetical reputation by the production of a fiction which might be bad; and, on his settling at Abbotsford, in 1811, the first seven chapters, which had been shut up for years in the drawers of an old writing-desk, were consigned to the depths of a lumber-room, and forgotten. While looking for fishing-tackle for a guest, Scott discovered these chapters, conceived the idea of finishing the story, and in July, 1814, the tale appeared anonymously. Here is the author’s introduction to it on its first appearance:—

“The title of this work has not been chosen without the grave and solid deliberation which matters of importance demand from the prudent. Even its first or general denomination was the result of no common research or selection; although, according to the example of my predecessors, I had only to seize upon the most sounding and euphonic surname that English history or typography affords, and elect it at once as the title of my work and the name of my hero. But, alas! what could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt, Mortimer, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, but pages of inanity similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past? I must modestly admit I am too diffident of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations. I have, therefore, like a maiden knight, with his white shield, assumed for my hero, ‘*Waverley*,’ an uncontaminated name, bearing with its sound little of good or evil, excepting what the reader shall hereafter be pleased to affix to it. But my next or supplementary title was a matter of more difficult election, since that, short as it is, may be held as pledging the author to some

special mode of laying his scene, drawing his characters, and managing his adventures. Had I, for example, announced in my frontispiece, 'Waverley: a Tale of Other Days,' might not every novel-reader have anticipated a castle scarce less than that of Udolpho, of which the eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, about the middle of the second volume, were doomed to guide the hero or the heroine to the ruinous precincts? Would not the owl have shrieked and the cricket cried in my very title-page? and could it have been possible for me, with a moderate attention to decorum, to introduce any scene more lively than might be produced by the jocularly of a clownish but faithful *valet*, or the garrulous narrative of the heroine's *fille de chambre* when rehearsing the stories of blood and horror which she had heard in the servants' hall? Again, had my title borne 'Waverley: a Romance from the German,' what head so obtuse as not to image forth a profligate abbot, an oppressive duke, a secret and mysterious association of Rosicrucians and Illuminati, with all their properties of black cowls, caverns, daggers, electrical machines, trap-doors, and dark lanterns? Or, if I had rather chosen to call my work 'A Sentimental Tale,' would it not have been a sufficient presage of a heroine with a profusion of auburn hair, and a harp, the soft solace of her solitary hours, which she fortunately finds always the means of transporting from castle to cottage, although she herself be sometimes obliged to jump out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, and is more than once bewildered on her journey, alone and on foot, without any guide but a blowzy peasant-girl whose jargon she can hardly understand? Or, again, if my 'Waverley' had been entitled 'A Tale of the Times,' wouldst thou not, gentle reader, have demanded from me a dashing sketch of the fashionable world, a few anecdotes of private scandal thinly veiled, and if lusciously painted, so much the better?—a heroine from Grosvenor Square, and a hero from the Barouche Club or the Four-in-Hand, with a set of subordinate characters from the *elegantes* of Queen Anne Street East, or the dashing heroes of the Bow Street Office? I could proceed in proving the importance of a title-page, and displaying at the same time my own intimate knowledge of the particular ingredients necessary to the composition of romances and novels of various descriptions; but it is enough, and I scorn to tyrannize longer over the impatience of my reader, who is doubtless already anxious to know the choice made by an author so profoundly versed in the different branches of his art. By fixing then, the date of my story sixty years before the present 1st November, 1805, I would have my readers understand that they will meet in the following pages neither a romance of chivalry nor a tale of modern manners; that my hero will neither have iron on his shoulders, as of yore, nor on the heels of his boots, as is the present fashion of Bond Street; and that my damsels will neither be clothed 'in purple and in pall' like the Lady Alice of an old ballad, nor reduced to the primitive nakedness of a modern fashionable at a rout. From this,

my choice of an era, the understanding critic may farther presage that the object of my tale is more a description of men than manners. A tale of manners, to be interesting, must either refer to antiquity so great as to have become venerable, or it must bear a vivid reflection of those scenes which are passing daily before our eyes, and are interesting from their novelty. Thus the coat of mail of our ancestors, and the triple-furred pelisse of our modern beaux, may, though for very different reasons, be equally fit for the array of a fictitious character; but who, meaning the costume of his hero to be impressive, would willingly attire him in the court-dress of George the Second's reign, with its no collar, large sleeves, and low pocket-holes? The same may be urged, with equal truth, of the Gothic hall, which, with its darkened and tinted windows, its elevated and gloomy roof, and massive oaken table, garnished with boar's-head and rosemary, pheasants and peacocks, cranes and cygnets, has an excellent effect in fictitious description. Much may also be gained by a lively display of a modern *fête*, such as we have daily recorded in that part of a newspaper entitled 'The Mirror of Fashion,' if we contrast these, or either of them, with the splendid formality of an entertainment given sixty years since; and thus it will be readily seen how much the painter of antique or of fashionable manners gains over him who delineates those of the last generation.

"Considering the disadvantages inseparable from this part of my subject, I must be understood to have resolved to avoid them as much as possible, by throwing the force of my narrative upon the characters and passions of the actors; those passions common to men in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it throbbed under the steel corslet of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue frock and white dimity waistcoat of the present day.* Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state of manners and laws casts a necessary coloring; but the bearings, to use the language of heraldry, remain the same, though the tincture may be not only different, but opposed in strong contradistinction. The wrath of our ancestors, for example, was colored *gules*: it broke forth in acts of open and sanguinary violence against the objects of its fury. Our malignant feelings, which must seek gratification through more indirect channels, and undermine the obstacles which they cannot openly bear down, may be rather said to be tintured *sable*. But the dress-ruling impulse is the same in both cases; and the proud peer, who can now only ruin his neighbor according to law by protracted suits, is the genuine descendant of the baron who wrapped the castle of his competitor in flames, and knocked him on the head as he endeavored to escape from the conflagration. It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand

* Alas! that attire, respectable and gentlemanlike in 1805 or thereabouts, is now as antiquated as the author of "Waverley" has himself become since that period. The reader of fashion will please to fill up the costume with an embroidered waistcoat of purple velvet or silk, and a coat of whatever color he pleases.

editions, whether of black letter, or wire wove and hot pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public. Some favorable opportunities of contrast have been afforded me by the state of society in the northern part of the island at the period of my history, and may serve at once to vary and to illustrate the moral lessons which I would willingly consider as the most important part of my plan, although I am sensible these will fall short of their aim if I shall be found unable to mix them with amusement, — a task not quite so easy in this critical generation as it was ‘sixty years since.’”

The sensation created by this one volume was most flattering to Scott, since it was due to no *prestige* of authorship, — to no already acquired fame. His work went forth to the world without any recommendation, and its success was due entirely to its own merit. The author tells us that the first two months showed but small signs of favor on the part of the public; but that, after, the popularity increased in a degree which more than satisfied his expectations. The curiosity regarding the author was boundless; but no authentic information was attainable. During thirteen years the authorship of that celebrated series inaugurated by “Waverley” remained a matter of speculation, and finally, in 1827, the failure of Messrs. Constable and Company revealed to the world the nature of the publisher’s connection with Scott. At the dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund Association, on the 23d February, 1827, on which occasion Sir Walter (he had long since been made a baronet) took the chair, allusion was made by one of the guests to the “darkness which had been cleared from the Great Minstrel of our native land,” and Sir Walter at once, in a frank, hearty speech, threw off all disguise, and confessed that the merits and faults of the “Waverley Novels” were entirely imputable to himself; which announcement was received with an absolute shout of surprise and delight. The series were re-issued in 1829, and in “Waverley” the recognized author dropped his mask with a good grace, as will be seen. This preface is a general one to the series; but as “Waverley” was the opening of the long list of successes, it was proper that Sir Walter should insert his explanation herein: —

“Having undertaken to give an introductory account of the compositions which are here offered to the public, with notes and illustrations, the author, under whose name they are now, for the first time, collected, feels that he has the delicate task of speaking more of himself and his personal concerns than may perhaps be either graceful or prudent. In this particular he runs the risk of presenting himself to the public in the relation that the dumb wife in the jest-book held to her husband, when, having spent half his fortune to obtain the cure of her imperfection, he was willing to have bestowed the other half to restore her to her former condition. But this is a risk inseparable from the task which the author has undertaken, and he can only promise to be as little of an egotist as the situation will permit. It is perhaps an indifferent sign of a disposition to keep his word, that having introduced himself in the third person

singular, he proceeds in the second paragraph to make use of the first. But it appears to him that the seeming modesty connected with the former mode of writing is overbalanced by the inconvenience of stiffness and affectation which attends it during a narration of some length, and which may be observed less or more in every work in which the third person is used, from the 'Commentaries of Cæsar' to the 'Autobiography of Alexander the Corrector.'*

"I must refer to a very early period of my life were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller, but I believe some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select, for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon. I have only to add that my friend [John Irving, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, died 1850] still lives, a prosperous gentleman, but too much occupied with graver business to thank me for indicating him more plainly as a confidant of my childish mystery.

"When boyhood, advancing into youth, required more serious studies and graver cares, a long illness threw me back on the kingdom of fiction, as if it were by a species of fatality. My indisposition arose in part, at least, from my having broken a blood-vessel, and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discre-

* Alexander the Corrector, a name assumed by Alexander Cruden, best known as the author of "The Concordance." Among various other pamphlets, he published, in three parts, "The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector," 1734 and 1755,—"exhibiting," says Alexander Chalmers, "a species of insanity which is almost unique."

tion, so far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and still less so, that I abused the indulgence which left my time so much at my own disposal.

"There was at this time a circulating library in Edinburgh, founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides containing a most respectable collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction. It exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of chivalry, and the ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and unless when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing, save read from morning to night. I was, in kindness and pity, which was perhaps erroneous, however natural, permitted to select my subjects of study at my own pleasure, upon the same principle that the humors of children are indulged to keep them out of mischief. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

"At the same time I did not, in all respects, abuse the license permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began, by degrees, to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the work of imagination, with the additional advantage that they were at least in a great measure true. The lapse of nearly two years, during which I was left to the exercise of my own free will, was followed by a temporary residence in the country, where I was again very lonely but for the amusement which I derived from a good though old-fashioned library. The vague and wild use which I made of this advantage I cannot describe better than by referring my reader to the desultory studies of Waverley in a similar situation; the passages concerning whose course of reading were imitated from recollections of my own. It must be understood that the resemblance extends no farther.

"Time, as it glided on, brought the blessings of confirmed health and personal strength, to a degree which had never been expected or hoped for. The severe studies necessary to render me fit for my profession occupied the greater part of my time; and the society of my friends and companions, who were about to enter life along with me, filled up the interval with the usual amusements of young men. I was in a situation which rendered serious labor indispensable; for neither possessing, on the one hand, any of those peculiar advantages which are supposed to favor a hasty advance in the profession of the law, nor being, on the other hand, exposed to unusual obstacles to interrupt my progress, I might reasonably expect to succeed, according to the

greater or less degree of trouble which I should take to qualify myself as a pleader.

"It makes no part of the present story to detail how the success of a few ballads had the effect of changing all the purpose and tenor of my life, and of converting a painstaking lawyer of some years' standing into a follower of literature. It is enough to say that I had assumed the latter character for several years before I seriously thought of attempting a work of imagination in prose, although one or two of my poetical attempts did not differ from romances otherwise than by being written in verse. But yet I may observe, that, about this time (now, alas! thirty years since), I had nourished the ambitious desire of composing a tale of chivalry, which was to be in the style of 'The Castle of Otranto,' with plenty of Border characters and supernatural incident. Having found, unexpectedly, a chapter of this intended work among some old papers, I have subjoined it to this introductory essay, thinking some readers may account as curious the first attempts at romantic composition by an author who has written so much in that department. And those who complain, not unreasonably, of the profusion of the tales which have followed 'Waverley' may bless their stars at the narrow escape they have had, by the commencement of the inundation, which had so nearly taken place in the first year of the century, being postponed for fifteen years later."

Sir Walter tells us that the fame of Miss Edgeworth did much to inspire him. He says that her writings did more than all the legislative enactments towards completing the union between the Irish and English peoples. Scott felt that he might do for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth had achieved for Ireland,—that he might familiarize Englishmen with the virtues and foibles of the gallant Scottish race, and promote a free and unrestrained intercourse between the two nations. He was right in imagining his genius adapted to the work he hoped to do; he was familiar with Scotland on every point; he knew the boundless beauties of its scenery by heart; he was at home with all races of Scotchmen, and was the friend of all classes of his countrymen, from the Scottish peer to the Scottish ploughman.

1807-8, Scott had arranged for publication the posthumous productions of Mr. Joseph Strutt, a distinguished antiquary, and among these was an unfinished romance, entitled "Queenhoo Hall." The story was of the time of Henry VI., and was designed to illustrate the manners, customs, and language of that period. The work was powerfully written, and betokened great imagination. Scott, as the editor, supplied the conclusion suggested by the tale, and the romance was launched into the world. It met with a flat reception, however. There was one great objection to its wide popularity,—the language in which it was written was ancient, and few people in the nineteenth century are conversant with the peculiarities of even their native tongue in the fifteenth. Scott had long been meditating an historical novel: the failure of "Queenhoo Hall," however,

warned him to make his fiction a little nearer our own times. "Waverley" was the result of this experience, and his appreciation of Miss Edgeworth's work. The lifelike and lively description of times not too far back to engage our sympathy, the humor and pathos, the easy style, and forcible descriptive power for which this first volume of an inimitable series is remarkable, stamped its success. The beauties of "Waverley" have been commended by many an eloquent pen: the sad story of Flora MacIvor has claimed sympathy from hundreds of tender hearts. Miss Landon (the gifted L. E. L.) says of "Waverley" and its author, "'Waverley' was the *avatar* of a new era, and established, as it now is among our English classics, justice cannot be done to its merits without reference to its contemporaries,—'the dwindled race of little men,' the hewers of wood and the drawers of water where their great forefathers had planted the forest, and sank the 'pure well of English undefiled.'

"'Waverley' was at once a novel of character, like those of Fielding and Richardson, and one of adventure, like those of Defoe; but it had that peculiar stamp of its own which genius alone can give. Founded, like the old ballads, on tradition, it entered the province of poetry, while the time in which it was written gave enlightenment, and the writer's mind its own shrewdness, sharpened by that dry humor which is essentially of Scottish growth. Scott is the founder of a new school,—the picturesque,—which now more or less influences all our writers. 'Waverley' was a succession of pictures, both landscape and portrait: indeed, all his characters give the idea of portraits rather than of inventions."

Miss Landon lingers lovingly over the charms of Flora MacIvor and Rose Bradwardine, *apropos* of whose name she says, "There is one felicity of style which is peculiarly Scott's own,—the very happy names which he gives his *dramatis personæ*. Whether of grace or of humor, they are singularly characteristic. How pleasant is the Baron of Bradwardine! how readily his whims and pedantry are overlooked because of his imperturbable good nature! Whether we turn to Evan Dhu, whose constancy, even in death, is related; to David Gellatly, who roasts eggs and makes rhymes with equal facility; to the fierce Vich Tan Vohr; to pretty Rose, whose graces are the glory of Waverley's life; to Flora, whose story ends in the Dominican convent,—we are sure to find interest of the deepest and best quality."

Scott was not slow in following up the success achieved by "Waverley." At the Christmas of the same year (1817), he produced "Guy Mannering," which was received with transports of delight by Scotch and English readers of all classes. Scott began to perceive that his supremacy in poetry was gone; for Lord Byron's star had risen, and none would acknowledge any other poetical merits than those of the author of "Childe Harold." Scott's "Lord of the Isles," was very coldly received. He bore his defeat, however, with great equanimity, and resolved hence-

forth to devote his marvellous genius and energy to the "Waverley" series. Few literary men have worked as continuously and as arduously as Scott did. He produced his novels with the utmost rapidity. They came from his facile pen in quick succession, — ever fresh, ever new, ever amusing and interesting. His second effort, "Guy Mannering," contains many characters that have become familiar in our mind, — such as gentle Lucy Bertram, who had nothing to recommend her but a pretty face, good birth, and a most amiable disposition; Dominie Sampson, the tutor; Meg Merrilies, the gypsy; and the whole of the Mannering family, from the splendid old Colonel to Julia, his clever daughter. From "Guy Mannering" we turn to "The Antiquary," — perhaps of all his works the one in which there is most of the current matter of his own mind. It is powerfully written. It might be, perhaps, said of it, that it has not achieved the immense popularity of other works of the same fertile intellect; but, undoubtedly, it is one of Scott's most masterly creations. The interest attaching to Monkbarrow, and his secret, unreturned love is the chief feature of the story. Around him the reader lingers lovingly, — profiting by the learned lumber accumulated about his solitary dwelling, and the pure, unselfish, unrevealed passion which fills his lonely heart. It is impossible to read this novel without feeling the highest respect for the talents, both gay and pathetic, of the author; for the bold impartiality of his national delineations, and for the taste and discrimination he displays. It is generally conceded that many of the peculiarities and humors of Monkbarrow are representations of Scott's own rich and varied character, and that even the scenery he describes so eloquently in "The Antiquary," is a reproduction — as far as words can reproduce the beauties of nature — of the loveliness of his Scottish home. In "The Antiquary" is the famous character, Bailie Littlejohn.

Scarcely had "The Antiquary" appeared, when Scott produced his "Tales of my Landlord;" and early in 1817 came "Harold the Dauntless," the last of Scott's poetical efforts, and a most dismal failure. And at this moment he began the historical part of his "Annual Register," a publication which he vainly endeavored to set afloat. In addition to his steady work at this unfortunate idea, he wrote "Rob Roy," which was produced at the New Year, 1818. Of the popularity of this work it were vain to speak. Frank Osbaldistone, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Helen Campbell, and Di Vernon, "the heathbell of Cheviot, the blossom of the Border" are familiar names. It was Bailie Jarvie who assured his kinsman, in a spurt of generous enthusiasm, that if ever a hundred pounds, or even *two*! would put him or his family in a settled way, he had but to let him know. Now, the Bailie is not a careless, prodigal fellow: he knows the value of money to the uttermost farthing, and is regardful of it. But his liberality bursts out impetuously when he is touched by a "good-by" just spoken, and he offers his relation a hundred pounds, or even *two*! That "or even *two*" is a key to his character.

"The Black Dwarf" and "Old Mortality" appeared in 1816. The

amount written by Scott during the best ten years of his life is really marvellous. A glance at the list of his works of fiction alone is surprising. In 1816 appeared "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," and "Old Mortality;" in 1818, "Rob Roy" and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian;" in 1819, "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe;" in 1820, "The Monastery" and "The Abbot;" in 1821, "Kenilworth" and "The Pirate;" in 1822, "The Fortunes of Nigel;" in 1823, "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "St. Ronan's Well;" in 1824, "Redgauntlet;" in 1825, "The Betrothed" and "The Talisman;" and in 1826, "Woodstock." How varied, how beautiful, how forcible are the characters which come to the mind on looking through the list! Who that has read the treasures bequeathed by Scott to the glorious literature of his country will not, on seeing the words "Old Mortality," think of sweet Edith Bellenden, who would not "give her hand to another while her heart was with her lover in the deep and dead sea;" of the death of Bothwell, and the subsequent pathetic examination of his pocket-book, where a lock of hair is found, and some illegible love-letters endorsed, "It matters not: I have them by heart;" of the pretty *soubrette*, Jenny Dennison, who thinks a husband's best point is obedience; of gallant and generous Morton, Edith's lover. Lockhart pronounces "Old Mortality" to be the "Marmion" of Scott's novels. Does not the mention of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" recall to us Effie Deans the Lily of St. Leonard's, and Jeannie, her noble sister; Madge Wildfire, whom Coleridge pronounces the most original character in all Scott's novels; Saddletree and Sharpitlaw, the legal gentlemen who are active at Effie's trial? Do we not remember the inimitable scene between the two sisters, when one of them is in prison for child-murder; the splendid account of the trial; the conference between Sharpitlaw and Radcliffe, and Madge Wildfire, when the Procurator's clumsy question cuts short the fine-spun thread of his confederate's cross-examination? "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" is next to "Waverley" in the estimation of most of Scott's admirers. It is curious to reflect on the originality and the vast variety of Scott's conceptions. Looking through the many volumes which make this splendid series, we find no two characters are alike. There are Edgar Ravenswood and hapless Lucy Ashton, in the tragic history of "The Bride of Lammermoor;" there are Annot Lyle, the queen of song and minstrelsy, and the accomplished Montrose, in "The Legend of Montrose;" there are Rebecca, the most beautiful of Scott's conceptions of woman, and Rowena, an ingenious blending of the natural and artificial, Brian de Bois-Guilbert the Templar, Ivanhoe, Malvoisin, in "Ivanhoe." And here we cannot refrain from alluding to the glowing picture of a bygone time given us in these pages. We become familiar with kings, crusaders, knights, outlaws, Cœur-de-Lion, templars, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, the Forest of Sherwood, and the names and scenes and times that are entwined with our earliest and dearest recollections. There are glimpses of the public and private life

of our Saxon and Norman ancestors, the domestic meal, the formal banquet, the tournament, the storm of a baronial castle, the solemn trial, the judicial combat. In the distance are views of the state of Europe and Asia at the time, with peeps at Palestine, and Saladin, and the Crusaders.

In the characters mentioned none resemble each other; and not half of Scott's work is before the reader. "The Monastery" comes next in rotation. In this Scott's admirers were disappointed. Masterly as some of the descriptive passages are, there is no doubt but that it is below his other works. Halbert Glendinning is a noble creation, but Sir Piercie Shafton is almost ridiculous. In "The Abbot" we have a pathetic description of Mary Queen of Scots, the picturesque scenes at Holyrood, the graphic account of the escape from Lochleven; and a strong interest attaches to the noble bearing, and sad, devoted love of George Douglas, who dies saying, as Mary's tears fell fast over him, "Mourn not for me, but care for your own safety. I die in mine armor as a Douglas should, and I die pitied by Mary Stewart!"

"Kenilworth" is to be ranked with "Ivanhoe." The magnificence and vivacity of the descriptions of pageantry give the reader a sound idea of the glitter and pomp, and stateliness and solemnity of the period to which Kenilworth refers. There is powerful dramatic force in the celebrated scene between the unhappy Amy Robsart and the queen, and there is demoniacal cruelty in Leicester's and Varney's arrangement for the death of the Earl of Leicester's neglected wife. The word-painting of Amy Robsart's suite of apartments at Cumnor is beyond expression exquisite. Equally beautiful is Scott's rendering of the *fête* prepared by Leicester in honor of the queen's visit. This romance abounds in the most striking examples of its author's descriptive powers. For the "Pirate," Scott has attempted to make a long and eventful tale within very circumscribed limits, and the comparative obscurity of this story is due to the scantiness and defect of the materials. The characters are in some instances commonplace, and have no connection with the life represented. The one beautiful feature of the book is the love which exists between the two sisters Minna and Brenda, and which is undisturbed by the passion which soon possesses their young hearts. Scott has done what he could for the country in which the events take place. He has described most effectively the rocky promontory; the fierceness of a northern ocean; the misty, calm, and irrepressible tempest; the capricious climate; the habits and customs of the Zetlanders, their maritime superstitions and associations; yet the volume lacks the fire, the spirit of "Ivanhoe," the brilliancy of "Kenilworth," the tragic intensity of "The Bride of Lammermoor," the pathos of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." Claud Halero, the poet, is tedious: he has once taken a pinch of snuff from the snuff-box of Dryden, and he will not allow it to be forgotten. Mordaunt Mertoun has nothing characteristic about him: in fact, he is commonplace. "The Fortunes of Nigel" has a strong historical interest,

and may be said to be a description of life and manners at the court of James I., of which he gives a brilliant picture. The story is not peculiarly interesting, or the characters striking, but the account of the court gayety is so captivating that none could find fault with its author. The portrait of the king is admirable. The combination of reserve and familiarity, avarice and profusion, knowledge of books and ignorance of men, which made up the character of James I., are put before the reader with a free and fearless hand. The pictures we have of the aristocracy of the period are invaluable historical studies. "Peveril of the Peak" is full of incident and character, and is altogether most happy. Fenella is a charming creation, to which Scott has not done ample justice. She might have been made a more important figure, and it is disappointing to those who admire her at the outset, that she is condemned to exile with so unprincipled and sinister a villain as her father is represented. Julian's career is an adventurous and pleasing one. His many risks, the boundless incidents in his life, the curious chain of events that brings him back to his first and only love, Alice Bridgenorth; the scheming and plotting and cunning of Fenella, — all are told with the power that is Scott's only. And now we come to "Quentin Durward," one of the best known of Sir Walter's works. It is the story, the author tells us, of a "fair-haired, light-eyed, long-legged emigrant, from his native country, willing, in stirring times, to take up the gallant profession of a cavalier of fortune." There is great vigor in the movement of the story, and much dramatic effect in the principal scenes. Durward differs from Scott's previous heroes. He is more energetic, more spirited, more hot-headed. He has a power of endurance, and a pride which keeps his honor untarnished among the lax nobles of Louis XI's court. The story has the advantage of putting before the world scenery and character possessing European interest. It gives to the peoples of France and of the Netherlands a picture of the manners and customs of their ancestors, which is invaluable. Scott had hitherto drawn his stories from British themes; his characters had all been British; his scenery — described always with faultless imagery — was British; the interest of the stories was British. He is no less excellent on foreign ground. We have ample evidence of the elasticity of his genius. He is as much at home in describing the beauties of the Netherlands, and the sunny land of France, as he is in reproducing the Highland scenery. The principal characters in "Quentin Durward" are Philippe de Comines; Le Glorieux, Charles of Burgundy's Jester; Martivale, the court astrologer; Cristan l'Hermite; De la Marck; Louis XI., who, under the name of Maître Pierre, meets Quentin Durward in the Royal Park, and takes him to an inn for refreshment; the Countess Isabelle de Croye; and Quentin Durward. The story is excellent. Louis XI.'s meeting with Durward, the rescue of Countess Isabelle, Durward's defence of Louis XI., the murder of the Bishop, the final decision of Isabelle in favor of Durward, — are scenes which cannot be forgotten. In "St. Ronan's Well," the principal point is the beautiful character of Clara Mowbray;

and the noble pathos that hangs about her is the chief interest of the book. It was received somewhat coldly in England. But in Scotland many urged that Meg Dods ranked with Monkbarns, Bailie Jarvie, and Captain Dalgetty; that no one who had lived in the author's own country could hesitate to recognize vivid and happy portraiture in Touchwood, MacTurk, and the recluse minister of St. Ronan's; that the descriptions of scenery were equal to any he had given; and finally, that the character of Clara Mowbray was sufficient to set a stamp on any work. "The Betrothed" and "The Talisman," are not among our favorites; in the former, Eveline Berenger, the heroine, has no strong interest attaching to her. Wilkin Hammock and his daughter are types of character true as steel to nature, however; and the constable Hugo de Lacy, is brave, high-spirited, magnanimous, and self-sacrificing, since he gives up his betrothed wife, whom he adores, to his nephew, who loves her also. "The Talisman" is a tale of the time of Cœur-de-Lion, and is full of deeds of chivalry and valor. Edith Plantagenet's ruby ring is the talisman used to entrap Sir Kenneth, her lover, Knight of the Crouching Leopard, into irretrievable misfortune. The story woven about King Richard is absorbing. "Redgauntlet" is an inferior kind of "Waverley." It has less romantic and historical interest. The heir of the Stuarts comes again upon the scene, but in the winter of his life and fortune. In its pages are to be found many counterparts of "Waverley." Lockhart says, however, that, had no "Waverley" existed, he is convinced that "Redgauntlet" would have been universally pronounced a masterpiece. It is impossible to deny the powerful interest of Nanty Ewart, of Wandering Willie, of Peter Peebles, Alan Fairford, Lillas, Darsi Latimer. To "Woodstock," a peculiar interest attaches, for it came with all its freshness and delicacy from the author's pen, when he was ruined, weak in health, distressed,—not only about his loss of money, but about the loss of *prestige* that he had sustained. "Woodstock" has been said to be the weakest of Scott's efforts. The sweet picture of Alice Lee—whose devotion to her broken-down, wearied father is often thought to have been a faint reproduction of the love of Anne Scott for her father—can but be admired when the reader considers the miserable condition of Scott's mind at the time that it came from his pen. After the publication of "Woodstock," he devoted himself to "The Life of Napoleon," writing four sheets of manuscript a day, making twenty-four printed pages! The pecuniary misfortunes which had come upon him were due, in the main, to his blind trust in Constable, who paid him in bills for books yet unwritten. Constable knowing the literary property he held, considered himself a rich man; and he and Scott, and the printers Ballantyne and Co., lived beyond their means, and were too intoxicated with success to look after business affairs. Therefore, in 1826, Sir Walter found himself so far involved in pecuniary difficulties as to be a ruined man. In the June of 1827, "The Life of Napoleon" appeared, bringing £18,000 to the author's creditors, whose claim was for £117,000! This elaborate

book was in nine volumes; yet it was the work of a year only, and had been executed in the midst of grief and shaken health, and without interfering with official duties, one of which called for several hours a day during five months of the twelve. It made a fair impression on the public, and has since held its ground in the north. Immediately on concluding "Napoleon," he began another historical work, — his delightful "Tales of a Grandfather," — which appeared at the end of 1827; and in the spring of 1828, his last popular novel was given to the world, — "The Fair Maid of Perth." His "Chronicles of the Canongate" had been well received — not rapturously, however; but "The Fair Maid of Perth" revived, for a time, all the old enthusiasm about the author of "Waverley." Towards the end of 1828, his affairs were ameliorated, and some peace seemed possible to him, but for an enemy in the shape of rheumatism. In spite of this he worked unflinching. His industry and enterprise are marvellously illustrated thus: He finished a novel, "Anne of Geierstein" before breakfast one morning, and as soon as the meal was over, commenced a new work, — a "History of Scotland," for Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia." In 1829, the re-issue of "The Waverley Novels" proved a magnificent success. The sale of the early volumes was not under 35,000, at five shillings the volume. Sir Walter began to hope for a speedy settlement of his debts: everything seemed again to prosper with him, except his health. In spite of his increasing weakness, he would write his accustomed hours; and, in 1830, he produced a volume on *Demonology*, for Murray's "Family Library;" a long pamphlet against the reforming measures of the day, which he was afterwards induced to suppress; and a new novel, entitled "Count Robert of Paris," which proved clearly that his day was over. In April, 1831, he had a distinct paralytic affection, from which his doctor restored him in a few days, when he bore a mental shock — the news that "Count Robert of Paris" was an entire failure — with fortitude. In this prostration of body he wrote "Castle Dangerous," and afterwards, during the winter he spent in Italy, "The Siege of Malta," — both of which proved lamentably his failing powers. He attempted another work, but his friends would not allow it to see the light.

Here his work finished. When, in the summer of 1832, he was taken back to Abbotsford, he asked to be put at his desk, saying he was about to write: his fingers could not grasp the pen, however, and he fell back, weeping, in his chair. After that day he never left his bed; and, on the 21st of September in the same year, he died.

A VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.

MR. JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG, in his Memoirs of his distinguished father, gives the following charming account of a visit to Sir Walter Scott's hospitable castle:—

"We left Edinburgh the day before we were expected at Abbotsford, in an open carriage, for Melrose. There we dined and slept. Shortly after eight o'clock next morning, we proceeded, by invitation, to breakfast at Abbotsford. As we drew near the house, which had been designated 'a romance in stone and lime,' the thought of soon beholding the great magician in 'his habit as he lived' caused my heart to throb high with joy,—a joy not altogether unmixed with awe.

"As we turned into the gate, and were being driven round towards the stables, my father jogged my elbow, and told me to look to the right. On doing so, I perceived, at the table in a window, a figure busily engaged in writing, which was no other than the wizard's self. I saw his hand glibly gliding over the pages of his paper,—the hand whose unwearied activity had dispensed pleasure to so many thousands; the hand whose daily perseverance had so excited the astonishment of its owner's opposite neighbor* when he lived in Castle Street, Edinburgh; the hand which, years after, when his daughter put the pen into it, refused its wonted office.

"As soon as we had disencumbered ourselves of our luggage and our wrappers, we were ushered into a handsome dining-room, in which the breakfast equipage was set, and the loud bubbling urn was emitting volumes of steam. The party gathered together there consisted of Lady Scott, Miss Scott, Charles Scott, and his friend, Mr. Surtees. It was not long before we heard the eager tread of a stamping heel resounding through the corridor, and in another second the door was flung open, and in limped Scott himself. Although eight-and-forty years have passed away since that memorable morning, the great man's person is as palpably present to me as it then was when in the flesh. His light-blue waggish eye, sheltered, almost screened, by its overhanging penthouse of straw-colored, bushy brows; his scant, sandy-colored hair; the Shakspearian length of his upper lip; his towering Pisgah of a forehead, which gave elevation and dignity to a physiognomy otherwise deficient in both; his abrupt movements; the mingled humor, urbanity, and benevolence of his smile,—all recur to me with startling reality. He was dressed in a green cut-away coat with brass buttons, drab vest, trousers, and gaiters, with thick shoes on his feet, and a sturdy staff in his hand. He looked like a yeoman of the better class; but his manners spoke the ease, self-possession, and courtesy of a high-bred gentlemen. Nothing could

* *Vide* Lockhart's "Life of Scott," vol. iii. p. 128.

exceed the winning cordiality of his welcome. After wringing my father's hand, he laid his own gently on my shoulder, and asked my Christian name. As soon as he heard it, he exclaimed, with emphasis, 'Why, who is he called after?' — 'It is a fancy name, *in memoriam* of his mother, compounded of her two names, Julia Ann.' — 'Well, it is a capital name for a novel, I must say.'

"This circumstance would be too trivial to mention, were it not that, in the very next novel which appeared 'by the Author of Waverley,' the hero's name was Julian. I allude, of course, to 'Peveril of the Peak.'

"We sat down at once to breakfast, — such a one as I had never seen before, and never have seen since. It reminded me of a certain one at Tillietudlam, given by a certain lady, Margaret Bellenden. Besides tea and coffee and cocoa, there was oatmeal porritch, wheaten bread, and 'bannocks o' barley meal,' and rolls; and on the sideboard, venison pasty, ham, collared eel, kippered salmon, reindeer tongue, and a silver flagon of claret. Though the bill of fare was tempting, and the keen morning air through which we had driven might be supposed to have given an edge to my appetite, I was so excited by everything I saw around me, that it failed me altogether. I could but sit still, and nervously crumble my bread, and listen to the sparkling conversation at the table.

"Breakfast ended, Scott told us that the lion must retire to his den till lunch time, when he would be at large, though perfectly tame and submissive to orders. 'Meanwhile,' said he, 'I consign you, Young, to my lady's care, or, if you prefer it, to Charles. You will find him an experienced master of the ceremonies; and if Julian would like it, I can lend him a gun, and he might bring us home a hare or two for dinner.' As I was no shot, I preferred accompanying my father round the house and grounds, under the guidance of our *cicerone*, who justified his father's commendations by the readiness with which he gave us chapter and verse for all the many curiosities within and without, and thus pleasantly wiled away the time till luncheon was announced. The nature of the conversation which took place during the despatch of that meal I am unable to recall, although I have rather an uncomfortable recollection of a speech of Lady Scott's, which startled me by its apparent want of appreciation of her husband. I dare say it was said without any real meaning, but none the less it had a discordant sound which grated on my ears. My father had been admiring the proportions of the room and the fashion of its ceiling. She, observing his head uplifted, and his eyes directed towards it, exclaimed, in her droll Guernsey accent, 'Ah, Mr. Young, you may look up at the bosses on the ceiling as long as you like; but you must not look down at my carpet, for I am ashamed of it. I must get Scott to write some more of his nonsense books, and buy me a new one!'

"As she was in the secret of the authorship of the novels, and was pledged, in common with all the family, to keep it inviolate, it is clear

that when she spoke of his nonsense books, she must have referred to his poems, about which there was no disguise.

"Luncheon concluded, it was proposed that we should ride, under Scott's guidance, to Dryburgh Abbey. As soon as he had seen us mounted on his two well-bred hacks, with an alacrity striking in a lame man, he flung his right leg over the back of his iron-grey cob, and summoning around him Maida, his deerhound, Hamlet, his jet-black greyhound, and two Dandie Dinmont terriers, — between all of whom and their master there evidently existed the freemasonry of a common attachment, — he put spurs to his horse, and started off at a sharp trot for our destination. He seemed to enjoy the exhilaration of fast riding, for he soon broke into a hand gallop, with all the high animal spirits of a boy just out of school. Now and then he would rein up his steed rather abruptly, to point out to our notice objects of romantic or legendary interest; here were sites memorable, because of raids and forays committed on them by Border chiefs; there our attention was called to changes effected in the outline and surface of the country since my father's last visit, through improved agriculture. Then we listened to his hopeful auguries of the tale his fir plantations would tell when they should have attained to larger growth. When we arrived at Dryburgh, the stores of archæological lore connected with the abbey, which he poured forth with lavish volubility, astounded me; although I must own I was a far more appreciative listener when he told us his racy anecdotes of Lord Buchan's eccentricities, and Harry Erskine's wit.

"By the time we had reached home, after our delightful ride, the gong was sounding for dressing. On descending to the drawing-room, we found several friends and neighbors of Scott's assembled there. They were all strangers to me, and therefore it is no wonder that I should forget their names. The dinner, in point of profusion, was exactly what I might have expected from the foretaste I had had at luncheon and breakfast. The characteristic feature of the meal was its absence of all stiffness and restraint, — indeed, its joyous hilarity; and yet the laws of *bienseance* were never violated. There was, however, one material drawback to my entire enjoyment of my dinner, in the droning notes of the bagpipe, which never intermitted till the cloth was about to be removed. I can well believe, that, to a native Scot, the historical associations of the bagpipe may be most endearing; nor will I deny, that, in certain states of the atmosphere, when sound is mellowed by distance, or when it is heard on a march by the hillside, or used as a stimulus to exhausted nerves in action, as was the case at Waterloo, or as a cordial for the drooping hearts of captives, as at Lucknow, it must have a music of its own which none else can equal. But to unfamiliar and sensitive English ears, its buzzing din, interrupting conversation, distracting attention, and irritating the temper, is certainly a nuisance. Walter Scott was a Scotchman, and loved to keep up feudal habits, and therefore to him it was the very reverse. It was an established *usage de maison* that John of Skye, a grand

fellow in full Highland costume — a lineal descendant of Wallace, by-the-by — should, during the hour of dinner, parade up and down in front of the windows, and squeak and squeal away until summoned to receive his reward. When the cheese had been removed, and the cloth brushed, a footman stood at the *right* of 'the sheriff' (as his retainers loved to call him), and the piper at the *left*, still bonneted. The footman poured forth a bumper of Glenlivet, and handed it to his master; he, in turn, passed it on to John of Skye. There was a smack of the lips, a stately bow to the company, and the Highlander was gone.

"After the gentlemen were supposed to have had their quantum of wine, they withdrew to the armory for coffee, where the ladies joined them. In the centre of a small, dimly-lighted chamber, the walls of which were covered with morions and claymores and pistols and carbines and cuirasses, and antique shields and halberds; &c., &c., each piece containing a history in itself, sat the generous host himself, in a high-backed chair. He would lead the conversation to the mystic and the supernatural, and tell us harrowing tales of glamor and second-sight and necromancy; and when he thought he had filled the scene enough, and sufficiently chilled our marrows, he would call on Adam Ferguson for one of his Jacobite relics, such as 'Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauking yet?' or 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' or 'Wha wad na fecht for Charlie?' — and these he sang with such point and zest, and such an undercurrent of implication, that you felt sure in what direction his own sympathies would have flowed had he been out in the '45. When he had abdicated the chair, my father was called upon to occupy it, and he gave us, from memory, the whole of 'Tam o' Shanter.' It seemed to be an invariable custom at Abbotsford, that every one admitted within its circle should utilize the gift within him, so as to contribute to the common stock of social amusement.

.....

"When we had retired to bed, my nerves were so much on the stretch, in consequence of all I had seen and heard, that I could not sleep till morning. As I lay pondering on the character and qualities of our host, I could not help thinking how much the circumstances which surround a man, conjoined no doubt with organization and temperament, help to mould the poet. Thus, for instance, if he take 'Man' for his theme, he will write best of that class of men with which he has mingled most; while, if he look to 'Nature' for his subject, he will paint her best in those of her forms with which he is most familiar. I think there can be no question that the early life and bodily training of Scott had much to do with the formation of his mind and with the character of his compositions. 'A wild and woodland rover,' of so much thew and muscle, spending so much of his youth in the open air, now dashing through the foaming flood after the otter, now stalking the roe-deer, 'free to tread the heather where he would,' could hardly fail to have the range of his sensibility to beauty enlarged and quickened by the romantic scenery around

him; while the legendary tales and the historic associations with which the Highlands and the Lowlands teem would impregnate his ardent fancy with a fecundity of imagery which, while it explains his marvellous descriptive power and the masculine vigor of his verse, also accounts for its utter absence of passion and of sentiment.

"Nothing in Walter Scott struck me more than his ignorance of pictures, and his indifference to music. There was not one picture of sterling merit on his walls! A young lady in the house sang divinely, but her singing gave him no pleasure. He was much too honest to affect to be what he was not, or to have what he had not; thus he admitted that he had 'a reasonably good ear for a jig,' but confessed that *solos* and *sonatas* gave him the spleen. The late Sir Robert Peel also hated music; and Rogers used to say, when speaking of Lord Holland, that he had so little appreciation of art, that he firmly believed painting gave him no pleasure, while music gave him absolute pain. Byron, again, like Tasso, cared so little for architecture, that he lived nine months in Pisa before he cast an eye on the Baptistry; and Madame de Staël cared so little for the grandest scenery in the world, that, though she lived so long at Capet, she never cared to see the glaciers. In the instances I have cited, deficiencies of taste do not much surprise me; but it did disappoint me to find that one who had painted natural scenery with such artistic power and fidelity, and who had composed lays as tuneful as those of 'The Last Minstrel,' could be insensible to the charms of the twin sisters Music and Painting.

"Each day that we remained at Abbotsford fresh visitors came to dine or sleep, or both, with two exceptions. Once we dined at six, and went to Melrose by moonlight, to see the abbey. Every one who has read 'The Lay' remembers the opening of the second canto, —

" 'If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.' "

Now I have so often heard it confidently asserted that the author of those lines never visited Melrose himself by moonlight, that, considering the lapse of years and the lapses of a treacherous memory, I am disposed to doubt the correctness of my own impressions. But that my father, Ferguson, and I, went one night after dinner, in Scott's sociable, to Melrose by moonlight, I will swear; and, but for the many statements to the contrary, I would have sworn that I distinctly remembered Scott himself sitting opposite me, in a queer cap, with a Lowland plaid crossed over his breast, and saying, after my father had repeated in the churchyard Gray's 'Elegy,' 'Bravo, Young!' But I so often find myself mistaken where memory is concerned, that I doubt my own evidence. Until I am contradicted, however, I shall believe, that, another day, we all went to Chiefswood, and dined with Lockhart and his sweet wife. I was much struck with Lockhart's beauty. He was in the prime of life; the sorrows of after years had not grizzled his jet-black, curly locks; nor had time

dimmed the lustre of his splendid eye. His deference and attention to his father-in-law it was delightful to witness. After dinner, I had another opportunity of observing Scott's insensibility to music when detached from association. Two sisters sang duets in French, Italian, German, and Spanish with equal address. One had a clear soprano voice, the other a rich contralto. Their vocalization was faultless, their expression that of real feeling. I was so bewitched with their singing, that I could not refrain from an occasional glance at Scott, to see if he were proof against such captivation; but the more they sang, and the better they sang, the more impenetrable did he appear. He sat, absent, abstracted, with lip drawn down, and chin resting on his gold-headed crutch, his massy eyebrows contracted, and his countenance betokening 'a sad civility.' At last Mrs. Lockhart, thinking she had sufficiently taxed the good-nature of her gifted friends, uncovered her harp, and began to play the air of 'Charlie is my darling.' The change which instantly passed o'er the spirit of the poet's dream was most striking. Pride of lineage, love of chivalry, strong leanings to the Stuart cause, were all visibly fermenting in the brain of the enthusiastic bard. His light-blue eye kindled, the blood mantled in his cheek, his nostril quivered, his big chest heaved, until, unable longer to suppress the emotion evoked by his native melodies in favor of a ruined cause, he sprang from his chair, limped across the room, and, to the peril of those within his reach, brandishing his crutch as if it had been a brand of steel, shouted forth with more of vigor than of melody, 'And a' the folk cam running out to greet the Chevalier! Oh! Charlie is my darling,' &c.

"This honest, irrepressible outburst of natural feeling would have thrown his friend Tom Moore into convulsions; for he once told Lord and Lady Lansdowne, at Bowood, when I was present, that he had been invited, when in Edinburgh, by Blackwood, to one of his suppers at Ambrose's. On going there he found many he knew, — Scott, Lockhart, Jeffery, Euir, John Wilson, James Ballantyne, and three or four ladies; and, among their number, two peeresses, who had only that very day begged for an invitation, in the hope of meeting Moore. Their presence being unexpected by the majority of the club, the members had dropped in in their morning dress; while the two ladies 'of high degree' were in full evening costume; or, as Moore described it, 'in shoulders.' When evening was half over, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, appeared. A chair had been designedly left vacant for him between the two aristocrats. His approach was discernible before his person was visible; for he came straight from a cattle-fair, and was reeking with the unsavory odors of the sheep and pigs and oxen, in whose company he had been for hours. Nevertheless he soon made himself at home with the fair ladies on each side of him, somewhat too much so; for, supper over, the cloth withdrawn, and the toddy introduced, the song going round, and his next-door neighbors being too languid in their manner of joining in the chorus to please him, he turned first to the right hand, then to the

left, and slapped both of them on their backs with such good-will as to make their blade-bones ring again; then, with the yell of an Ojibbeway Indian, he shouted forth, 'Noo then, leddies, follow me! Heigh tutti, tutti! Heigh tutti, tutti!'

"Moore expressed himself as horrified at Scott's want of refinement in giving his countenance to such people as Hogg, and taking part in such orgies as the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.'"

Let the reader compare Scott's "want of refinement," as described by Lockhart and Chambers, with Moore's refinement, as set forth by Earl Russell.

SCOTT AS SEEN BY HIS FRIENDS.

SCOTT was, like Napoleon, that rare individual, — a hero to his valet. He was the god of the idolatry of Peter Mathieson and Thomas Purdie. He inspired affection in all who lived in constant contact with him. His dependants about Abbotsford so bountifully expressed their affection for him, that, when the great pecuniary misfortune which embittered the later years of his life fell upon him, almost his chief concern was the sorrow he knew it must bring upon them. I propose to string together a few of the estimates which the poet's fine nature drew from his personal acquaintances and friends.

Let me begin with Washington Irving, who, by the way, could have written the most delightful biography imaginable of his illustrious friend:—

"The conversation of Scott," says Irving, "was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit he inclined to the comic rather than to the grave in his anecdotes and stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke or a trait of humor in social intercourse, and laughed with right good-will. He talked not for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversation reminded me continually of his novels; and it seemed to me, that, during the whole time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully. . . .

"His humor in conversation, as in his works, was genial, and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles; but he looked upon human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil.

"It is this beneficent spirit which gives such an air of *bonhomie* to Scott's humor throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow-beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights; but the kindness and generosity of his nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than there is throughout his works.

"Such is a rough sketch of Scott as I saw him in private life, not merely at the time of the visit here narrated, but in the casual intercourse of subsequent years. Of his public character and merits all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. When did a human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there, that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still regard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, — an armory to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and the griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, I have hailed the announcement of a new work from his pen as an earnest of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveller in a waste looks to a green spot at a distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment. When I consider how much he has thus contributed to the better hours of my past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times, of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius. I consider it one of the greatest advantages that I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit; and as a tribute of gratitude for his friendship, and veneration for his memory, I cast this humble stone upon his cairn, which will soon, I trust, be piled aloft with the contributions of abler hands."

Lord Jeffery has said of his friend:—

"Perhaps no writer has ever enjoyed in his lifetime so extensive a popularity as the author of 'Waverley.' His reputation may be truly said to be not only British, but European; and even this is too limited a term. . . . While the wonder of his own countrymen, he has, to an unexampled degree, established an ascendancy over the tastes of foreign nations. His works have been sought by foreigners with an avidity

equalling, nay, almost exceeding that with which they have been received among us. The conflicting literary tastes of France and Germany, which twenty years ago seemed diametrically opposed and hopelessly irreconcilable, have at length united in admiration of him. In France he has effected a revolution in taste, and given victory to the 'Romantic School.' He has had not only readers, but imitators. Among Frenchmen the author of 'Cinq Mars' may be cited as a tolerably successful one. Italy (where what *we* call 'novels' were previously unknown), has been roused from its torpor, and has found a worthy imitator of British talent in the author of 'Promessi Sposi.' Of the 'Waverley Novels' six editions have been published in Paris (1832). Many of them have been translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages. To be read both on the banks of the Ganges and the Ohio, and be found, as is mentioned by Dr. Walsh, where perhaps no other English book had ever come, — on the very verge of civilization, on the borders of Turkey, — this is indeed a wide reign and a proud distinction; but prouder still to be not only read, but to have subjugated, as it were, and moulded the literary tastes of the civilized world. . . . In 1813, before the appearance of 'Waverley,' if any one should have ventured to predict that a writer would arise who, when every conceivable form of composition seemed not only to have been tried, but exhausted, should be the creator of one hitherto unknown, and which, in its immediate popularity, should exceed all others; who, when we fancied we had drained to its last drop the cup of intellectual excitement, should open up a spring, not only new and untasted, but apparently deep and inexhaustible; that he should exhibit his marvel in the form of a composition the least respected in the whole circle of literature, and raise the Novel to a place among the highest productions of human intellect, — his prediction would have been received, not only with incredulity, but with ridicule. And the improbability would have been heightened, had it been added that all this would have been effected with no aid from the influence of established reputation, but by a writer who concealed his name. The productions of the author of 'Waverley' are virtually novelties in our literature. . . . One of the points of view in which the author of 'Waverley' is first presented to us is as the delineator of human character. When we regard him in this light, we are struck at once by the fertility of his invention, and the force, novelty, and fidelity of his pictures. He brings to our minds, not abstract beings, but breathing, acting, speaking individuals. Then what variety! what originality! what numbers! What a gallery has he set before us! No writer but Shakspeare ever equalled him in this respect. . . . None save Shakspeare has ever contributed so largely, so valuably to our collection of characters, of pictures so surprisingly original, yet, once seen, admitted to be conformable to nature. . . . We may take as instances Jeannie Deans, Colonel Mannering, Bailie Jarvie, Glossin, Foster and his daughter. We have here mentioned fictitious personages; but the merit of the author is perhaps displayed more conspicuously in

his treatment of those subjects in which the groundwork is already laid, in his wonderful reproduction of historical individuals. His James I. is a portrait of the rarest merit; and his Elizabeth, his Louis XI., Charles Edward, Lord Lindesay, Robert III., Rothesay, Albany, and the imbecile father of Margaret of Anjou, may also be cited as among those which are presented to us with more than common discrimination and force. . . . In the description of external objects, and particularly of what may be called natural scenery, Sir Walter Scott has been successful beyond all writers subsequent to Milton. . . . That the author of 'Waverley' is a master of the pathetic is evinced by several well-known passages. Such are the funeral of the fisherman's son in 'The Antiquary;' the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans, and the demeanor of the sister and the broken-hearted father; the short narrative of the smuggler in 'Redgauntlet;' many parts of 'Kenilworth;' and of that finest of tragic tales, 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' . . . The author of 'Waverley' is never chargeable with that sin so visible in modern literature, which Lord Byron lent his genius to promote, and which humbler writers in prose and verse industriously strive to spread. He has not labored to diminish our confidence in virtue or our abhorrence of vice. He does not teach us to believe that the villain probably has generous feelings, while the man who violates no law is as probably at heart a scoundrel. He tricks out our delusion in impossible beings, combining the commission of crime with the possession of lofty sentiments and rigid virtue. He never takes his hero from any dregs of pollution, yet endows him with ennobling attributes which he could never have possessed; makes him a criminal of the deepest dye, yet bids us to admire his virtues, and tells us, that, tainted as he seems, he is better than half those whom society deems good and honest. Neither has the author of 'Waverley' ever written any of those tales which affect to have a moral, and which, after laboring to enlist our sympathies on the side of crime, and making us love and admire the criminal, plunge him at the close into misfortune, excite our pity, and then claim the merit of doing good because they showed, that, somehow or other, in the end, vice did not prosper. This right-headedness and right-heartedness, this healthy soundness of judgment and principle in the author of 'Waverley' are among those qualities for which posterity will lastingly admire him."

Says Wordsworth of Scott:—

"We were received with that frank cordiality which, under whatever circumstances I afterwards met him, always marked his manners; and, indeed, I found him then in every respect—except, perhaps, that his animal spirits were somewhat higher—precisely the same man that you knew him in later life; the same lively, entertaining conversation, full of anecdote, and averse from disquisition; the same unaffected modesty about himself; the same cheerful and benevolent and hopeful views of

man and the world. He partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic style of chant, the first four cantos of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The novelty of the manners, the clear, picturesque descriptions greatly delighted me."

Let us see what another of Scott's old friends says of him :—

"Indeed," says Mr. Skene, "there are few scenes at all celebrated, either in the history, tradition, or romance of the Border counties, which we did not explore together in the course of our rambles. We traversed the entire vales of the Yarrow and Ettrick, with all their sweet tributary glens, and never failed to find a hearty welcome from the farmers at whose houses we stopped, either for dinner or for the night. He was their chief magistrate, extremely popular in that official capacity; and nothing could be more gratifying than the frank and hearty reception which everywhere greeted our arrival, however unexpected. The exhilarating air of the mountains, and the healthy exercise of the day, secured our relishing homely fare; and we found inexhaustible entertainment in the varied display of character which the affability of 'the sheriff' drew forth, on all occasions, in genuine breadth and purity. The beauty of the scenery gave full employment to my pencil, with the free and frequent exercise of which he never seemed to feel impatient. He was at all times ready and willing to alight when any object attracted my notice, and used to seat himself beside me on the brae, to con over some ballad appropriate, or narrate the tradition of the glen,—sometimes, perhaps, to note a passing idea in his pocket-book; but this was rare, for in general he relied with confidence on the great storehouse of his memory.

"One of our earliest expeditions was to visit the wild scenery of the mountainous tract above Moffatt, including the cascade of the Gray Mare's Tail and the dark tarn called Loch Skene. In our ascent to the lake we got completely bewildered in the thick fog, which generally envelops the rugged features of that region; and as we were groping through the maze of bogs, the ground gave way, and down went horse and horsemen pell-mell into a slough of peaty mud and black water, out of which, entangled as we were with our plaids and floundering nags, it was no easy matter to get extricated. Indeed, unless we had prudently left our gallant steeds at a farmhouse below, and borrowed hill ponies for the occasion, the result might have been worse than laughable. As it was, we rose like the spirits of the bog, covered *cap-à-pie* with slime; to free themselves from which our wily ponies took to rolling about on the heather, and we had nothing for it but following their example. At length, as we approached the gloomy loch, a huge eagle heaved himself from the margin, and rose right over us, screaming his scorn of the intruders; and altogether it would be impossible to picture anything more desolately savage than the scene which opened, as if raised by enchantment on purpose to gratify the poet's eye,—thick folds of fog roll-

ing incessantly over the face of the inky waters, but rent asunder now in one direction, and then in another, so as to afford us a glimpse of some projecting rock or naked point of land or island, bearing a few scraggy stumps of pine, and then closing again in universal darkness upon the cheerless waste. Much of the scenery of 'Old Mortality' was drawn from that day's ride. It was also in the course of this excursion that we encountered that amusing personage introduced into 'Guy Mannering' as Tod Gabbie. He was one of those itinerants who gain a subsistence among the moorland farmers by relieving them of foxes, polecats, and the like depredators, — a half-witted, stuttering, and most original creature."

Mr. Guthrie Wright gives the following details touching the construction of "Marmion:" —

"In the summer of 1807," he says, "I had the pleasure of making a trip with Sir Walter to Dumfries, for the purpose of meeting Lord Abercorn on his way to Ireland. His lordship did not arrive for two or three days, and we employed the interval in visiting Sweetheart Abbey, Caerlaverock Castle, and some other ancient buildings in the neighborhood. He recited poetry and old legends from morn till night; and it is impossible that anything could be more delightful than his society; but what I particularly allude to is the circumstance, that at that time he was writing 'Marmion,' the first three or four cantos of which he had with him, and which he was so good as to read to me. It is unnecessary to say how much I was enchanted with them; but as he good-naturedly asked me to state any observations that occurred to me, I said in joke that it appeared to me he brought his hero by a very strange route into Scotland. 'Why,' says I, 'did ever mortal, coming from England to Edinburgh, go by Gifford, Crichton Castle, Borthwick Castle, and over the top of Blackford Hill? Not only is it a circuitous *détour*, but there never was a road that way since the world was created!' — 'That is a most irrelevant objection,' said Sir Walter: 'it was my good pleasure to bring Marmion by that route, for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned, and the view from Blackford Hill. It was his business to find his road and pick his steps the best way he could. But, pray, how would you have me bring him? Not by that post-road surely, as if he had been travelling in a mail-coach?' — 'No,' I replied: 'there were neither post-roads nor mail-coaches in those days; but I think you might have brought him with less chance of getting into a swamp, by allowing him to travel the natural route by Dunbar and the sea-coast; and then he might have tarried for a space with the famous Earl of Angus, surnamed Bell-the-Cat, at his favorite residence of Tantallon Castle, by which means you would have had not only that fortress, with all its feudal followers, the Castle of Dunbar, the Bass, and all the beautiful scenery of the Forth to describe.' This observation seemed to strike him much, and after a pause he exclaimed, 'By Jove, you are right! I ought to have

brought him that way; ' and he added, ' But before he and I part, depend upon it he shall visit Tantallon.' He then asked if I had ever been there, and upon my saying I had frequently, he desired me to describe it, which I did; and I verily believe it is from what I then said that the accurate description contained in the fifth canto was given, at least, I never heard him say that he had afterwards gone to visit the castle; and when the poem was published, I remember he laughed, and asked me how I liked Tantallon."

Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, tells us:—

"We passed a week at Edinburgh, chiefly in his society and that of his friends the Mackenzies. We were so far on our way to Brahan Castle in Ross-shire. Scott unlocked all his antiquarian lore, and supplied us with numberless *data*, such as no guide-book could have furnished, and such as his own Monkbarns might have delighted to give. It would be idle to tell how much pleasure and instruction his advice added to a tour in itself so productive of both, as well as of private friendships and intimacies, now too generally terminated by death, but never severed by caprice or disappointment. His was added to the number by our reception—now in Edinburgh, and, on our return from the Highlands, at Ashestiel, where he had made us promise to visit him, saying that the farmhouse had pigeon-bobs for such of his friends as could live, like him, on Tweed salmon and forest mutton. There he was the cherished friend and kind neighbor of every Selkirkshire yeoman, just as easily as in Edinburgh he was the companion of clever youth and narrative old age in refined society. He carried us one day to Melrose Abbey or Newark; another, to course with mountain greyhounds by Yarrow-braes or St. Mary Loch, repeating every ballad or legendary tale connected with the scenery; and on a third we must all go to a farmer's *kirn*, or harvest-home, to dance with Border lasses on a barn floor, drink whiskey-punch, and enter with him into all the gossip and good-fellowship of his neighbors, on a complete footing of unconstrained conviviality, equality, and mutual respect.. His wife and happy young family were clustered round him, and the cordiality of his reception would have unbent a misanthrope.

"At this period his conversation was more equal and animated than any man's that I ever knew. It was most characterized by the extreme felicity and fun of his illustrations, drawn from the whole encyclopædia of life and nature, in a style sometimes too exuberant for written narrative, but which to him was natural and spontaneous. A hundred stories, always apposite, and often interesting the mind by strong pathos, or eminently ludicrous, were daily told, which, with many more, have since been transplanted, almost in the same language, into the 'Waverley Novels' and his other writings. These, and his recitations of poetry, which can never be forgotten by those who knew him, made up the charm

that his boundless memory enabled him to exert, to the wonder of the gaping lovers of wonders. But equally impressive and powerful was the language of his warm heart, and equally wonderful were the conclusions of his vigorous understanding to those who could return or appreciate either. Among a number of such recollections, I have seen many of the thoughts which then passed through his mind embodied in the delightful prefaces annexed, late in life, to his poetry and novels. Those on literary quarrels and literary irritability are exactly what he then expressed. Keenly enjoying literature as he did, and indulging his own love of it in perpetual composition, he always maintained the same estimate of it, as subordinate and auxiliary to the purposes of life, and rather talked of men and events than of books and criticism. Literary fame, he always said, was a bright feather in the cap, but not the substantial cover of a well-protected head. This sound and manly feeling was what I have seen described by some of his biographers as pride; and it will always be thought so by those whose own *vanity* can only be gratified by the admiration of others, and who mistake shows for realities. None valued the love and applause of others more than Scott; but it was to the love and applause of others he valued in return that he restricted the feeling — without restricting the kindness. Men who did not or would not understand this perpetually mistook him; and, after loading him with undesired eulogy, perhaps in his own house neglected common attention or civility to other parts of his family. It was on such an occasion that I heard him murmur in my ear, ‘Author as I am, I wish these good people would recollect that I began with being a gentleman, and don’t mean to give up the character.’ Such was all along his feeling, and this, with a slight prejudice common to Scotchmen in favor of ancient and respectable family descent, constituted what is called in Grub Street his pride. It was, at least, what Johnson would have justly called *defensive pride*. From all other, and still more from mere vanity, I never knew any man so remarkably free.”

And again:—

“Scott, more correctly than any other man I ever knew, appreciated the value of that apparently enthusiastic *engouement* which the world of London shows to the fashionable wonder of the year. The homage paid him neither altered his opinions, nor produced the affectation of despising it; on the contrary, he received it, cultivated it, and repaid it in its own coin. ‘All this is very flattering,’ he would say, ‘and very civil; and if people are amused with hearing me tell a parcel of old stories, or recite a pack of ballads to lovely young girls and gaping matrons, they are easily pleased, and a man would be very ill-natured who would not give pleasure so cheaply conferred.’ If he dined with us, and found any new faces—‘Well, do you want me to play lion to-day?’ was his usual question. ‘I will roar, if you like it, to your heart’s content.’ He would indeed, in such cases, put forth all his inimitable powers of entertainment, and day after day surprise me by their unexpected extent and variety. Then, as

the party dwindled, and we were left alone, he laughed at himself, quoted 'Yet know, that I one Snug the Joiner am — no lion fierce,' &c., and was at once himself again.

"He often alluded to the injurious effects for literature and genius resulting from the excitement of ambition for this ephemeral *reputation de salon*. 'It may be a pleasant gale to sail with,' he said, 'but it never yet led to a port that I should like to anchor in.' Nor did he willingly endure, either in London or in Edinburgh, the little exclusive circles of literary society, much less their occasional fastidiousness and petty partialities. One story which I heard of him from Dr. Howley, now Archbishop of Canterbury (for I was not present), was very characteristic. The doctor was one of a grand congregation of lions, when Scott and Coleridge, *cum multis aliis*, attended at Sotheby's. Poets and poetry were the topics of the table, and there was plentiful recitation of effusions as yet unpublished, which, of course, obtained abundant applause. Coleridge repeated more than one, which, as Dr. H. thought, were eulogized by some of the company with something like affectation, and a desire to humble Scott by raising a poet of inferior reputation on his shoulders. Scott, however, joined in the compliments as cordially as anybody, until, in his turn, he was invited to display some of his occasional poetry.

"Scott said he had nothing of his own worth their hearing, but he would repeat a little copy of verses which he had shortly before seen in a provincial newspaper, and which seemed to him as good as anything they had been listening to. He repeated 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter.' The applauses that ensued were faint; then came slight criticisms, from which Scott defended the unknown author. At last a more bitter antagonist opened, and fastening upon one line, cried, 'This at least is absolute nonsense.' Scott denied the charge: the Zoilus persisted, until Coleridge, out of all patience, exclaimed, 'For God's sake let Mr. Scott alone: I wrote the poem!'

"He often complained of the dulness of parties where each guest arrived under the implied obligation of exhibiting some extraordinary powers of talk or wit. 'If,' he said, 'I encounter men of the world, men of business, odd or striking characters of professional excellence in any department, I am in my element, for they cannot lionize me without my returning the compliment, and learning something from them.' He was much with George Ellis, Canning, and Croker, and delighted in them — as indeed who did not? — but he loved to study eminence of every class and sort, and his rising fame gave him easy access to gratify all his curiosity."

In 1812 Scott wrote to Byron — who was then the idol of the fashionable world of London to the prejudice of Scott, and who, as everybody knows, had attacked him most mercilessly in "The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" — a letter displaying the most generous and conciliatory spirit. Lord Byron says in reply, —

"I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice

the evil works of my nonage, as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit; and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waiving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball, and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities: he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought 'The Lay.' He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *princes*, as *they* never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and 'The Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners* certainly superior to those of any living gentleman."

Scott answered with an invitation to Abbotsford:—

"Although," he says, "I am living in a gardener's hut, and although the adjacent ruins of Melrose have little to tempt one who has seen those of Athens, yet, should you take a tour, which is so fashionable at this season, I should be very happy to have an opportunity of introducing you to anything remarkable in my fatherland. The fair, or shall I say the sage, Apreece that was, Lady Davy that is, is soon to show us how much science she leads captive in Sir Humphrey; so your lordship sees, as the citizen's wife says in the farce, 'Threadneedle Street has some charms,' since they procure us such celebrated visitants. As for me, I would rather cross question your lordship about the outside of Parnassus, than learn the nature of the contents of all the other mountains in the world. Pray, when 'under its cloudy canopy,' did you hear anything of the celebrated Pegasus? Some say he has been brought off with other curiosities to Britain, and now covers at Tattersall's. I would fain have a cross from him out of my little moss-trooper's Galloway, and I think your lordship can tell me how to set about it, as I recognize his true paces in the high-mettled description of Ali Pacha's military court."

We might multiply these pleasant pictures of Sir Walter, as seen by his friends; but surely here are enough to send the reader to the poet's biographers.

EXTRACTS.

AMY ROBSART'S APARTMENT AT CUMNOR.—KENILWORTH.



FROM this antechamber opened a banquetting-room of moderate size, but brilliant enough to dazzle the eyes of the spectator with the richness of its furniture. The walls, lately so bare and ghastly, were now clothed with hangings of sky-blue velvet and silver; the chairs were of ebony, richly carved, with cushions corresponding to the hangings; and the place of the silver sconces which enlightened the antechamber was supplied by a huge chandelier, of the same precious metal. The floor was covered with a Spanish foot-cloth, or carpet, on which flowers and fruits were represented in such glowing and natural colors, that you hesitated to place the foot on such exquisite workmanship. The table of old English oak stood ready covered with the finest linen; and a large, portable court cupboard was placed, with the leaves of its embossed folding-doors displayed, showing the shelves within, decorated with a full display of plate and porcelain. In the midst of the table stood a salt-cellar of Italian workmanship, — a beautiful and splendid piece of plate, about two feet high, moulded into a representation of the giant Briareus, whose hundred hands of silver presented to the guest various sorts of spices, or condiments, to season their food withal.

The third apartment was called the withdrawing-room. It was hung with the finest tapestry, representing the fall of Phaeton, for the looms of Flanders were now much occupied on classical subjects. The principal seat of this apartment was a chair of state, raised a step or two from the floor, and large enough to contain two persons. It was surmounted by a canopy, which, as well as the cushions, side-curtains, and the very foot-cloth, were composed of crimson velvet embroidered with seed-pearl. On the top of the canopy were two coronets, resembling those of an earl and countess. Stools covered with velvet, and some cushions disposed in the Moorish fashion, and ornamented with Arabesque needlework, supplied the place of chairs in this apartment, which contained musical instruments, embroidery frames, and other articles for ladies' pastime. Besides lesser lights, the withdrawing-room was illuminated by four tall

torches of virgin wax, each of which was placed in the grasp of a statue, representing an armed Moor, who held on his left arm a round buckler of silver, highly polished, interposed betwixt his breast and the light, which was thus brilliantly reflected as from a crystal mirror.

The sleeping chamber belonging to this splendid suite of apartments was decorated in a taste less showy, but not less rich, than had been displayed in the others. Two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, diffused at once a delicious odor and a trembling, twilight-seeming shimmer through the quiet apartment. It was carpeted so thick that the heaviest step could not have been heard; and the bed, richly heaped with down, was spread with an ample coverlet of silk and gold; from under which peeped forth cambric sheets, and blankets as white as the lambs which yielded the fleece that made them. The curtains were of blue velvet, lined with crimson silk, deeply festooned with gold, and embroidered with the loves of Cupid and Psyche. On the toilet was a beautiful Venetian mirror, in a frame of silver filigree, and beside it stood a gold posset-dish to contain the night-draught. A pair of pistols and a dagger mounted with gold were displayed near the head of the bed, being the arms for the night, which were presented to honored guests, rather, it may be supposed, in the way of ceremony than from any apprehension of danger. We must not omit to mention, what was more to the credit of the manners of the time, that, in a small recess, illuminated by a taper, were disposed two hassocks of velvet and gold, corresponding with the bed-furniture, before a desk of carved ebony. This recess had formerly been the private oratory of the abbot; but the crucifix was removed, and instead there were placed on the desk two Books of Common Prayer richly bound and embossed with silver. With this enviable sleeping apartment, which was so far removed from every sound, save that of the wind sighing among the oaks of the park, that Morpheus might have coveted it for his own proper repose, corresponded two wardrobes, or dressing-rooms as they are now termed, suitably furnished, and in a style of the same magnificence which we have already described. It ought to be added that a part of the building in the adjoining wing was occupied by the kitchen and its offices, and served to accommodate the personal attendants of the wealthy nobleman for whose use these magnificent preparations had been made.

THE MARCH OF THE HIGHLAND ARMY.—WAVERLEY.

UPON extricating themselves from the mean and dirty suburbs of the metropolis, and emerging into the open air, Waverley felt a renewal both of health and spirits, and turned his recollection with firmness upon the events of the preceding evening, and with hope and resolution towards those of the approaching day.

When he had surmounted a small craggy eminence called St. Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's Seat and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and animating prospect. It was occupied by the army of the Highlanders, now in the act of preparing for their march. Waverley had already seen something of the kind at the hunting-match, which he attended with Fergus MacIvor; but this was on a scale of much greater magnitude and incomparably deeper interest. The rocks which formed the background of the scene, and the very sky itself, rang with the clang of the bagpipes, summoning forth, each with his appropriate pibroch, his chieftain and clan. The mountaineers, rousing themselves from their couch under the canopy of heaven, with the hum and bustle of a confused and irregular multitude, like bees alarmed and arming in their hives, seemed to possess all the pliability of movement fitted to execute military manœuvres. Their motions appeared spontaneous and confused, but the result was order and regularity; so that a general must have praised the conclusion, though a martinet might have ridiculed the method by which it was attained.

The sort of complicated medley created by the hasty arrangements of the various clans under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, was in itself a gay and lively spectacle. They had no tents to strike, having generally, and by choice, slept upon the open field, although the autumn was now waning, and the nights began to be frosty. For a little space, while they were getting into order, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering-word of Clanronald,—"Ganion Coheriga!" (Gainsay who dares!); "Loch-Sloy," the watchword of the Macfarlanes; "Forth, Fortune, and fill the fetters," the motto of the Marquis of Tullibardine; "Bydand," that of Lord Lewis Gordon; and the appropriate signal words and emblems of many other chieftains and clans.

At length the mixed and wavering multitude arranged themselves into a narrow and dusky column of great length, stretching through the whole extent of the valley. In the front of the column the standard of the Chevalier was displayed, bearing a red cross upon a white ground, with the motto "Tandem Triumphans." The few cavalry being chiefly Lowland gentry, with their domestic servants and retainers, formed the advanced guard of the army; and their standards, of which they had rather too many in respect of their numbers, were seen waving upon the extreme verge of the horizon. Many horsemen of this body, among whom Waverley accidentally remarked Balmawhapple and his lieutenant Jinker (which last, however, had been reduced with several others, by the advice of the Baron of Bradwardine, to the situation of what he called reformed officers, or reformadoes), added to the liveliness, though by no means to the regularity of the scene, by galloping their horses as fast for-



ROB ROY AND THE BAILIE.



ward as the press would permit, to join their proper station in the van. The fascinations of the Circes of the High Street, and the potations of strength with which they had been drenched overnight, had probably detained these heroes within the walls of Edinburgh somewhat later than was consistent with their morning duty. Of such loiterers, the prudent took the longer and circuitous but more open route, to attain their place in the march, by keeping at some distance from the infantry, and making their way through the enclosures to the right, at the expense of leaping over or pulling down the drystone fences. The irregular appearance and vanishing of these small parties of horsemen, — as well as the confusion occasioned by those who endeavored, though generally without effect, to press to the front, through the crowd of Highlanders, maugre their curses, oaths, and opposition, — added to the picturesque wildness what it took from the military regularity of the scene.

BAILIE JARVIE'S INTERVIEW WITH ROB ROY. — ROB ROY.

THE friendly outlaw, now taking me by the arm, conducted me into the interior of the hut. My eyes roved round its smoky recesses in quest of Diana and her companion, but they were nowhere to be seen, and I felt as if to make inquiries might betray some secret motives which were best concealed. The only known countenance upon which my eyes rested was that of the bailie, who, seated on a stool by the fireside, received, with a sort of reserved dignity, the welcomes of Rob Roy, the apologies which he made for his indifferent accommodation, and his inquiries after his health.

"I am pretty weel, kinsman," said the bailie — "indifferent weel, I thank ye; and for accommodations, ane canna expect to carry about the Saut Market at his tail, as a snail does his caup; and I am blythe that ye hae gotten out o' the hands o' your unfreends."

"Weel, weel, then," answered Roy, "what is't ails ye, man? — a's weel that ends weel! — the warld will last our day. Come, tak a cup of brandy — your father the deacon could tak ane at an orra time."

"It might be he might do sae, Robin, after fatigue. Whilk has been my lot mair ways than ane this day. But," he continued, slowly filling up a little wooden stoup which might hold about three glasses, "he was a moderate man of his bicker, as I am mysell. Here's wussing health to ye, Robin (a sip), and your weelfare here and hereafter (another taste); and also to my cousin Helen — and to your twa hopefu' lads, of whom mair anon."

So saying, he drank up the contents of the cup with great gravity and deliberation, while Macgregor winked aside to me, as if in ridicule of

the air of wisdom and superior authority which the bailie assumed towards him in their intercourse, and which he exercised when Rob was at the head of his armed clan, in full as great, or a greater degree, than when he was at the bailie's mercy in the Tolbooth of Glasgow. It seemed to me that Macgregor wished me, as a stranger, to understand, that if he submitted to the tone which his kinsman assumed, it was partly out of deference to the rights of hospitality, but still more for the jest's sake.

As the bailie set down his cup, he recognized me, and giving me a cordial welcome on my return, he waived further communication with me for the present.

"I will speak to your matters anon: I maun begin, as in reason, wi' those of my kinsman. I presume, Robin, there's naebody here will carry aught o' what I am gaun to say to the Town Council, or elsewhere, to my prejudice or to yours?"

"Make yourself easy on that head, Cousin Nicol," answered Macgregor: "the tae half of the gillies winna ken what ye say, and the tother winna care — besides that, I wad stow the tongue out o' the head o' ony o' them that suld presume to say ower again ony speech held wi' me in their presence."

"Aweel, cousin, sic being the case, and Mr. Osbaldistone here being a prudent youth and a safe friend, I'se plainly tell ye, ye are breeding up your family to gang an ill gate." Then, clearing his voice with a preliminary "hem," he addressed his kinsman, checking, as Malvolio proposed to do when seated in his state, his familiar smile with an austere regard of control, "Ye ken yoursell ye haud light by the law — and for my Cousin Helen, forbye that her reception o' me this blessed day, whilk I excuse on account of perturbation of mind, was muckle on the north side o' friendly, I say (outputting this personal reason of complaint) I hae that to say o' your wife" —

"Say *nothing* of her, kinsman," said Rob, in a grave and stern tone, "but what is befitting a friend to say and a husband to hear. Of me you are welcome to say your full pleasure."

"Aweel, aweel," said the bailie, somewhat disconcerted, "we'se let that be a passover — I dinna approve of making mischief in families. But here are your twa sons, Hamish and Robin, whilk signifies, as I'm gi'en to understand, James and Robert — I trust ye will call them sae in future — there comes nae gude o' Hamishes, and Eachines, and Anguses, except that they're the names ane aye chances to see in the indictments at the Western Circuits for cow-lifting, at the instance of his Majesty's Advocate for his Majesty's interest. Aweel; but the twa lads, as I was saying, they haena say muckle as the ordinar grounds, man, of liberal education — they dinna ken the very multiplication table itself, whilk is the root o' a' useful knowledge, and they did naething but laugh and fleer at me when I tauld them my mind on their ignorance. It's my belief that they can neither read, write, nor cipher — if sic a thing could be believed o' ane's ain connections in a Christian land!"

"If they could, kinsman," said Macgregor, with great indifference, "their learning must have come o' free will, for war the deil was I to get them a teacher? Wad ye hae had me put on the gate o' your Divinity Hall at Glasgow College, 'Wanted, a tutor for Rob Roy's bairns'?"

"Na, kinsman," replied Mr. Jarvie; "but ye might hae sent the lads whar they could hae learned the fear o' God, and the usages of civilized creatures. They are as ignorant as the kyloes ye used to drive to market, or the very English churls that ye sauld them to, and can do naething whatever to purpose."

"Umph!" answered Rob: "Hamish can bring doun a blackcock when he's on the wing wi' a single bullet, and Rob can drive a dirk through a twa-inch board."

"Sae muckle the waur for them, cousin!—sae muckle the waur for them baith!" answered the Glasgow merchant, in a tone of great decision; "an they ken naething better than that they had better no ken that neither. Tell me yoursell, Rob, what has a' this cutting and stabbing, and shooting, and driving of dirks, whether through human flesh or fir deals, dune for yoursell? And werena ye a happier man at the tail o' your nowte-bestial, when ye were in an honest calling, than ever ye hae been since, at the head o' your Hieland kernes and gally-glasses?"

I observed that Macgregor, while his well-meaning kinsman spoke to him in this manner, turned and writhed his body, like a man who indeed suffers pain, but is determined no groan shall escape his lips; and I longed for an opportunity to interrupt the well-meant, but, as it was obvious to me, quite mistaken strain, in which Jarvie addressed this extraordinary person. The dialogue, however, came to an end without my interference.

"And sae," said the bailie, "I hae been thinking, Rob, that as it may be ye are ower deep in the black book to win a pardon, and ower auld to mend yoursell, that it wad be a pity to bring up twa hopefu' lads to sic a godless trade as you're in; and I wad blithely tak them for 'prentices at the loom as I began mysell, and my father the deacon afore me, though, praise to the Giver, I only trade now as wholesale dealer. And— and"—

He saw a storm gathering on Rob's brow, which probably induced him to throw in, as a sweetener of an obnoxious proposition, what he had reserved to crown his own generosity, had it been embraced as an acceptable one. "And, Robin, lad, ye needna look sae glum, for I'll pay the 'prentice-fee, and never plague ye for the thousand merks neither!"

"*Ceade millia diaoul*—hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed Rob, rising and striding through the hut. "My sons weavers!—*millia mollig-heart*!—but I wad see every loom in Glasgow, beam, traddles, and shuttles, burnt in hell-fire sooner!"

With some difficulty I made the bailie, who was preparing a reply,

comprehend the risk and impropriety of pressing our host on this topic, and in a minute he recovered, or re-assumed his serenity of temper.

"But ye mean weel — ye mean weel," said he; "so gie me your hand, Nicol. And if ever I put my sons apprentice, I will gie you the refusal o' them. And, as you say, there's the thousand merks to be settled between us! Here, Eachin MacAnaleister, bring me my sporran."

The person he addressed, a tall, strong mountaineer, who seemed to act as Macgregor's lieutenant, brought from some place of safety a large, leathern pouch, such as the Highlanders of rank wear before them when in full dress, made of the skin of the sea-otter, richly-garnished with silver ornaments and studs.

"I advise no man to attempt opening this sporran till he has my secret," said Rob Roy; and then twisting one button in one direction, and another in another, pulling one stud upward, and pressing another downward, the mouth of the purse, which was bound with massive silver plate, opened, and gave admittance to his hand. He made me remark, as if to break short the subject on which Bailie Jarvie had spoken, that a small steel pistol was concealed within the purse, the trigger of which was connected with the mounting, and made part of the machinery, so that the weapon would certainly be discharged, and in all probability its contents lodged in the person of any one who, being unacquainted with the secret, should tamper with the lock which secured his treasure. "This," said he, touching the pistol, "this is the keeper of my privy purse."

The simplicity of the contrivance to secure a furred pouch, which could have been ripped open without any attempt on the spring, reminded me of the verses in "The Odyssey," where Ulysses, in a yet ruder age, is content to secure his property by casting a curious and involved complication of cordage around the sea-chest in which it was deposited.

The bailie put on his spectacles to examine the mechanism, and when he had done, returned it with a smile and a sigh, observing, "Ah, Rob! had ither folks' purses been as weel guarded, I doubt if your sporran wad hae been as weel filled as it kythes to be by the weight."

"Never mind, kinsman," said Rob, laughing: "it will aye open for a friend's necessity, or to pay a just due. And here," he added, pulling out a rouleau of gold, "here is your ten hundred merks: count them, and see that you are full and justly paid."

Mr. Jarvie took the money in silence, and weighing it in his hand for an instant, laid it on the table, and replied, "Rob, I canna tak it. I douna intrömit with it — there can nae gude come o't. I hae seen ower weel the day what sort of a gate your gowd is made in — ill-got gear ne'er prospered; and, to be plain wi' you, I winna meddle wi't. It looks as there might be bluid on't."

"Trontsho!" said the outlaw, affecting an indifference which perhaps he did not altogether feel: it's gude French gowd, and ne'er was in

Scotchman's pouch before mine. Look at them, man — they are a' louis-d'ors, bright and bonny as the day they were coined."

"The waur, the waur — just sae muckle the waur, Robin," replied the bailie, averting his eyes from the money, though, like Cæsar on the Lupercal, his fingers seemed to itch for it. "Rebellion is waur than witchcraft, or robbery either! there's gospel warrant for't."

"Never mind the warrant, kinsman," said the freebooter: "you come by the gowd honestly, and in payment of a just debt. It came from the one king, you may gie it to the other if ye like; and it will just serve for a weakening of the enemy, and in the point where puir King James is weakest too — for, God knows, he has hands and hearts enegh, but I doubt he wants the siller."

"He'll no get money Hielanders then, Robin," said Mr. Jarvie, as, again replacing his spectacles on his nose, he undid the rouleau, and began to count its contents.

"Nor Lowlanders neither," said Macgregor, arching his eyebrows, and, as he looked at me, directing a glance towards Mr. Jarvie, who, all unconscious of the ridicule, weighed each piece with habitual scrupulosity; and having told twice over the sum, which amounted to the discharge of his debt, principal and interest, he returned three pieces to buy his kinswoman a gown, as he expressed himself, and a brace more for the twa bairns, as he called them, requesting they might buy anything they liked with them — except gunpowder.

The Highlander stared at his kinsman's unexpected generosity, but courteously accepted his gift, which he deposited for the time in his well-secured pouch.

The bailie next produced the original bond for the debt, on the back of which he had written a formal discharge, which, having subscribed himself, he requested me to sign as a witness. I did so, and Bailie Jarvie was looking anxiously around for another, the Scottish law requiring the subscription of two witnesses to validate either a bond or acquittance.

"You will hardly find a man that can write, save ourselves, within these three miles," said Rob; "but I'll settle the matter as easily." And taking the paper from before his kinsman, he threw it in the fire.

Bailie Jarvie stared in his turn, but his kinsman continued, —

"That's a Hieland settlement of accounts. The time may come, cousin, were I to keep a' these charges and discharges, that friends might be brought into trouble for having dealt with me."

THE FOX-HUNT AT OTTERSCOPESCAURS.—GUY MANNERING.

OUT they sallied accordingly, for Otterscopescaurs, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as they could be without being precipitous. The sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rain, the torrents descended with great fury. Some dappled mists still floated along the peaks of the hills,—the remains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets or rills, descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracks along these steeps, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men, both on horse and foot, making toward the place of rendezvous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place among hills where it was barely possible for a pony, accustomed to the ground, to trot along, but where, quitting the track for half a yard's breadth, the rider might be either bogged or precipitated down the bank. This wonder was not diminished when he came to the place of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain ridge overhanging a glen of great depth, but extremely narrow. Here the sportsmen had collected, with an apparatus which would have shocked a member of the Pychely Hunt; for, the object being the removal of a noxious and destructive animal, as well as the pleasures of the chase, poor Reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habitation, however, and the nature of the ground by which it was surrounded on all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of scathed brushwood or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of profound depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves. Almost every farmer had with him at least a brace of large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provincial officer of the district, who receives a certain supply of meal and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose echoes thundered to the chiding of two or three brace of foxhounds. Terriers, including the whole generation of Pepper and Mustard, were also in attendance, having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp, and cur of low

degree, filled up the burden of the chorus. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or glen, held their greyhounds in leash in readiness to slip them at the fox as soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his cover.

The scene, though uncouth to the eye of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain ridge, having the sky for their background, appeared to move in the air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the baying beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its rude and solitary dell. They then could see the shepherds springing with fearless activity from one dangerous point to another, and cheering the dogs on the scent,—the whole so diminished by depth and distance that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertions are the halloos of the men, and the clamor of the hounds, ascending, as it were, out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from one stronghold to another, was at length obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which, excelling the fox in swiftness, and equalling him in ferocity and spirit, soon brought the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the gratification both of bipeds and quadrupeds as if all due ritual had been followed, four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the princely sports of India, and ridden a-tiger-hunting upon an elephant with the nabob of Arcot, professed to have received an excellent morning's amusement.

When the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charlie's Hope.

During their return homeward, Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he exercised his profession. The man showed an unwillingness to meet his eye, and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which Brown could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, well framed for the hardy profession which he exercised. But his face had not the frankness of the jolly hunter; he was down-looked, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some unimportant observations on the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity, and rode on with his landlord. They found

the gudewife prepared for their reception; the fold and the poultry-yard furnished the entertainment; and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF'S CASTLE.—IVANHOE.

"Ascend the watch-tower yonder, valiant soldier,
Look on the field, and say how goes the battle."
SCHILLER'S "MAID OF ORLEANS."

A MOMENT of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those, which, at more tranquil periods, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is is you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her of the sensations which she felt were not, and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well, and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his hunting-hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud, hoarse voice which even now dispatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. If so, how will this end? or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened, after this brief self-accusation, to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleag-

uered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest!" said the knight, joyfully. "Fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel—say what thou wilt, but bring him. Something I must do or attempt; but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made that attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded knight's chamber, which was defeated, as we have already seen, by the interference of Urfried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the result of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—*"The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"*

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it," said Wilfred, impatiently: "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack. What we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm: it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I

myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers: some random shaft"—

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion: at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large, ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess. "He alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield!"

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe. "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank: the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the rakers (a species of kettledrum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "En avant, De Bracy!—Beau-seant!—Beau-seant!—Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed,—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf and his allies showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile-weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides,

was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now: he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.* They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders. I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring: "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed

* Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which were often the scene of severe skirmishes, as these must necessarily be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chivalrous pages of Froissart took place at the barriers of besieged places.

and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen."

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness, "But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall: some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and—as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe: "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering: "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight. "Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca: "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat. O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others, alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe. "Look forth yet again: this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca. "Our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered; and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. Oh, no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart of oak and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do*! *—a fetterlock, and a shacklebolt on a field-sable—what may that mean? Seest thou naught else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess: "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength: there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero: surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry, to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is

* *Derring-do*—desperate courage.

the food upon which we live—the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not, we wish not to live, longer than while we are victorious and renowned—such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear.”

“Alas!” said the fair Jewess, “and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain-glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man’s spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?”

“What remains?” cried Ivanhoe. “Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name.”

“Glory?” continued Rebecca. “Alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion’s dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?”

“By the soul of Hereward!” replied the knight impatiently, “thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honor; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword.”

“I am, indeed,” said Rebecca, “sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, sir knight. Until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war.”

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled

to interfere in a case of honor, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honor and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

CADYOW CASTLE.

THIS ballad (one of his best) was written by Scott during a visit to the great ruin in 1799. Not far from Hamilton are the romantic remains of the ancient seat of the ducal family of that name, viz., Cadyow Castle.

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still of Cadyow's faded fame
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp of Border frame
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command
Again the crumbled halls shall rise.
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns, the present flies.

Where, with the rock's wood-covered side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between.

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashlar buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

The night — the shade of keep and spire,
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is gray;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled staghounds bay;
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls — they hurry out —
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed and slack the rein.

First of his troop the chief rode on:
His shouting merry men throng behind.
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleetest than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startling red deer scuds the plain;
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aimed well, the chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan —
Sound, merry huntsman! sound the *pryse*! *

'Tis noon — against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeoman dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain marked his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet missed his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

Stern Claud replied with darkening face
(Gray Paisley's haughty lord was he),
"At merry feast or buxom chase
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouslee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turned him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

"O change accursed! past are those days.
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

* The note blown at the death of the game.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows?
Her arms enfold a shadowy child —
Oh, is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe —
'Revenge,' she cries 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased, and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band;
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong with resistless speed?
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed?

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some visioned sight that saw?
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?
"'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh!"

From gory selle * and reeling steed
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine to the ground.

Sternly he spoke, — "'Tis sweet to hear,
In good greenwood, the bugle blown;
But sweeter to Revenge's ear
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughtered quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down;
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side
In haughty triumph marchèd he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

"With hackbut tent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked where, mingling in his band,
Trooped Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Marton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan,
And clashed their broadswords in the rear.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein,
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

"Mid pennoned spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

"From the raised visor's shade, his eye,
Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seemed marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his saddened brow confessed
A passing shade of doubt and awe.
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"The death-shot parts — the charger springs —
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumed helmet rings —
Rings on the ground to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel
To hear her love the loved one tell!
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near;
With pride her blushing victim saw;
And shrieked in his death-deafened ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault;
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!
Murray is fallen and Scotland free!"

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim,—
"Murray is fallen and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame."

But see! the minstrel vision fails—
The glimmering spears are seen no more,
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The bannered towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance, shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fairy banks of Evandale!

WAR-SONG OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call.
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze.
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely couch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravished toys though Romans mourn;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain, —

Oh! had they marked the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valor, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain:
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footsteps of invader rude,
With rapine foul and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore, —

Then, farewell, home! and farewell, friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! The sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle-call;
Combined by honor's sacred tie,
Our word is "*Law and Liberty!*"
March forward, one and all.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG IN "MARMION."

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none.
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like young Lochinvar!

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented. The gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all!
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, —
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word, —
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There be maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar.
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

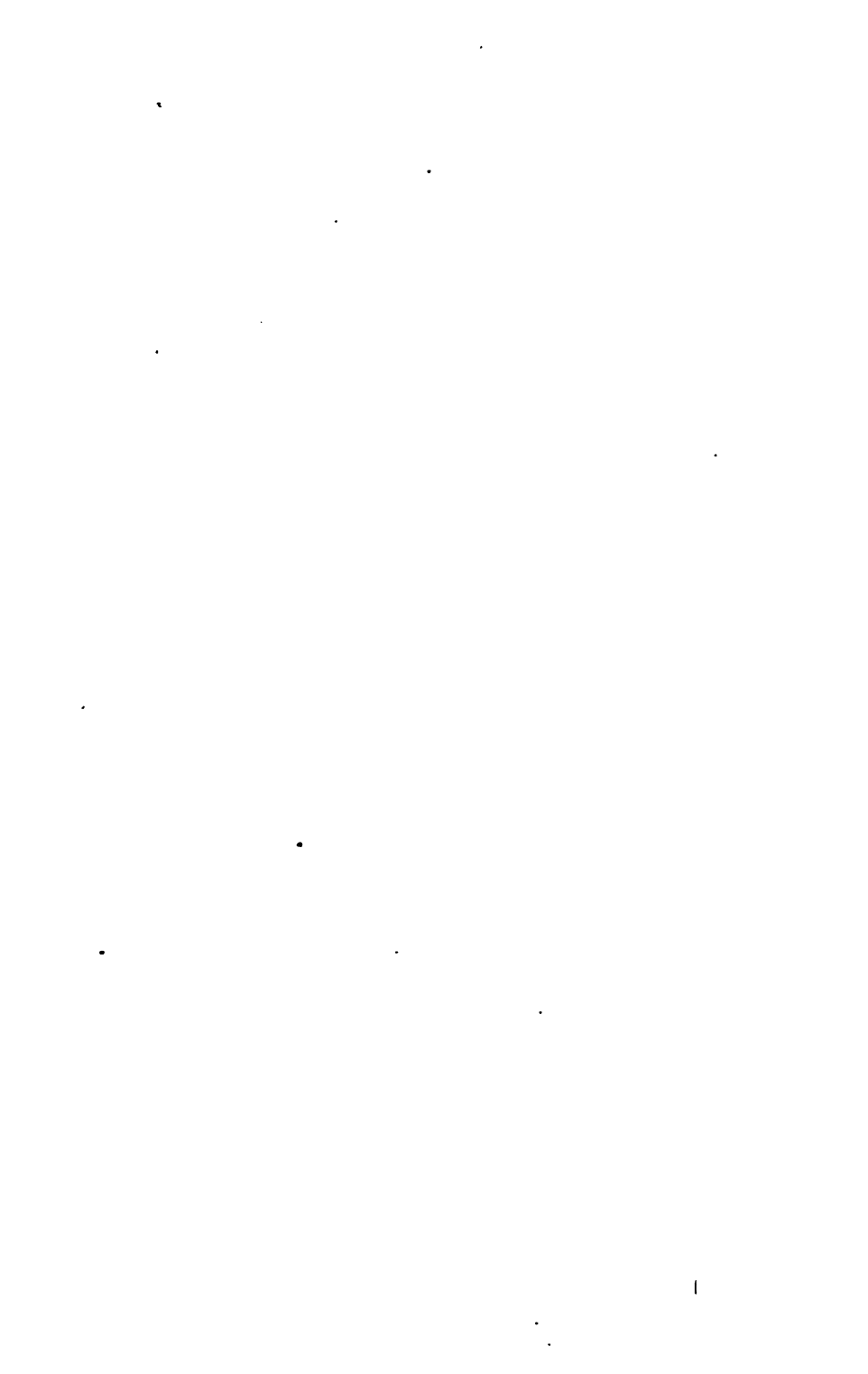
So stately his form, so lovely his face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaids whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near.
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung!
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur.
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan.
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran.
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?



A DAY WITH THACKERAY.



WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.



HO that has seen will ever forget the commanding figure and the stately head? Sauntering—usually a solitary man—through the hall of the Reform Club, or in the quietudes of the Athenæum, making up his mind to find a corner to work for an hour or so on the small sheets of paper in his pocket, in a hand as neat as Peter Cunningham's or Leigh Hunt's;* gazing dreamily, and often with a sad and weary look, out of window; moving slowly westward home to dinner on a summer's evening; or making a strange presence, as obviously not belonging to the place, in Fleet Street on his way to Whitefriars or Cornhill, — who that knew him does not remember dear old Thackeray, as his familiars lovingly called him, in some or all of these moods and places? In Thackeray, as in Dickens, there was a strong and impressive individuality. No two men could be less alike, in person or mind, than these two writers who shared the world's favor together; and yet there was an equality and identity in their impressiveness. Dickens's strength was quick, alert, and with the glow of health in it: it seemed to proceed, like that of a mighty engine, from an inward fire. Thackeray's was calm, majestic by its ease and extent, as the force of a splendid stream. Hawthorne's figure and air have been described as "modestly grand;" and the observation, it occurs to me, applies exactly to Thackeray. Indeed, I have often been struck with the idea that the two men must have affected society much in the same way, and by the same mental and physical qualities. Like Hawthorne, Thackeray

"Wandered lonely as a cloud,"

* Shortly before his death he spent a morning in the reading-room of the British Museum, and there by accident left upon a table a page of the MS. of the story he had in hand. The paper being found, the clearness and roundness of the writing at once suggested the owner to the attendant, and the precious missing leaf was forwarded to Kensington.

— a cloud, it should be noted and remembered, with a silver lining. In their solitude, when suddenly observed, both had a sad, a grave aspect; and each was "marvellously moved to fun," on occasions. In both the boy appeared easily; and this was a quality of Dickens's genius, as it was of my father's. I should like to see pictures of Thackeray holding a skein of silk for a child upon his broad hands; of Dickens playing at leap-frog or rounders; of Hawthorne lying in the grass listening to the birds, and ducking lest the passers-by should interrupt him; and of Douglas Jerrold taking part in basting the bear in his Kentish orchard. Mr. Field's description of Hawthorne's fun at sea, and of his grand, solitary figure under the stars at night, might stand for portraiture of Thackeray.

It was with Thackeray as with Hawthorne. The grand, sad mask could pucker in a moment, and break into hearty fun and laughter. A friend went laughing into the Reform Club one afternoon: he had just met Thackeray at the door of the Athenæum Club. He had had a dispute with his cabman about the fare, which he had just proposed to settle by a toss. If Thackeray won, the cabman was to receive two shillings, and if the toss went against the author of "Vanity Fair" the cabman was to receive one shilling. Fortune was with the novelist; and he dwelt delightfully afterwards on the gentlemanly manner in which the driver took his defeat. Yet there were times, and many, when Thackeray could not break through his outward austerity, even when passing an intimate friend in the street. I and a mutual friend met him one afternoon in Fleet Street, ambling to Whitefriars on his cob, and a very extraordinary figure he made. He caught sight of us, and my companion was about to grasp his hand; but he just touched his hat with his finger, and without opening his lips or relaxing the solemn cast of his features, he passed on. My companion stamped his foot upon the pavement, and cried, "Who would think that we were up till four o'clock this morning together, and that he sang his 'Reverend Dr. Luther,' and was the liveliest of us?"

But Thackeray was a sick man, as well as a hard-worked one. He was threatened by several disorders of long continuance; and against which he stoutly fought, turning his noble, placid face bravely upon the world—this "great Achilles whom we knew," and who was most loved by those who knew him best. Indeed, by the outer world—by those with whom he came in contact for the first time—he was not loved, and not often liked. His address was as polished as a steel mirror, and as cold. In "The Hoggarty Diamond," in that exquisite chapter given to Mr. Titmarsh's drive with Lady Drum, Mr. Samuel observes: "For though I am but a poor fellow, and hear people cry out how vulgar it is to eat peas with a knife, or ask three times for cheese, and such like points of ceremony, there's something, I think, much more vulgar than all this, and that is insolence to one's inferiors. I hate the chap that uses it, as I scorn him of humble rank that affects to be of the fashion; and so I determined to let Mr. Preston know a piece of my mind." And Mr. Preston knew it

accordingly. In this passage there is the keynote of the worldly side of Thackeray's character. He was beloved by his inferiors, and reserved his hottest scorn for those pretenders who, buffeted and cold-shouldered by those in whose society they aspire to mix, take their revenge upon their dependants. Thackeray was most deeply touched by any kindness or grace shown to him by one beneath him; and perhaps this honorable feeling (possible only in a cultivated being) is best shown in his whimsical dedication of "The Paris Sketch Book" to his tailor, M. Aretz.

"Sir," he said, "it becomes every man in his station to acknowledge and praise virtue wherever he may find it, and to point it out for the admiration and example of his fellow-men. Some months since, when you presented to the writer of these pages a small account for coats and pantaloons manufactured by you, and when you were met by a statement from your creditor that an immediate settlement of your bill would be extremely inconvenient to him, your reply was, '*Mon Dieu*, sir, let not that annoy you: if you want money, as a gentlemen often does in a strange country, I have a thousand-franc note at my house which is quite at your service.' History or experience, sir, makes us acquainted with so few actions that can be compared to yours—an offer like this from a stranger and a tailor seems to me so astonishing—that you must pardon me for thus making your virtue public, and acquainting the English nation with your merit and your name. Let me add, sir, that you live on the first floor; that your clothes and fit are excellent; and your charges moderate and just; and as a humble tribute of my admiration, permit me to lay these volumes at your feet."

And so, in his most gracious moods,—gentle to the weak and lowly, beloved of women and children,* but grand and stern and silent, a mighty form crowned with a massive snow-haired head,—

"See the great Achilles whom we knew."

HIS LETTERS.

THACKERAY was not a voluminous nor a studied correspondent; but he was a most original one. His letters are a key to the kinder and livelier side of his character. The two or three which follow will show the

* During a small party at Horace Mayhew's, at which Thackeray had been in one of his heartiest, kindest, and at the same time most whimsical moods, a young lady crept to the side of the host, and was unable to say less, by way of expressing her enthusiasm for the lion of the evening, than, "I should so like to kiss him." The host spoke to Thackeray: whereupon the great man advanced to the blushing damsel, and treating her like a pet child, lifted her from the ground and kissed her forehead. It was one of the prettiest scenes imaginable.

delightful whimsicality of his style. Sending "The Irish Sketch Book" to Laman Blanchard (April 21, 1843) — the volumes lie under my eyes — he wrote in the customary whimsical way: —

DEAR BLANCHARD, — Not knowing the number of your row — not indeed certain whether it is Union Row or Place, I've sent by the Parcels Company the book, all but the last sheet, to the Examiner, to be forwarded to you.

It is dedicated to Mr. Lever, and the author will say in the preface that it was to have been called "The Cockney in Ireland," but for the pathetic remonstrances of the publishers.

And so Heaven speed it!

Ever yours,

AMELIA.

I shall be in the Linden grove at the rising of the moon, and you will know me by a cherry-colored ribbon tied round the tail of my dog.

CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MORNING CHRONICLE."

Sir, — I hope no Irish gentleman will be insulted at my recalling a story, venerable for its antiquity, of the Irish officer who, having stated that he had seen anchovies growing in profusion upon the rocks of Malta, called out and shot an Englishman who doubted his statement. As the unhappy Saxon fell writhing with his wound, the Irishman's second remarked, "Look, Sir Lucius! you have made him cut capers!" — "Bedad, it's capers I mane!" the gallant and impetuous O'Trigger remarked, and instantly apologized in the handsomest terms to his English antagonist for his error. It was capers he had seen, and not anchovies, growing on the rocks: the blunder was his, but the bullet was in the Englishman's leg, who went away grumbling because the other had not thought of the truth before.

Sir, three Irish newspapers, and an Irish member of parliament in his place in the Rotunda, have delivered their fire into me through a similar error. Every post brings me letters containing extracts from Irish papers, sent to me by friends; and one of them, who is most active in my behalf, informs me that there is a body of Irish gentlemen who are bent upon cudgelling me, and who are very likely waiting at my door whilst I write from the club, where, of course, I have denied myself. It is these, while it is yet time, whom I wish to prevent; and as many of them will probably read your journal to-morrow morning, you may possibly be the means of saving my bones, valuable to me and my family, and which I prefer before any apology for breaking them. The blunder of which I am the victim is at once absurd and painful, and I am sorry to be obliged to have recourse to the press for explanation.

Ten years ago I wrote a satirical story in "Fraser's Magazine," called

"Catherine," and founded upon the history of the murderess, Catherine Hayes. The tale was intended to ridicule a taste then prevalent for making novel-heroes of Newgate malefactors. Every single personage in my story was a rascal, and hanged, or put to a violent death; and the history became so atrocious that it created a general dissatisfaction, and was pronounced to be horribly immoral. While the public went on reading the works which I had intended to ridicule, "Catherine" was, in a word, a failure, and is dead, with all its heroes.

In the last number of the story of "Pendennis" (which was written when I was absent from this country, and not in the least thinking about the opera here), I wrote a sentence to the purport that the greatest criminals and murderers—Bluebeard, George Barnwell, Catherine Hayes—had some spark of human feeling, and found some friends,—meaning thereby to encourage minor criminals not to despair. And my only thought in producing the last of these instances was about Mrs. Hayes, who died at Tyburn, and subsequently perished in my novel, and not in the least about an amiable and beautiful young lady now acting at Her Majesty's theatre. I quite forgot her existence. I was pointing my moral, such as it was, with quite a different person, and never for a single instant, I declare on my word of honor, remembering the young lady, nor knowing anything regarding her engagement at the Haymarket.

From this unlucky sentence in "Pendennis" my tribulations begin, and my capers are held up as the most wicked anchovies to indignant Ireland. *Vindex* writes to "The Freeman's Journal," saying that I have an intention to insult the Irish nation in the person of an accomplished and innocent young lady, whom I class with murderers and cut-throats, whereby I damn myself to everlasting infamy. "The Freeman's Journal," in language intelligible always, if not remarkable for grammatical or other propriety, says I am "the Big Blubberman, the hugest humbug ever thrust on the public," that I am guilty of unmanly grossness and cowardly assault, and that I wrote to ruin Miss Hayes, but did not succeed. "The Freeman" adds, in a concluding paragraph, that there may have been some person happening to bear a name coincident with that of "The Freeman's" accomplished countrywoman; and that if I have this very simple and complete defence to make, I shall hasten to offer it. I don't take in "The Freeman's Journal"—I am not likely to be very anxious about reading it,—but "The Freeman" never gives me any notice of the attack which I am to hasten to defend, and, calling me coward and ruffian, leaves me. It is the anchovy-caper question settled in the approved manner.

"The Mail," assuming that I intended insult and injury, remarks on the incriminated sentence thus: "Its brutality is so far neutralized by its absurdity as to render it utterly harmless." No. 2.

No. 3. "The Packet," speaking on the judgment of both of its contemporaries, says, admirably:—

"This prompt and chivalrous espousal of a lady's cause is just what we

would have expected from our brethren of the Irish press, and will be no doubt a source of much gratification to Miss Hayes. But . . . we only think it fair to state that he has not been guilty of the 'incredibly gross act' of associating our pure and amiable Catherine with the murderers and tyrants about whom he has written so nonsensically."

And then follows the revelation of the mystery about the real Catherine, the writer remarking that I am neither a fool nor a madman, and that I would not outrage Miss Hayes, lest some Saxon should kick me.

Sir, if some pictures of the Irish, drawn by foreign hands, are caricatures, what are they compared to the pictures of the Irish drawn by themselves? Would any man — could any man out of Ireland — invent such an argument as the last? It stands thus: —

1. I have not intended to injure, nor have I in the least injured, Miss Hayes.

2. The people who have abused me for injuring her have acted with chivalrous promptitude, and, no doubt, have greatly gratified Miss Hayes. Poor young lady! she is to be gratified by seeing a man belabored who never thought of her or meant her a wrong.

3. But if I *had* injured Miss Hayes, many Saxon boot-toes would have taught me decency; that is, capers not being anchovies, gentlemen would have acted with much chivalry in shooting me; and if capers *had* been anchovies, I should richly have merited a kicking. Comfortable dilemma!

I should not have noticed this charge except in Ireland, believing that it must be painful to the young lady whose name has been most innocently and unfortunately brought forward; but I see the case has already passed the Channel, and that there is no help for all parties but publicity. I declare upon my honor, then, to Miss Hayes, that I am grieved to have been the means of annoying her, if I have done so; and I need not tell any gentleman — what gentleman would question me? — that I never for a moment could mean an insult to innocence, and genius, and beauty.

I am, sir, your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

GARRICK CLUB, April 11, 1859.

When Thackeray was writing "The Newcomes," a passage of irony about Washington was misunderstood as an insult deliberately offered to the hero of American idolatry, and commented upon by the New York correspondent of "The Times." Having quoted the offensive passage, Thackeray set himself to answer it in the leading journal, in his own peculiar way: —

"Having published the American critic's comment," he wrote, "permit the author of a faulty sentence to say what he did mean, and to add the obvious moral of the apologue which has been so oddly construed. I am speaking of a young apprentice coming to London between the years 1770 and '80, and want to depict a few figures of the last century. (The illustrated head-letter of the chapter was intended to represent

Hogarth's 'Industrious Apprentice.') I fancy the old society, with its hoops and powder, — Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury bench; the newsreaders at the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington, who was leading the rebels, was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George. The images are at least natural and pretty consecutive. 1776 — the people of London in '76 — the Lords and House of Commons in '76 — Lord North — Washington — what the people thought about Washington. I am thinking about '76. Where, in the name of common sense, is the insult to 1853? The satire, if satire there be, applies to us at home, who called Washington 'Mr. Washington;' as we called Frederick the Great 'the Protestant Hero,' or Napoleon 'the Corsican Tyrant' or 'General Bonaparte.' Need I say that our officers were instructed (until they were taught better manners) to call Washington 'Mr. Washington?' and that the Americans were called rebels during the whole of the contest? Rebels? — of course they were rebels; and I should like to know what native American would not have been a rebel in that cause?

"As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men."

And then how charming was his final leave-taking with his American friends in that dainty little poem, —

"To all good friends in Boston, Mass.!"

HIS SPEECHES AND SPEECH-MAKING.

THACKERAY was, even to his latest day, and after considerable experience, an uncertain speaker. The idea that he had to make a speech on any occasion disturbed his mind, and worked upon his nerves. I remember on one occasion sitting near him at a club dinner (we were not more than twenty), when the chairman proposed his health as the guest of the evening. Thackeray, while the compliments were being showered upon him, whispered to me, that, had he known it, he would have been at least twenty miles away from that table at that moment. His reply was nervous and spasmodic; and he charged the chairman with having been guilty of great cruelty towards him, and with having spoiled his evening. Sometimes he would suddenly break down; at others, his words would flow placidly from him to the end; but he never managed a peroration,

nor rose to eloquence. He gossiped in his own delightful way with his audience — when he was in the mood; and when he could not do this easily, he collapsed. The set phrases, the rhetorical flights, the clap-traps of a chairmanship, were impossible to him. It has been said by a writer of a popular memoir of Thackeray, that his speeches were always unstudied, “as the occasions when they were uttered allowed that freedom of fancy, and play of sudden thought, of which the pen is not always willing to make use.” But this was not so. When Thackeray had a grave occasion before him, he not only thought over what he had to say, — like Dickens, who took a long walk and arranged his happy thoughts in the manner we remember, — but he often dictated his speech to his secretary. Take the following witness, — George Hodder, — whose testimony on this subject is unimpeachable. The occasion was the memorable dinner given to him on the eve of his departure for America.

“On the morning of the banquet he was in a state of great nervous anxiety, saying that it was very kind of his friends to give him a dinner, but that he wished it was over, for such things always set him trembling. ‘Besides,’ he exclaimed, ‘I have to make a speech, and what am I to say? Here, take a pen in your hand and sit down; and I’ll see if I can hammer out something. It’s hammering now; I’m afraid it will be *stammering* by and by.’ I did as he requested, and he dictated with much ease and fluency a speech — or rather the heads of a speech — which he proposed delivering in response to the inevitable toast of his own health.

“This was on a morning in the first week of October, 1855, and the dinner took place at the London Tavern in the evening of the same day, the duties of chairman being delegated to Mr. Charles Dickens, who from the very beginning of his public career had always manifested a remarkable aptitude for that responsible office.

“The following account of the affair was afterwards published by a gentleman who was present on the occasion: —

“‘The Thackeray dinner was a triumph. Covers, we are assured, were laid for sixty; and sixty and no more sat down precisely at the minute named, to do honor to the great novelist. Sixty very hearty shakes of the hand did Thackeray receive from sixty friends on that occasion; and hearty cheers from sixty vociferous and friendly tongues followed the chairman’s — Mr. Charles Dickens — proposal of his health, and of wishes for his speedy and successful return among us. Dickens — the best after-dinner speaker now alive — was never happier. He spoke as if he was fully conscious that it was a great occasion, and that the absence of even one reporter was a matter of congratulation, affording ample room to unbend. The table was in the shape of a horse-shoe, having two vice-chairmen, and this circumstance was wrought up and played with by Dickens in the true Sam Weller and Charles Dickens manner. Thackeray, who is far from what is called a good speaker, outdid himself. There was his usual hesitation; but this hesitation becomes his manner of speaking and his matter, and is never unpleasant to his hearers, though

it is, we are assured, most irksome to himself. This speech was full of pathos and humor and oddity, with bits of prepared parts imperfectly recollected, but most happily made good by the felicities of the passing moment. Like "The Last Minstrel,"

"“Each blank in faithless memory’s void
The poet’s glowing thought supplied.”"

"It was a speech to remember for its earnestness of purpose and its undoubted originality. Then the chairman quitted, and many near and at a distance quitted with him. Thackeray was on the move with the chairman, when, inspired by the moment, Jerrold took the chair, and Thackeray remained. Who is to chronicle what now passed?—what passages of wit, what neat and pleasant sarcastic speeches in proposing healths, what varied and pleasant, ay, and at times sarcastic acknowledgments? Up to the time when Dickens left, a good reporter might have given all, and with care, to future ages; but there could be no reporting what followed. There were words too nimble and too full of flame for a dozen Gurneys, all ears, to catch and preserve. Few will forget that night. There was an "air of wit" about the room for three days after,—enough to make the two companies, though downright fools, right witty."

"I am now fortunately enabled to give the original draft of the speech thus pictured, and which, as I have just stated, was written by me, to Mr. Thackeray's dictation, on the morning of the dinner. It will be seen from the occasional vacant spaces that the writer of the above was correct in assuming that the speaker had intentionally left blanks with the view of supplying them at the moment. Some few sentences will be found to be quite incomplete, but it is not very difficult to conjecture how Mr. Thackeray would fill them up; though I believe I am right in saying that the speech as delivered fell far short of the speech as written. The latter has never been out of my possession since it came from Mr. Thackeray's lips, for having once tested his power and brought to light the thoughts which animated him, he did not care for the MS., and did not even read it. I subjoin it, *ipsissima verba* :—

"I know great numbers of us here present have been invited to a neighboring palace, where turtle, champagne, and all good things are as plentiful almost as here, and where there reigns a civic monarch with a splendid court of officers, &c. The sort of greeting that I had myself to-day—this splendor, &c.—the bevy in the anteroom—have filled my bosom with an elation with which no doubt Sir Francis Graham Moon's throbs. I am surrounded by respectful friends, &c.,—and I feel myself like a Lord Mayor. To his lordship's delight and magnificence there is a drawback. In the fountain of his pleasure there surges a bitter. He is thinking about the ninth of November, and I about the thirteenth of October.

"Some years since, when I was younger and used to frequent jolly

assemblies, I wrote a Bacchanalian song, to be chanted after dinner, &c. I wish some one would sing that song now to the tune of the "Dead March in Saul," &c., not for me—I am miserable enough—but for you, who seem in a great deal too good spirits. I tell you I am not—all the drink in Mr. Bathe's cellar won't make me. There may be sherry there five hundred years old; Columbus may have taken it out from Cadiz with him when he went to discover America; and it won't make me jolly, &c.; and yet, entirely unsatisfactory as this feast is to me, I should like some more. Why can't you give me some more? I don't care about them costing two guineas a head. It is not the turtle I value. Let us go to Simpson's fish ordinary, or to Bertolini's, or John o' Groats', &c.—I don't want to go away—I cling round the mahogany-tree.

"In the course of my profound and extensive reading, I have found it is the habit of the English nation to give dinners to the unfortunate. I have been living lately with some worthy singular fellows one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty years old. I find that upon certain occasions the greatest attention was always paid them. They might call for anything they liked for dinner. My friend Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, about one hundred and nine years since, I think, partook very cheerfully of minced veal and sack before he was going on his journey.—Lord Ferrers (Rice). I could tell you a dozen jolly stories about feasts of this sort. I remember a particularly jolly one at which I was present, and which took place at least nine hundred years ago. My friend, Mr. Macready, gave it at Forres Castle, North Britain, Covent Garden. That was a magnificent affair indeed. The tables were piled with most splendid fruits: gorgeous dish-covers glittered in endless perspective. Macbeth,—Macready I mean,—taking up a huge gold beaker, shining with enormous gems that must have been worth many hundred millions of money, filled it out of a gold six-gallon jug, and drank courteously to the general health of the whole table. Why did he put it down? What made him, in the midst of that jolly party, appear so haggard and melancholy? It was because he saw before him the ghost of John Cooper, with chalked face, and an immense streak of vermilion painted across his throat! No wonder he was disturbed. In like manner, I have before me at this minute the horrid figure of a steward, with a basin perhaps, or a glass of brandy and water, which he will press me to drink, and which I shall try and swallow, and which won't make me any better,—I know it won't.

"Then there's the dinner which we all of us must remember in our schoolboy days, and which took place twice or thrice a year at home, on the day before Dr. Birch expected his young friends to re-assemble at his academy, Rodwell Regis. Don't you remember how the morning was spent? how you went about taking leave of the garden, and the old mare and foal, and the paddock, and the pointers in the kennel? and how your little sister wistfully kept at your side all day? and how you went and looked at that confounded trunk which old Martha was packing

with the new shirts, and at that heavy cake packed up in the play-box? and how kind "the governor" was all day? and how at dinner he said "Jack, or Tom, pass the bottle," in a very cheery voice? and how your mother had got the dishes she knew you liked best? and how you had the wing instead of the leg, which used to be your ordinary share? and how that dear, delightful, hot, raspberry, roley-poley pudding, good as it was, and fondly beloved by you, yet somehow had the effect of the notorious school stickjaw, and choked you and stuck in your throat? and how the gig came? and then how you heard the whirl of mail-coach wheels and the tooting of the guard's horn, as, with an odious punctuality, the mail and the four horses came galloping over the hill? "Shake hands! good-by! God bless everybody! Don't cry, sister!" and to-morrow we begin with Dr. Birch and six months at Rodwell Regis.

"'But after six months came the holidays again, &c., &c., &c.'"

In a speech delivered in 1849,—which is an excellent sample of his point of view in regard to his own vocation,—he confessed that he had forgotten his written words. But he was in a fair humor and so gossiped on:—

"I suppose, Mr. Chairman, years ago when you had a duty to perform, you did not think much about, or look to, what men of genius and men of eloquence in England might say of you; but you went and you did your best with all your power. And what was the result? You determined to do your best on the next occasion. I believe that is the philosophy of what I have been doing in the course of my life. I don't know whether it has tended to fame, or to laughter, or to seriousness; but I have tried to say the truth, and as far as I know, I have tried to describe what I saw before me, as best I might, and to like my neighbor as well as my neighbor would let me like him. All the rest of the speech which I had prepared has fled into thin air: the only part of it which I remember, was an apology for, or rather an encomium of, the profession of us novelists, which, I am bound to say, for the honor of our calling, ought to rank with the very greatest literary occupations. Why should historians take precedence of us? Our personages are as real as theirs. For instance, I maintain that our friends Parson Adams and Dr. Primrose are characters as authentic as Dr. Sacheverell or Dr. Warburton, or any reverend personage of their times. *Gil Blas* is quite as real and as good a man as the Duke of Lerma, and, I believe, a great deal more so. I was thinking, too, that Don Quixote was to my mind as real a man as Don John or the Duke of Alva; and then I was turning to the history of a gentleman of whom I am particularly fond,—a schoolfellow of mine before Dr. Russell's time. I was turning to the life and history of one with whom we are all acquainted; and that is one Mr. Joseph Addison, who, I remember, was made Under-Secretary of State at one period of his life, under another celebrated man, Sir Charles Hedges, I think it was, but it is now so long ago I am not sure. But I have no doubt Mr. Addison was much more

proud of his connection with Sir Charles Hedges, and his place in Downing Street, and his red box, and his quarter's salary punctually and regularly paid, — I dare say he was much more proud of these than of any literary honor which he received, such as being the author of 'The Tour to Italy,' and 'The Campaign.' But after all, though he was indubitably connected with Sir Charles Hedges, there was another knight with whom he was much more connected; and that was a certain Sir Roger de Coverley, whom we have always loved, and believed in a thousand times better than a thousand Sir Charles Hedges. And as I look round at this, my table, gentlemen, I cannot but perceive that the materials for my favorite romances are never likely to be wanted to future authors."

Thackeray was fond of dwelling on the merits and position of his own profession, — always to claim independence and honor for it. He said, at the 1851 Literary Fund Dinner: —

"I don't believe in the literary man being obliged to resort to ignoble artifices and mean flatteries to get places at the tables of the great, and to enter into society upon sufferance. I don't believe in the patrons of this present day, except such patrons as I am happy to have in you, and as any honest man might be proud to have, and shake by the hand, and be shaken by the hand by. Therefore I propose from this day forward that the oppressed literary man should disappear from among us. The times are altered; the people don't exist; 'the patron and the jail,' praise God, are vanished from out our institutions. It may be possible that the eminent Mr. Edmund Curl stood in the pillory in the time of Queen Anne, who, thank God, is dead: it may be that in the reign of another celebrated monarch of these realms, Queen Elizabeth, authors who abused the persons of honor, would have had their arms cut off on the first offence, and be hanged on the second. Gentlemen, what would be the position of my august friend and patron, Mr. Punch, if that were now the case? Where would be his hands, and his neck, and his ears, and his bowels? He would be disembowelled, and his members cast about the land. We don't want patrons, we want friends; and, I thank God we have them. And as for any idea that our calling is despised by the world, I do, for my part, protest against and deny the whole statement. I have been in all sorts of society in this world, and I never have been despised that I know of. I don't believe there has been a literary man of the slightest merit, or of the slightest mark, who did not greatly advance himself by his literary labors. I see along this august table gentlemen whom I have had the honor of shaking by the hand, and gentlemen whom I should never have called my friends, but for the humble, literary labors I have been engaged in. And, therefore, I say, Don't let us be pitied any more. As for pity being employed upon authors, especially in my branch of the profession, if you will but look at the novelists of the present day, I think you will see it is altogether out of the question to

pity them. We will take, in the first place, if you please, a great novelist who is the great head of a great party in a great assembly in this country. When this celebrated man went into his county to be proposed to represent it, and he was asked on what interest he stood, he nobly said, he stood on his *head*. And who can question the gallantry and brilliancy of that eminent crest of his? and what man will deny the great merit of Mr. Disraeli? Take next another novelist, who writes from his ancestral hall, and addresses John Bull in letters on matters of politics, and John Bull buys eight editions of those letters. Is not this a prospect for a novelist? There is a third, who is employed upon this very evening, heart and hand, — heart and voice, I may say, — on a work of charity. And what is the consequence? The queen of the realm, the greatest nobles of the empire, all the great of the world, will assemble to see him and to do him honor. I say, therefore, Don't let us have pity. I don't want it till I really *do* want it. Of course it is impossible for us to settle the mere prices by which the works of those who amuse the public are to be paid. I am perfectly aware that Signor Twankeydillo, of the Italian Opera, and Mademoiselle Petitpas of the Haymarket, will get a great deal more money in a week, for the skilful exercise of their chest and toes, than I, or you, or any gentlemen, shall be able to get by our brains, and by weeks of hard labor. We cannot help these differences in payment. We know there must be high and low payments in our trade as in all trades; that there must be gluts of the market, and over-production; that there must be successful machinery, and rivals, and brilliant importations from foreign countries; that there must be hands out of employ, and tribulation of workmen. But these ill winds which afflict us blow fortunes to our successors. These are natural evils. It is the progress of the world rather than any evil which we can remedy; and that is why I say this society acts most wisely and justly in endeavoring to remedy, not the chronic distress, but the temporary evil; that it finds a man at the moment of the pinch of necessity, helps him a little, and gives him a 'God speed!' and sends him on his way."

HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

WITHOUT pausing to discuss whether or no William Makepeace Thackeray belonged, as Mr. James Hannay has asserted in his memoir, to "the upper middle class," or to the middle class proper (people are very proud of being on the right side of even the thinnest partitions, in this country), we may note that he was descended from an ancient Saxon race, long rooted in Yorkshire. Mr. Hannay, who delights in the details, records: "His great-grandfather was Dr. Thackeray, of Harrow, who

went to Cambridge in 1710, an excellent scholar and clever man, who partly educated Sir William Jones, and whose epitaph was written by his pupil, Dr. Parr. The son of the doctor married a Miss Webb, of the old English family to which the Brigadier Webb, of Marlborough's wars, belonged, — whose portrait is drawn with something of the geniality of kinsmanship in 'Esmond.' This Thackeray, we believe, was the first of the race to settle in India; where his son also sought his fortunes; and where his grandson, the novelist, was born, — at Calcutta, in 1811. There are numerous descendants of the scholarly old head-master of Harrow scattered over the English Church and in the Indian Service, and traces of the influence of family connections are found all through the books of the man who has made his name famous. The feudal feeling of Scott — which in any case is Scotch rather than English — Thackeray did not share. Heraldry to him had only the quaint interest and prettiness of old china. But it is impossible to appreciate either his philosophy, his style, or his literary position, without remembering that he was a well-born, well-bred, and well-educated gentleman." Thackeray, Hannay relates, used to say that it took three generations to make a gentleman; but he certainly never said it in the spirit in which the author of "Satire and Satirists" repeats it. Thackeray throughout his life was a sincere and thorough Liberal; fastidious in the forms of his rare political activity, but as downright and uncompromising as the noisiest of his party.

Thackeray was sent home from Calcutta at an early age. One of his earliest recollections is a peep at the mighty Napoleon, caged, under the ferocious guardianship of Lowe, in St. Helena; and this stirred within him, when long years later he wrote "The Chronicle of the Drum," after seeing the ashes of the hero carried under the dome of the Invalides. He was educated, like his friend, John Leech, at the Charterhouse, — the Greyfriars of his imaginary work; and for those quiet, studious days he was ever grateful. Mr. Hannay says that in after life he let his Greek slip away from him, but that his acquaintance with the Latin language, and especially the Latin poets, was eminently respectable, and exercised a profound influence over his genius and his diction. From the Charterhouse Thackeray went to Cambridge, leaving without having taken a degree.

Mr. Charles Kent, in his "Footprints on the Road," gives a fuller and more authentic account of Thackeray's advance from childhood to fame and self-won fortune than any I have read. Guarding himself against all unwarrantable intrusions upon the sanctities of private life, Mr. Kent says: —

"We may loiter and chat among the pillars of the peristyle without any infraction of the laws of courtesy, — if we but pause upon the inner threshold, if we abstain from lifting the curtain veiling the porch of the triclinium, if we but bear in remembrance the symbollic rose carved upon

the old classic ceilings over the centre of the banquet-table (the rose ever since those days, or rather nights, of the ancient symposium imparting a proverbial sanctity to social converse). Guided by this rational sense of what is alone allowable to the biographer of those very recently deceased, we would here trace in a few rapid touches the leading points in the path traversed by W. M. Thackeray in his advance from childhood to maturity, — from the period when, as a rough-pated urchin, he first donned the gown doubly famous now as that worn also, once upon a time, by old Flos (Sir Henry Havelock), and by old Codd Colonel (dear Thomas Newcombe), upon entering as a boy-scholar the old monastic Charterhouse. There, among the Cistercians, as he loved to call them, Thackeray received his early education. Removed thence in due course to the university of Cambridge, there, among his contemporaries, were numbered several who were destined, like himself, to achieve some reputation in literature. Foremost among these aspiring striplings, the now laureate, Alfred Tennyson. Noticeable among them — in a lesser and varied degree — Mitchell Kemble, the late gifted Saxon antiquary; Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton; Alexander Kingslake, author of the brilliant, cynical ‘Eothen;’ with that other famous Oriental traveller, upon whom we have already commented, meaning the ill-fated and lamented Eliot Warburton.

“Originally intended for a career at the bar, Mr. Thackeray kept seven or eight terms while at Cambridge, but eventually quitted the university without a degree, bent upon obeying implicitly, and with all reasonable despatch, the earliest promptings of his youthful ambition, then inciting him at the outset of his career to become, in preference to anything else, an artist. In this design he appears to have been encouraged, at the period, by a variety of circumstances. Immediately, for example, upon coming of age, in 1832, he found himself in possession by inheritance, if not of an ample fortune, at any rate of an independence sufficient to justify him in carrying out to the full his own instinctive inclinations. He at once started upon an educational tour, as an art-student, through the principal galleries of the European continent. Pausing for a while in those travels, for the more careful prosecution of his studies at Rome, Thackeray loitered on at his leisure among the academies of Italy and Germany. Thither, indeed, while yet a minor, he had found his way, pencil in hand, into the midst of the refined society of Weimar, — then, in 1831, still recognized as the intellectual capital of the whole Teutonic confederation.

“At nineteen his artistic powers, like those of Olive Newcome, were chiefly remarkable for the extravagant and rapid drollery of his quaintly-scribbled caricatures, — comical sketches of situation and character, dashed off in pen and ink, *currente calamo*, for the delighted amusement of his acquaintances. ‘Among the English who lived in Weimar during those days,’ writes Mr. Lewes, in his masterly ‘Life of Goethe’ (book vii., chap. 8, p. 553), ‘was a youth whose name is now carried in triumph

wherever English literature is cherished — I allude to William Makepeace Thackeray:’ the biographer adding, ‘and Weimar albums still display with pride the caricatures which the young satirist sketched at that period.’ Several of these bizarre scraps of pictorial fun were shown at the time to Goethe, to the great author’s unspeakable amusement. And at last there came the day, marked thenceforth with a white stone in the calendar of the young Englishman, when the venerable German poet gave audience to the caricaturist. The interview has happily been described by Mr. Thackeray himself, in that charming letter, penned nearly one quarter of a century after the occurrence it describes, dated, ‘London, 18th April, 1855,’ in which he recounts to Mr. Lewes the circumstances of his converse with the author of ‘Faust.’ Through that epistle, as vividly as through the lorgnette of a stereoscope, we recognize the stately, comely figure, robed in the long, grey redingote, the blooming features beaming radiantly above the white neckcloth, the little red ribbon glowing in the button-hole. *Vidi tantum!* exclaims Thackeray, exultingly, at the close of these delightful recollections.

“Several years passed thus pleasantly over the head of the young art-student, preparing himself with eager but desultory application for those toils in the *atelier* which were never, as it happened, to begin for him in earnest. How it eventually came to pass that, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, art was permanently abandoned by him for letters, he himself humorously related a few years since, upon the occasion of the annual dinner given by the Royal Academy. There, within the walls of the National Gallery, upon Saturday, the 1st of May, 1858, Mr. Thackeray afforded that anecdotal glimpse of his earlier life which was so especially welcome to all who heard it as a fragmentary portion of his autobiography. It was then that Mr. Charles Dickens, having responded to the toast of Literature, Mr. Thackeray, whose name had likewise been coupled with that toast complementarily, supplemented the thanks of Boz with this apt reminiscence: — ‘Had it not been,’ he said, ‘for the direct act of my friend who has just sat down, I should most likely have never been included in the toast which you have been pleased to drink; and I should have tried to be, not a writer, but a painter or designer of pictures. That was the object of my early ambition; and I can remember when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works, of which I cannot mention the name, but which were colored light-green, and came out once a month, that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable. But for that unfortunate blight which came over my artistical existence, it would have been my pride and my pleasure to have endeavored one day to find a place on these walls for one of my performances.’ Happily for us all, that wholesome blight did really descend thus upon the pictorial leaves carried hopefully by William Thackeray to the door of those chambers in

Furnival's Inn, up that staircase thus rendered doubly and delightfully classic ground, being at once the access to the abode of the historian of Mr. Pickwick, and the true starting-point in the literary career subsequently traversed by the author of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Esmond,' and 'The Newcomes.' Shortly before this incident, while he had been sojourning in the French capital, Mr. Thackeray had been industriously, day after day, copying pictures in the gallery of the Louvre. Thenceforth, however, by reason of the above-mentioned timely corrective, the crayon was thrown aside for the goosequill. The art student, forsaking the palette for the standish, settled down resolutely to work out his destinies afresh, and with redoubled zest, in his new capacity as a professional man of letters.

"According to a writer in 'The Edinburgh Review,' Mr. Thackeray illustrated his literary career shortly after its commencement, somewhat notably, by setting on foot and editing, with distinguished ability, a weekly journal, arranged upon the plan of 'The Literary Gazette' and 'Athenæum.' It is generally understood that his pen contributed to the columns of 'The Times' newspaper, during the editing of that greatest of all London journals (it might be said, of all journals in the wide world) by Thomas Barnes, the first of all London journalists. His earliest settled engagement, however, upon the staff of any periodical dates, we believe, from the September of 1836, the very year during which the first great humorous novel by Boz was brought to its triumphant termination. The rejection of certain proffered embellishments for which work, we have seen, had suddenly, during the course of its periodical issue, driven Thackeray from art to literature. Towards the close of that year there was commenced, in London, a daily newspaper called 'The Constitutional.' Mr. Thackeray's step-father occupied from the outset a prominent position in the direction of the establishment. Vanishing though this journal did from the world of letters within a few months after the date of its inauguration, it is interesting to remember the names inscribed upon the catalogue of the contributors. Douglas Jerrold, then fresh from the glories of 'Black-eyed Susan,' was the theatrical critic. Laman Blanchard filled the Rhadamanthine chair as the literary reviewer. Dudley Costello wrote the foreign articles. W. M. Thackeray, taking up his position anew in the gay French capital, efficiently discharged, during the existence of the newspaper, the congenial duties devolving upon him in his official capacity as its Paris correspondent."

Henceforth Thackeray for many years worked in the ranks of periodical literature—but chiefly in "Fraser's Magazine." In Maclise's celebrated cartoon of the Fraser writers at the frequent banquets that were held at 212 Regent Street, he appears a young man not in the foremost rank, and he is between Churchill and Percival Banks, and appears to be eyeing Jordan and Lockhart, who are taking wine together, in sublime unmindfulness of editor Maguinn, who is "on his legs." Indeed, it is

remarkable that not one among all this "Best of all Good Company" is paying the least attention to the chairman. Irving is talking to Mahony (whose portrait strikingly resembles one I have of him taken a few months before his death); D'Orsay, that politest of men, is chatting with Allan Cunningham; Fraser is having a serious conversation with Crofton Croker; and Coleridge has fairly turned his back upon the frolic. In this company Thackeray first gained distinction as a writer. His early progress has been nowhere so fully and authoritatively sketched as in Mr. Kent's pages, to which I return:—

"His earliest distinction was gained in this manner through 'Fraser's Magazine,' for which he wrote month after month, year after year, papers of the most miscellaneous character, some of them of essential evanescence, others peculiarly worthy of preservation,—essays upon art, reviews, tales and social sketches, fantastic squibs, and the quaintest satirical disquisitions. Foremost among these grotesquely humorous contributions to 'Regina' were the nine facetious communications entitled 'The Yellowplush Correspondence.'

"Between the commencement and the completion of the 'Yellowplush Correspondence' occurred one month's omission,—a hiatus auspiciously filled up (under date June, 1838) by those 'strictures on pictures' in 'Fraser's Magazine' which formed, we believe, the earliest acknowledged effusion from the pen of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh. The sequel to this lecture upon the fine arts did not make its appearance in 'Regina' until another twelvemonth had elapsed, when, in June, 1839, Mr. A. Titmarsh again put on the critical spectacles. Afterwards (it was in the ensuing December) there was brought to light, through the same channel, that ingenious 'Letter to Macgillp on the French School of Painting' which, a few months later, formed part and parcel of our author's first substantive publication. This, in truth, was no other than 'The Paris Sketch Book, by Mr. Titmarsh,'—a couple of volumes composed of miscellaneous papers, several entirely new, though the majority of them were simply reprinted from the periodicals. Scattered through the letterpress appeared here, for the first time, some of those fantastic little 'designs by the author,' for which—etched on copper-plate, pencilled on wood blocks—Mr. Thackeray's writing so often afterwards became whimsically remarkable,—productions of art, some of them almost as funny, most of them nearly as inartistic, as even Tom Hood's pictorial comicalities. As a draughtsman Mr. Thackeray employed the crayon and the needle habitually with too careless a rapidity ever to effect more, by their twittering movement over level box or varnished metal, than to tickle his reader now and then into a cordial burst of laughter. With much of the grotesque genius of the caricaturist, he had but little of his manipulative dexterity,—scarcely any indeed beyond that evidenced by the extraordinary speed with which, literally in a twinkling, he produced those fantastic embellishments; occasionally, it must be confessed, dashing off thus

rapidly on an initial letter characterized by an effect the most exquisitely ludicrous. Instance this one of the latter, that is an initial letter prefixed to a chapter about midway in 'Vanity Fair,' in the which a small boy and girl balance upon their tiptoes to a degree beyond the endurance of any one's gravity, — attaining an acme of absurdity upon their pumps beyond the possibility of an eclipse by any similar imagining of Leech or of Cruikshank.

"The following year, 1841, witnessed Mr. Titmarsh's re-appearance before the reviewers, bearing in his hand this time, however, only a miniature volume, in which he recounted in three letters, addressed to Miss Smith of London, the incidents accompanying the obsequies famous thenceforth in history as 'The Second Funeral of Napoleon.' It was a timely effusion enough — not by any means one in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase *à propos de boths*, being, in point of fact, literally *à propos* to the celebrated jack-boots of the Little Corporal! boots, by the way, far beyond the seven-leagued boots of the old nursery tale, — having traversed kingdoms and empires during the wearer's lifetime in strides preternaturally gigantesque, and now, after death, carrying him at one stride from Slane's Valley, under the shadow of the willows of St. Helena, to his place of final and imperial sepulture under the dome of the Invalides.

"Although Mr. Titmarsh is a true Briton, and therefore appears to have felt somehow constrained to look with an eye askance upon the pageant he has recently been witnessing, he cannot help blurting out, once in a way, an indication of hero-worship worthy of a true Bonapartist. Relating the historic fact, how the old soldiers and the villagers walked miles upon miles across country to the borders of the Seine, in order that they might see the boat pass by with its twinkling *chapelle ardente*; and how those veterans and peasants there knelt down on the banks of the river, and prayed with streaming eyes for the repose of the soul of the emperor and king Napoleon, Thackeray cannot help exclaiming, 'Something great and good *must* have been in this man; something loving and kindly, that has kept his name so cherished in the popular memory, and gained him such lasting reverence and affection.' Yet, for all that, the letters are written in a sardonic spirit throughout; even from the commencement of the first epistle, in which there is sarcastic talk about that veritable banyan-tree, spreading and dropping tendrils down and taking fresh root, and expanding into a wider and yet wider forest perpetually, — the Humbug Plant! Nay, so little is the enthusiasm of the writer kindled by the spectacle at which he is assisting; so feebly is his record of it colored with anything like infatuation; so keen a regard still does he preserve for the ludicrous, in the midst of the ceremonial of the re-interment, — that he there makes that most ridiculous mention of the signal-cry uttered by the Commandant of the National Guard; the signal that, reverberating in the silence of the sacred edifice, sounded in Mr. Titmarsh's profane ears like nothing less

supremely absurd than 'Harrum—Hump!' Yet, in expiation, so to speak, of what might seem but flippant in the eyes of another even than an imperialist, there is appended to the prose narrative of the Second Funeral, the poetic 'Chronicle of the Drum,' a ballad history recounting the warlike glories of France from the days of the great Condé to those of the greater Napoleon, —

“‘The story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum.’

“It is appropriately chanted — this stirring war-song — by the lips of the veteran Pierre, one of the Emperor's old guardsmen. As the grizzled warrior sings to us, —

“‘This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it,
(God bless him!) it covers a blow.
I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat my drum in the snow.’

“We needs must listen to the close: we are under the glamor of an eye as glittering as that of 'The Ancient Mariner.' Altogether, this ditty is, perhaps, the best sustained among the lyrical efforts of Mr. Thackeray. And although it might with truth be described as also one of the most successful, it is far from being our own peculiar favorite. Better than this that charming reminiscence of the Temple, 'The Cane-bottomed Chair;' trotting off with, —

“‘In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket, perfumed with cigars;
Away from the world, with its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.’

“Most beautiful that homely realm of day-dreams, because there, in the embrace of that old cane-bottomed chair, Fanny one morning sat enthroned so bewitchingly, —

“‘It was but a moment she sat in this place.
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair.
And she sate there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.’

“Better to us than that roaring, blood-bespattered 'Chronicle of the Drum,' the delectable souvenir of Paris life preserved to us in 'The Ballad of Bonillabaisse,' —

“‘When first I saw ye, *cari heoght*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face;
And now a grizzled, grim old togy,
I sit and wait for Bonillabaisse.’

“Better, ah, how immeasurably better the cordial hand-grasp of each line of 'The Mahogany-Tree!' —

“Here let us sport,
Boys as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.’

“Still sing on with us, warm heart, large heart, and gentle,—

“Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust,
We sing round the tree.’

“Surely this is the dear old song of home for us all. As such we prize it, as such we love it. This, if we must perforce make choice from among them, we may perhaps select as, among all the lyrics of Thackeray, our own especial favorite.”

I, who have heard Thackeray sing his songs in his happy moments,—his “Reverend Doctor Luther” among them,—can hardly say that it was not his best. “The Mahogany-Tree,” as Horace Mayhew sang it in his early time, was the most delightful rendering of it I can call to mind. Let us now turn to Mr. Kent’s rapid and finely-critical description of Thackeray’s best and more important work:—

“Although our writer during the first lustre of his career as a man of letters had given frequent evidence of his abilities, he had done so for the most part merely with the average brilliancy of a magazine contributor and a newspaper correspondent. His wit had sparkled hitherto only in fitful and momentary scintillations. His *métier* seemed to be simply the facetious; his mission, to crack jokes anonymously. We question very much whether he himself had any confidence whatever, even until a long while afterwards, in his own capacity to realize, however remotely in the hereafter, what must, in spite of his own diffidence and self-depreciation, have colored at intervals the day-dream of his ambition; namely, the hope of taking first rank among the great masters of English literature. Employing a grotesque image, that may yet not inaptly express his own unconsciousness of his power at the outset of his career, and of the marvellous capabilities of the magical little instrument in his hand, he might be described as merely whistling and blowing catcalls, where he was ultimately to breathe the music of a pure and original genius—through the trivial orifice of a quill, which, at the touch of the lip of genius, becomes, more resonantly than the golden horn of Clio, the

trumpet of immortality. Added to which, he was talking so long under masks, in feigned accents, that we were without the opportunity even of detecting the depth or the sweetness of his own natural intonations. Hushed at last the guttural croakings of the Fat Contributor, the shrill but variable treble of Spec, and Snob, and divers other whimsical minor individualities; abandoned at length (with a sigh) what he himself rapturously designates 'that peculiar, unspellable, inimitable, flunkified pronunciation,' with which Whatdy'ecallum, in Mr. T.'s own tragic record of Gray's dinner (chops and roly-poly pudding) to Goldmore, asks the latter 'Whawt toim will you please have the *cage*, sir?'—then, at length, but not sooner, we could hear the tears in the voice of Thackeray.

"Beyond any doubt whatever, the earliest indication of the real strength and scope of his rare gifts as a writer, both of humor and of sensibility, was afforded through that fantastic narrative, 'The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond,' a story begun in 'Fraser's Magazine' towards the end of 1841, the first instalment of the thirteen chapters appearing in the number for September. It was not until eight years afterwards—when the writer had sprung at last by a single bound into a recognized popularity—that the tale of 'The Hoggarty Diamond' was placed substantially before us as a separate publication. Yet the charms of the little fiction, the exquisite merits scattered up and down it, were recognized by the more observing almost immediately upon its periodical issue, even within the first quarter from the date of its commencement. A letter of John Stirling's—affording proof positive of this early appreciation—a letter addressed by Stirling to his mother, under date December 11th, 1841, may be found in evidence of what we are here saying, in Mr. Carlyle's life of that thunderer among London journalists. 'I have seen no new book,' writes Stirling in this epistle; but he adds immediately, 'I have got hold of the two first numbers of "The Hoggarty Diamond," and read them with extreme delight. What is there better?' he asks, defiantly: 'What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? The man is a true genius; and, with quiet and comfort, might produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers than in —'s novels together.' Who — may possibly be, we are left of course to conjecture. It is but a spiteful and jealous stab in the dark, aimed with a pointless printer's dash at somebody whose identity we care not to distinguish. But the appreciative panegyric of the friend then, and for that matter during several years afterwards, altogether 'unknown to fame' beyond the radius of a genial literary coterie,—that assuredly is as explicit and as emphatic as any heartfelt and unstudied eulogium well could be. Insomuch that Thomas Carlyle, after quoting those earnest words of praise in his biography of 'The Thunderer,' is fain to add, by way of comment (p. 287), 'Thackeray, always a close friend of the Stirling House, will observe that this is

dated 1841, and not 1851, and have his own reflections on the matter.' It is not, after all, very surprising, however, to note the cordiality of those encomiastic and even prophetic words of Stirling, if we come to turn over once more those leaves of ready fun and frolic, of sportive sarcasm and unaffected tenderness, through which we hear so many strange but soon familiar voices; a few among them, at rare intervals, thrilling us with simple accents into tears; the majority provoking us to secret merriment, or, better still, coming down upon us plump with sleeveless errands of laughter! Don't we yet listen delighted to the quavering tones of old Aunt Susy descanting upon the great Mulcahy's *shy deuver*, 'the p — the por — the portrait of her sainted Hoggarty,' let into that dreadful machine, the locket ('about the size of the lid of a shaving-box'), upon the margin of which blazes the great diamond, the heirloom of the Hoggarties? Don't we still watch with malicious satisfaction the convulsive features of Samuel, the nephew, as he gulps down repeated doses of that abhorred black-currant wine, idealized under the mellifluous title of Rosolio? Have we not a glance of the evil eye yet, flashed back from our indignation of old, in regard to that sanctimonious Brough, the swindling manager of the West Diddlesex Association? Cannot we find one little morsel of fricasseed toad left still to eat at the hospitable board of the Dowager Countess of Drum? or a single hair of the tuft upon the chin of that West-end Riquet, the radiant Earl of Tiptoff, to hunt a brief while longer down the broad sweep of Rotten Row, or round the curl of the Ring, or through the mazy involutions of Belgravia? As for the minor characters, or more vulgar entities introduced among the throng of those more elevated personages, they may, it is true, be meaner studies for the artist, but they acquire more distinctly under his hand the sharp outline and the warm tints of verisimilitude. Instance, let us say, that priggish young clerk, Bob Swinney, with his 'Sir, to you,' when summoned to appear before his principal, — a sort of shadowy silhouette of the immortal Swiveller! or good-natured Gus Hoskins, the dim precursor of that delightful gent in Pendennis! It is, however, around the fresh, wholesome little womanly figure of dear Miss Mary Smith that was, young Mrs. Samuel Titmarsh that is, and as such, through her husband, possessoreess for the time being of the Great Hoggarty Diamond, that the one real charm of the book revolves. She is the central point of the magic circle, drawn here by his pen's tip in this initial fiction of Mr. Thackeray. Listen to that crowning incident in her home-life, as related by worthy Mrs. Stokes, the landlady, the incident occurring shortly after the death of the heroine's first-born, when she hopes to extricate her husband from his pecuniary troubles, by obtaining the post of wet-nurse in the Countess of Tiptoff's establishment. "Poor thing!" said my lady [who has just heard from the narrator the twofold sorrows, driving the bereaved young mother in quest of this peculiar and lowly situation]; "Poor thing!" said my lady. Mrs. Titmarsh did not speak, but kept looking at the baby; and the great, big grenadier of a Mrs. Honner

[another applicant] looked angrily at her. "Poor thing!" says my lady, taking Mrs. T's. hand very kind, "she seems very young. How old are you, my dear?"—"Five weeks and two days!" says your wife, sobbing. Mrs. Honner burst into a laugh; but there was a tear in my lady's eyes, for she knew what the poor thing was a-thinking of.' Thus, in that thirteenth chapter of 'The Hoggarty Diamond,' as surely as the Master Bet writ in the third scene of his third act of 'Troilus and Cressida,'—

"'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,'"

the countess takes the ex-clerk's wife as a sister in her embrace, while the reader's mind leaps at the same instant to the recognition of the unmistakable sign-manual of genius,—the expression of that sweet and true and exquisite pathos, which is the inseparable and inevitable characteristic of the world's great original humorists.

"Already, within the year which witnessed towards its close the commencement of this earliest of the serial stories of Mr. Thackeray, there had been collected together from magazines or from manuscript two volumes of his miscellaneous effusions, designated simply and explicitly on the title-page, 'Comic Tales and Sketches.' Anonymously and gradually the future novelist was stealing his way to public notice under all kinds of whimsical *soubriquets*, and through a great variety of popular periodicals. Sometimes, for example, in that preposterous story of 'Little Spity,' which many a reader of 'Cruikshank's Omnibus' must about this time have cried with laughing over, through the medium of an independent specimen of broad humor, that tasked to its utmost even the illustrative drollery of the pencil of that prince and paragon of caricaturists. Beyond the original monthly outlet for Thackeray's satirical and humorous fancies, namely, the double-columned pages of 'Fraser's Magazine,' there was started precisely at the right moment for his own powers, as for those also of so many of his literary intimates and collaborateurs, that wonderful weekly repertory of fun; in other words, that delightful little hunchback, 'Punch,' whose jesting has had in its day sufficient originality, and, for that matter, also sufficient nationality about it to make us often regret exceedingly its never yet having dropped its second title of 'The London Charivari.'

"By hebdomadal instalments, by monthly instalments; through 'Punch,' through 'Fraser,' Thackeray by degrees numbered up so many good things, that these of themselves when acknowledged, apart from his other more elaborate writings, would have sufficed to secure for him in the end a reputation.

"For the most part these piecemeal effusions have never yet been issued from the press of England in an independent form, save in their collective form as portions of the four volumes of the author's 'Miscellanies.' Several among them, however, upon the opposite shores of the Atlantic had long previously achieved the honors of separate publication.

It was thus with the sarcastic 'Confessions of Fitzboodle,' coupled with the record of 'Major Gahagan's Tremendous Adventures,' that exaggeration even upon the extravagance of the mendacious and redoubtable Baron Munchausen. It was thus, too, with the quaint portraiture of 'Men's Wives,' meaning the model wives of Frank Berry and Dennis Hoggarty. Thus, likewise, had it been in America with regard to 'A Shabby Genteel Story,' — eked out as a volume by several minor tales in the form of a supplement, — that cynical story which relates with pitiless particularity, among other kindred incidents, the painful ceremonial of a shabby-genteel dinner. Another of those unique American reprints, again, was an agreeable little *omnium gatherum* volume, embracing within the compass of 306 pages, 16mo, 'Punch's Prize Novelists,' 'The Fat Contributor,' and 'Travels in London,' — all these thus reprinted together being announced upon that New York title-page as 'By W. M. Thackeray,' the earliest revelation of which name in authorship, if we remember rightly, occurred, however, in our own country in connection with a work now requiring to be particularized. It was a revelation, however, of that now famous name, not upon a title-page, but at the close of an epistolary dedication. The production itself savored somewhat, it must be confessed, of book-making. This was no other than 'The Irish Sketch Book,' by Mr. Titmarsh, a sketch-book, the letter-press of which was disfigured here and there by a few of the author's prejudices, and here and there also by a few more of his illustrations. The description therein attempted to be given of Ireland and the Irish is, of course, by this time very much after date. It could hardly be expected, therefore, to bear much resemblance to what Ireland and the Irish actually are to our own present knowledge. But viewing the sister island retrospectively, as it undoubtedly was when the pencillings of Mr. Titmarsh were but first freshly jotted down upon the leaves of his sketch-book, the limning is not by any means so much the reflective limning of a faithful portraiture, as it is one characterized by the bizarre distortions of the veritable caricature. It is a hastily-finished picture — painted in distemper. The general tone of it might be most aptly described as sad-colored. Viewing it in its own ostensible character as a sketch-book, the effect produced was rather dispiriting and monotonous. The outlines were in Indian ink, and the shading neutral-tinted. So undisguisedly is it in parts an exemplar of the merest book-making, that the commencement of it is really little more than a contrasting reprint from the liberal Catholic 'Morning Register,' and from the independent Conservative 'Saunders' News Letter.' The dedicatory epistle, at the close of which Mr. Thackeray here for the first time plucked off for a moment the comic mask of Titmarsh, revealing under that facetious pseudonym his own earnest individuality, was addressed in the genial spirit of a frank and cordial friendship to Charles Lever, then editor of 'The Dublin University Magazine.' 'Harry Lorrequer,' quoth the first sentence of the letter, 'needs no complimenting in a dedication; and' continues the writer with an exemplary affecta-

tion of bashfulness, 'I would not venture to inscribe this volume to the editor of "The Dublin University Magazine," who, I fear, must disapprove of a great deal which it contains. But,' he adds — and the sarcasm lurking in the words that follow seems to drop more befittingly from the searing steel pen of W. M. Thackeray than from the playfully-tittering goose-quill of M. A. Titmarsh — 'allow me,' he writes, 'to dedicate my book to a good Irishman, the hearty charity of whose visionary red-coats some substantial personages in black might imitate to advantage.' The ingredients in the ink thus trailed across the paper as far back as the 27th of April, 1843, from the point of that iron stylus, for long afterwards lost none of their poignant efficacy, either in sparkle or in bitterness. The caustic for years still bit; the phosphorus still glimmered out in luminous scintillations.

"That our English traveller carries with him everywhere through Ireland a microscopic eye for spots and blemishes, he indicates whimsically enough at the very outset. He has scarcely landed at Kingstown, when wandering through the streets, he recognizes nothing more vividly than its 'shabby milliners and tailors, with fly-blown prints of old fashions,' — peculiarities, of course, altogether invisible in the suburban districts of London and Westminster. Following no settled plans in his peregrinations, Mr. Thackeray allows his narrative to meander, in the track of his footprints, hither and thither discursively as the whim prompts; or, what is yet more potent with your pleasure tourist — the weather. 'A Summer's Day in Dublin,' agreeably depicted, is followed by a true cockney's description of 'A Country House in Kildare.' And so onward by the clattering car from Carlow to Waterford! Occasionally, the future dreaded cynic of all such scribes as affect to clamber into the pulpit, and to talk there didactically *ex cathedra*, cannot himself resist a momentary impulse to write as it were *preense*, in the midst of his waggeries, up to some high moral purpose, to the championship of some great social or political innovation. Here again, for example, as already in 'The Paris Sketch Book,' we find him advocating upon principle, and from the depth of his own humane convictions, the absolute remission of the supreme penalty of capital punishment. Sometimes, too, the keen-witted ex-artist turned bookman gives evidence of his capacity, let us say, to take the measurement of an agricultural district by a better standard than the breadth of his ruler or the length of his mahl-stick. Thus, so many long years ago, he estimates with shrewd discernment at its right value, the then new and almost untried manure of guano, as compared with bone-dust or with Murray's composition, — acknowledging (vol. i. p. 57) that 'the bone-dust run guano very hard,' but that the 'composition was clearly distanced.' At intervals, Mr. Titmarsh still contrives by a single felicitous epithet to hit off in a twinkling a whole vivid description: as where, upon crossing the Suir, he says they 'went over the thundering old wooden bridge to Waterford.' Is there not a glimpse, too, of the mannerism of that quiet humor with which we afterwards became so

perfectly well acquainted, but that then was so new to us all, where he describes that house in Cork with 'a fine tester bed in the best room, where my lady might catch cold in state in the midst of yawning chimneys?' Better still, is there not a premonitory flavor — something like that which Count Xavier de Maistre alludes to in his delightful 'Journey Round my Room' (chap. lxii), where he writes, 'It is thus that one experiences a pleasant foretaste of acid when one cuts a lemon'? Is there not a foretaste here of the 'Lectures upon the English Humorists' of ten years afterwards, where in this 'Irish Sketch Book' (vol. i. p. 24), he muses over that mask of Swift's dead face preserved in Trinity College, wondering over those painful, almost awful, lineaments of Dean Jonathan, — 'the tall forehead fallen away in a ruin, the mouth settled in a hideous, vacant smile?' Best of all, however, in these two earlier volumes from the hand of Thackeray, as an unmistakable foreshadowing of his veritable presence as later on revealed in its actual proportions, — best of all, as such, is that little incidental mention here (chap. vi.) in the description given of the Ursuline Convent, at Blackrock, of the nun guiding him proudly among the 'little collection of gimcracks,' dignified with the title of museum among the sisterhood. As he recalls to recollection how the young nun went prattling on before him, leading him hither and thither, 'like a child showing her toys,' Mr. Thackeray asks his reader, in words of infinite tenderness, — asks his reader in a voice afterwards thrilling familiarly to the hearts of many hundreds of thousands, — 'What strange mixture of pity and pleasure is it which comes over you sometimes, when a child takes you by the hand and leads you up solemnly to some little treasure of its own — a feather, or a string of glass beads? I declare I have looked at such,' he adds, 'with more delight than at diamonds, and felt the same sort of soft wonder examining the nun's little treasure-chamber.' It is but a casual fragment, this, from Mr. Titmarsh's 'Irish Sketch Book;' but it is a thought expressed in words not unworthy of the author, later on, of 'Esmond' and 'The Newcomes.'

"The following year, 1844, witnessed the production by Mr. Thackeray of another serial tale, issued still anonymously, however, though this time under another *nom de plume*, through the pages of 'Fraser's Magazine.' The narrative itself was entitled 'The Luck of Barry Lyndon,' the writer of it assuming to be one George Fitzboodle. It afterwards achieved the honor of a separate reprint both at Paris and at New York, though at home it has merely been republished, we believe, as an integral portion of the four volumes of Mr. Thackeray's collected 'Miscellanies.' Meanwhile the weekly quarto pages of 'Punch' had been affording the author of 'Barry Lyndon' more frequent and effective opportunities for the display of his rare and original genius as a satirist, — as the one destined to take rank very speedily, by universal assent, as the master satirist of our generation. Yet acrid to the last degree of acridity although he was already demonstrating himself to be, as a

satirist, as a critic Mr. Thackeray was about this time frequently proving, as he had often proved before, and as he so often proved afterwards, genial to the utmost limits of geniality, overflowing with a grateful, cordial, generous, enthusiastic appreciation. This romance of the last century, 'Barry Lyndon' to wit, had scarcely been commenced, — the first instalment of it appearing in January, 1844, — when in the number of 'Fraser' for the ensuing month of February there came forth a kind of collective review, entitled 'A Box of Novels.' This delectable paper, signed with the well-known initials, 'M. A. T.,' is still noticeable, though never since reprinted, as a critical argument containing within it one of the most exquisite tributes ever offered to the genius of Charles Dickens *à propos* of that glorious 'Christmas Carol' which notwithstanding its brevity, we are almost tempted to select from among all the now voluminous writings of Boz as pre-eminently his masterpiece.

"Perhaps Charles Dickens has had no more ardent admirer — he certainly never had any more unstinted panegyrist — than the very author whose writings, during so many subsequent years, have been absurdly held up by certain bungling enthusiasts in contrast to the works of Boz, with a view to the depreciation of that delightful genius. Mr. Thackeray must often, we doubt not, have been of all men about the first to laugh to very scorn the conclusions thus arrived at by some of his more infatuated encomiasts. According to those eccentric logicians, when 'Vanity Fair' appeared 'Pickwick' ceased to be! The publication of 'Pendennis' rendered 'David Copperfield' non-existent! Nay, the caustic worldly wit and wisdom of the anatomist of the snobs of England, according to this newly-discovered mode of reasoning, suddenly invested with a heinous but nameless guilt those extraordinary powers, both pathetic and humorous, which had previously won for Charles Dickens a popularity that has never been surpassed, if it has ever been equalled, during his own lifetime, by any one purely and simply a writer of imagination. Mr. Thackeray in his time effectively illustrated his own vivid appreciation of the distinct difference (a difference discernible, one might have thought, at a glance) between his own powers, style, tendencies, idiosyncrasy, and those of his great contemporary, where the former has related in one of his charming colloquial discourses how his own children once upon a time posed him with the query, Why he did not write a novel like 'Nicholas Nickleby?' It is, to our thinking, in the peculiar combination in Thackeray's genius — in the very pith and marrow of his genius — of the distinctive and vividly-contrasting attributes of the satirist and humorist, that his chief excellence lies. It is as if his pen alternately, at his own variable whim and pleasure, dropped honey and vitriol. It is as if there were blent together in the nature of this one writer the sweetness of Goldsmith and the withering and pitiless scorn of Swift, — the bitterness of satire, in its very intensity, mingled with humor the most genial, humor with all its most graceful, overflowing, and bewitching tenderness. Admiration for the humorist, and admiration for the satirist-humorist of

our time, we would simply insist upon being in no way incompatible. The appreciation of Thackeray does not necessarily imply the depreciation of Dickens, or *vice versa*. There is room enough for all in the vacant niches and upon the unoccupied pedestals of the great Walhalla of Literature. To induct another worthy to his appropriate place of elevation, there is no need to clear the way for him either with the spiteful pencil of a Pasquin or with the blundering hammer of an iconoclast. How utterly distasteful these ridiculous gibes directed against Dickens, with a view to the glorification of Thackeray, must have been to Thackeray himself, any one acquainted with Thackeray's miscellaneous writings may readily enough conjecture, knowing thereby, as the reader of Thackeray does full well, the latter's intense and ever tender admiration for the genius of his great contemporary. Contenting ourselves with one solitary indication of this profound and affectionate appreciation, let us here recall to recollection for a moment the musings of our satirist-humorist in his delightful 'Sketches and Travels in London,' where he is startled by 'the melody of Horner's nose, as he lies asleep upon one of the sofas' of the club-house library at the Polyanthus. 'What is he reading?' asks Mr. Brown the traveller, otherwise Mr. Thackeray the great rival novelist. 'Hah! "Pendennis," No. VII.: hum, let us pass on. Have you read "David Copperfield," by the way?' says he, turning round upon his reader in a glow of unaffected delight. 'How beautiful it is, how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humor, — and I should call humor, Bob, a mixture of love and wit, — who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind, — to grown folks, — to their children, and perhaps to their children's children, — but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer: may Heaven further its fulfilment!' Noble and beautiful words surely, words before which should ever afterwards remain dumb and confounded such as might yet meditate testifying their admiration for Thackeray by depreciating Dickens, — 'that great genius' whose writings Thackeray loved and honored not less than any other man out of the huge multitude of his contemporaries! an eulogium, by the way, the impressive close of which, Mr. Thackeray failed even then to recognize, comprised within it an orison for his own guidance by the handmaids of Providence!

"By this cursory mention, however, of Mr. Brown's 'London Travels and Sketches,' we are inadvertently anticipating. Mr. Brown had been preceded some five years by Mr. Snob, while Mr. Snob in his turn had trod hard upon the heels, if he had not even jostled the elbows, of Mr. de la Pluche. Each of them tripping jauntily, in turn as together, across the conspicuous proscenium of Mr. Punch the manager, — that pleasant little

gentleman (as Mr. Thackeray himself expressed it, long afterwards, through a delightful paper in 'The Quarterly') with the florid nose and the falsetto voice, the 'slight dorsal irregularity' and the just faintly-perceptible ventral protuberance. 'Jeames's Diary' was of course *à propos* of that memorable railway mania which 'The Times' by a single 'leader'—by a single phrase in a 'leader'—brought one fine morning to an abrupt conclusion; 'Chawles Jeames de la Pluche, Esq.,' himself shortly afterwards serving, by the potent agency of ridicule, to complete the catastrophe. Nothing could well be more laughter-moving than the mere orthography of those wondrous autobiographical memoranda of the great archetype and representative-man of Flunkeydom. An anticipative relish of this is given in the very earliest of the entries, i.e. '3d January—Our Beer in the Suvnt's Hall so precious small at this Christmas time, that I reely *muss* give warning.' It was the 'Book of Snobs,' nevertheless, that capped the climax of Mr. Thackeray's successes as an anonymous contributor to the periodicals. It is not only the happiest among all his many felicitous serial papers in 'Punch,' but, beyond that, the most remarkable among all his 'Miscellanies.' Upon this wonderful instrument at once of torture and of execution, 'The Snobs of England'—here of the Million, there of the Upper Ten Thousand—were carefully hung and drawn and quartered by one who duffed himself, after the fashion of Tom Moore's Fadladeen, at the very outset of his labors (as torturer and executioner), 'One of themselves.' How he trots them out here, one after another, in ridiculous procession! Mr. Punch's baton has slipped into his hands, and he deals about him with it unmercifully. Down they go, turn by turn, one at a time, or half a dozen of them together. Anybody comes in for it—everybody; his own knuckles even tingling from the recoil occasionally. Talking of the imitation of the great as a weakness universally apparent, 'Peacock's feathers are stuck in the tails of most families,' quoth he (p. 75): 'Scarce one of us domestic birds but imitates the lanky, pavonine strut, and shrill genteel scream.' Sometimes the careless strokes dealt around him by the comic censor, blight as visibly and instantaneously as a flare of lightning. When pausing, for example, before one of the great houses in Belgravia,—one of those state mansions of 'Vanity Fair,' in reference to which he observes afterwards to his throng of readers in the midst of his noble masterpiece descriptive of it (chap. li., p. 449), 'Dear brethren, let us tremble before these august portals!'—so now previously in his 'Book of Snobs' (chap. vi. p. 24), halting for an instant in front of one of these patrician dwellings, saith he within himself, 'O house, you are inhabited!—O knocker, you are knocked at!—O undressed flunkey, sunning your lazy calves as you lean against the iron railings, you are paid!—by snobs!' And thereupon awfully selecting this same 'tremendous thought,' as he terms it, for immediate illustration, 'Look,' he exclaims, 'at this grand house in the middle of the square. The Earl of Loughcorrib lives there; he has fifty thousand a year. A *déjeuner dansant*

given at his house last week cost, who knows how much? The mere flowers for the room and bouquets for the ladies cost four hundred pounds. That man in drab trousers, coming crying down the steps, is a dun: Lord Loughcorrib has ruined him, and won't see him. That is his lordship, peeping through the blind of his study at him now. Go thy way, Loughcorrib: thou art a snob, a heartless pretender, a hypocrite of hospitality, a rogue who passes forged notes upon society.' Yet, directly afterwards, the darkened face of the cynic dimples over with fun, as he depicts with harmless railing the peculiarities of that wonderful portrait of General Scrapper, — the picture representing the General (who, we are informed, distinguished himself at Walcheren) 'at a parlor-window with red curtains, in the distance a whirlwind in which cannon are firing off,' with other irresistibly-ludicrous particulars. A translation of this witty little book, more exquisitely provocative of merriment, in parts, even than the original (by reason of its being a translation), has presented '*Les Snobs d'Angleterre*' to the wondering contemplation, no doubt, of Monsieur and Madame, our dear French neighbors. It is worth looking at, for a moment, this 'translation,' by those who have the opportunity, if only for the absurdity of the thing, in beholding '*Les Snobs d'Angleterre*' aforesaid, tricked out for the nonce, as it were, in French habiliments, straddling over the *trottoirs*, so to speak, in those marvellous Hessian trousers plaited round the waist, the little dandified *képi* perched on the extreme top of the sturdy British cranium, Mr. Snob pausing, we may suppose, when athirst, to moisten his lips at the leaden counter of some small Parisian wine-shop, with one of those amazing little sips of bitter nothing, the *petits verres d'absinthe*!

"Prior to the apparition in 'Punch' of either the 'Book' or the 'Diary,' Mr. Thackeray had packed his portmanteau, and gone struggling off by the Overland Route, as that voyage across the Mediterranean is, oddly enough, designated, — had gone struggling off to the East in a semi-official, serio-comic sort of a character, — as Mr. P.'s Fat Contributor and Correspondent Extraordinary.

"The journey extended not only, as the title of its ultimate record intimates, 'From Cornhill to Cairo,' but branched off in divers directions, — to Lisbon, to Athens, to Jerusalem, to Constantinople.

"It was commenced in the August of 1844, this pleasant journey eastwards, on board the P. and O. Company's steamer, the 'Lady Mary Wood.' But it was not until more than a twelvemonth afterwards that the notes of travel jotted down by Mr. Thackeray *in transitu* were published in a volume brimmed full from rim to rim of its cover with sparkling facetiousness.

"The traveller seems throughout never to have forgotten for an instant the aim or drift of the whole enterprise. As the Fat Contributor, he appears to imagine that he must be perpetually on the chuckle. Sometimes in the most incongruous and unseemly localities for a jest, he can hardly see for laughing — he can hardly see, at least, that the ground he

treads on is holy ground, and that the awful sanctity of what he himself once designates, even here in his jest-book, 'the great murder of all,' is around him. The mixture of cynicism and scepticism with which he passes by such hallowed regions as the place of the Holy Sepulchre, is almost as offensive as that manifested by his brother Cantab, Mr. Kinglake, in his radiant but refrigerating 'Eothen.' He is nevertheless, in spite of all this, awed for one brief interval into solemnity, by the iron soil and the whole spectacle of branded sterility presented to view on all sides, both within and around the awful city of Jerusalem, — describing as 'the most ghostly sight in the world' the blasted desolation of the wild and rocky valley of Jehoshaphat.

"It is as a professional *farceur*, or joke-master, however, that he travels throughout the whole of this oriental expedition. Although he humorously depicts himself as landing in Egypt prepared to view everything 'with pyramidal wonder and hieroglyphic awe,' he is, on the contrary, perpetually looking at all around him with an especial eye for the detection of the ridiculous. He carries his London likings, moreover, with him beyond the ends of Christendom. At Alexandria he acknowledges to his having a cockney preference for 'Punch' over the Sphinx, as for 'Galignani' over the tombs of the Pharaohs. Scanned superciliously through his English spectacles, the Sultan's seraglio looks for all the world 'like Vauxhall in the daytime.' And precisely as Mr. Dickens startles us in his 'Pictures from Italy,' by declaring (with parenthetical hesitation, and three notes of exclamation) that as he came in sight of the Eternal City, 'it looked like — I am half afraid to write the word — like London!!!' so here, too, Mr. Thackeray surprises us by confessing the disappointment with which he found Alexandria to be just like — Southampton! Yet he has the appreciative glance of a painter, for the ripe and varied coloring of vast stretches of the southern and oriental scenery. Looking up, entranced, into the sky over the market-place at Cadiz, he describes it as bluer and brighter than the best cobalt in the paint-boxes. And floating once more, in imagination, over the blue waters of the Nile, his luminous page reflects thus gorgeously the sunrise he then witnessed: 'In the sky in the east,' he writes, 'was a streak of greenish light, which widened and rose until it grew to be of an opal color, then orange; then, behold, the round red disk of the sun rose flaming up above the horizon, till the waters blushed as he got up. The deck was all red; the steersman gave his helm to another, and prostrated himself on the deck, and bowed his head eastward, and praised the Maker of the sun. It shone on his white turban as he was kneeling, and gilded up his bronze face, and sent his blue shadow over the glowing deck.' Yet directly afterwards, upon the very next page, all Mr. Thackeray has to say about the pyramids is this, 'I confess, for my part, that the pyramids are very big.' While all that he can tell us about the desert is, that it appeared to him 'uncomfortable.' Journeying onward in this mood, — in search, not like Dr. Syntax, of the picturesque, but of

the droll, — it must have been quite congenial to his humor to make his first entrance into Grand Cairo in a race upon donkeys. No wonder, with this unwinking gaze everywhere in quest of the absurd, that when stopping for a while at Ramleh, in the course of his advance in cavalcade towards Jerusalem, he makes particular mention of the circumstance of his being waited upon by an Arab, ornamented about the nose with diachylon.

"Several of his facetious phrases in the midst of this habitual jocularity are, of course, it must be admitted, even by the veriest curmudgeon of a reader, irresistibly ridiculous. What can be better than his mode of defining the lethargic influence of the lovely climate at Rhodes — where he depicts everybody there as being 'idle with all their might'? He seems to walk, as it were, nervously upon tiptoe along the streets of Lisbon, with secret qualms in regard to one particular historic recollection, describing the Portuguese capital as not smoked like London, but dusted over, having 'a dry, uncomfortable, earthquaky look.' Surveying the sham architecture of the Sultan's palace at Constantinople, he observes comically that 'most of the marble is wood;' a remark about as oddly ridiculous as that exclamation of one of those two absurd men in the farce of 'Box and Cox,' — the one who calls out indignantly over the gridiron, 'Hallo! my bacon's a chop!' Almost immediately upon his setting forth on this journey, as we have called it, in search of the droll, Mr. Thackeray must certainly be regarded as in luck; for, scarcely has he landed at Vigo, when we find himself and his companions suddenly accosted thus by the Spanish mendicants: 'I say, sir! penny, sir! I say, English! tam your ays! penny!' Then is it worth going all the way to Byzantium to arrive at last at such a result as the Turkish bath, provocative of that deliciously-fantastic description, assuredly better than the most vivacious fragment to be culled from all Lady Mary Wortley Montague's 'Correspondence'? that description of the true Turkish bath, in which Mr. Thackeray declares that he was at last 'drowned in lather,' — protesting in the mere spluttering recollection of it, 'you can't see, the suds are frothing over your eye-ball; you can't hear, the soap is whizzing into your ears; you can't gasp for breath, Miss Mac Whirter's wig is down your throat, with half a pailful of suds, in an instant; you are all soap.' In a similar strain of grotesque exaggeration, he submits to his reader his profound sense of the hopeless decay of the Turkish Empire, by remarking that there, so to speak, 'the ready-roasted meat-trees may cry, "Come and eat me," every now and then in a faint voice without any gravy in it, but the faithful begin to doubt about the quality of the victuals.' With what a preposterous gravity he descants, with an air of tender interest, upon the merits of every one on board the Lady Mary Wood — down even to 'the cook with tattooed arms, sweating among the saucepans of the galley, who used (with touching affection) to send us locks of his hair in the soup.' About as good in its way that, as the mention made in another place, of the lazaretto for quarantine, where

the authorities are so attentive as to scent your letters with aromatic vinegar.

"Conspicuous among the oddities in these descriptions of his, there is that ludicrous record of the landing of the Bishop of Faro, with his lordship's servant in yellow and blue livery, 'like "The Edinburgh Review!"' Or again, there is the particularly dry humor with which he undertakes to delineate, in a few words, the prevailing characteristics of the Maltese landscape, where, speaking of what may be called the country near Valetta, he says, that 'there the fields are rocks, and the hedges stones.' Occasionally his similies are hardly less poetical than they are fantastical, as when he quaintly talks of that pinnacle of the arched entrance to a mosque at Cairo, as shooting up 'like the most beautiful pirouette by Taglioni.' That he was at length beginning to feel something like hope in himself and his goosequill, take this queer little running commentary upon the twain at the close of these oriental lucubrations. 'This quill,' quoth he, 'it comes of the wing of an humble domestic bird, who walks a common, who talks a great deal (and hisses sometimes), who can't fly far or high, and drops always very quickly, and whose unromantic end is to be laid on a Michaelmas or Christmas table, and there to be discussed for half an hour — let us hope with some relish.' With so much relish apparently (with all its abundant accompaniments of 'sage' and 'sauce') was it discussed in this instance, that Mr. Thackeray, upon six different occasions afterwards, catered directly for the English table at Christmas.

"Taking down his old dusty paint-box from the shelf upon which it had been so long lying, almost forgotten, certainly quite neglected; selecting his brightest gamboge, his richest carmine, and his divinest ultramarine, — our dear modern Michael Angelo, him of the dumpling cheeks and circular spectacles — Mr. Titmarsh for the nonce — came forth, to the delight of all the boys and girls in the three kingdoms, during the winter of 1846-47, with a little pink-glazed quarto volume of funny letter-press and yet funnier colored illustrations, descriptive of 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball.' Setting aside, as the one solitary exception, that *homme farouche* who may be regarded as the exaggerated type of the model Irishman of your ultra-caricaturist, the Mulligan of Ballimulligan, — setting aside that one outrageous extravagance, an Englishman's notion of an Irishman, about as like the original as a Frenchman's notion of an Englishman, with his *biftake* 'bleeding,' and his *bouledogue* 'bandy-legged,' and his *steppare* flying the garter over park-gates as an everyday pastime, and his *Cott-tam* interlarding of everyday conversation, — with that one exception of the Mulligan (proving the rule), the characters introduced into this entertaining historiette were exact and literal limnings of people who had sat, or walked, or sang, or danced to the author-artist for their portraiture. They were literary and pictorial daguerreotypes, in the imprinting of which upon the pages of his Christmas book Mr. Thackeray had taken wit for his iodine. He had turned the feather end of his goose-

quill into a paint-brush, and had taken his pigments directly from the palette of nature. In testimony of which it is only necessary to recall the merest sprinkling from the motley groups crowding the drawing-rooms, staircases, and hall-passage of Mrs. Perkins in our amused remembrance! From Herr Spoff, breathing melody through his cornet-à-piston, to honest Grunsell, the attendant greengrocer, draining bottles behind the screen! From Master Perkins, busy among the macaroons on the landing, to Mr. Flam, tantalizing the seven lovely Misses Bacon with 'Gad! how I wish I was a dancing-man!' upon the very brink of an expected invitation! An exact companion, externally, to this earliest of Mr. Titmarsh's half-dozen Christmas books dropped from the press in the midst of the ensuing year's festivities. It was only a companion to it, however, in the manner of its appearance, — 'Our Street' being really and truly for the most part valueless, utterly valueless indeed, saving for a few among the illustrations; 'The Man in Possession' being obviously one of these happier hits with the leaded pencil. But the best of them all, 'The Lady whom Nobody knew,' flaunting in gay apparel down 'Our Street,' yet scorned by the nurserymaids. A blither, merrier book than any yet, tickling us into laughter thus, with crayon or quill-point twiddled between the finger and thumb of M. A. Titmarsh, R.A., was the goodly volumette in which, during the winter following, he introduced us to 'Dr. Birch and his Young Friends.' Who can forget those model boys of the model schoolmaster, or the subtle touches of nature with which we get often in an instant to the depths of their idiosyncrasies? George Champion, the cock of the school, for example, after the summing up of the distinguishing peculiarities of whose beautiful, brave, and noble character our author propounds the following delectable sentiment, 'I think that to be strong and able to whop everybody would be the greatest of all gifts'? There is Duval the pirate, too, in the record of whose predatory career it may be remembered that we come, among other larcenous feats, upon one most impressive incident where Jones Minimus, passing laden with tarts, after a slight colloquy, has the goods (that have been merely intrusted to him) confiscated. Can anything, again, have a more comical truthfulness about it than that touching example of 'Briggs in Luck'? — '*Enter the Knife Boy. Hamper for Briggses! Master Brown. Hurrah, Tom Briggs! I'll lend you my knife!*' But they are all of them capital, these photographs from the haunts of Hieroclesian Skolastikos! From Mother Ruggles, the tart, apple, and brandy-ball seller, up to (or down to — which is it?) the Honorable Plantagenet Gamut-Gamut, the idiot aristocrat; with all the intermediate throng, — including among them Master Hewlett (in bed) and Master Nightingale (in his shirt), upon the occasion of that farcical scene in the dormitories! Not forgetting the *vera effigies* of the pugnacious Boxalls and dull Master Hulker, of Bullock the sharper and Backhouse the pill-garlick, — destined, this last mentioned, so very frequently to lament, like Master Ingoldsby in the famous legend by the Rev. Thomas Barham, —

“ ‘Then he took me by the collar,
 Cruel only to be kind,
 And to my exceeding dolor
 Gave me several slaps behind.’ ”

Wonderfully life-like specimens, all of them are, of the academic inhabitants of Rodwell Regis, those small inhabitants trembling under the rule — rather, we should say, the *fe-rule* — of energetic Dr. Birch, the swinge of whose cane must have afforded so many of his pupils a lively notion of the vigorously-rounded development of the biceps muscle veiled under the clerical broadcloth.

“ Singularly unlike the foregoing Christmas book were the two immediately ensuing in annual succession. The first of these, ‘Rebecca and Rowena,’ being in effect, as the second title designated it, ‘a romance upon romance,’ partook of the obnoxious and irritating character of a deliberate travesty, the wilful degradation of the beautiful to the ridiculous. Insomuch was the travesty here, to our thinking, something quite intolerable, that even the piquant drollery of Richard Doyle, as the illustrator, failed to propitiate us so far as to lure us even into momentary approbation. Delectably humorous, certainly, was the little woodcut in the centre of the ornamental cover of the volume, representing Master Motley, with palette and brush, ‘painting the lily!’ But what possibly could in any way redeem from the Malaprop penalty of ‘forfeiting our malevolence forever’ that disgracefully laughable vignette upon the title-page, portraying Wamba as Clown, Isaac as Pantaloon, Wilfred as Harlequin, and Rebecca as Columbine, — disposing the chief personages of *Ivanhoe*, in fact, in the approved *tableau* preliminary to the Charivari, the hammer-and-tongs, sausage-stealing, and red-hot-poker-brandishing, the comic business, in short, as it is technically called, of your regular Christmas pantomime? Somewhat better than this ‘romance upon romance’ was the next ‘winter night’s tale’ from the hand of Mr. Titmarsh, ‘The Kickleburys up the Rhine,’ descriptive for the most part of a season passed by an English family, once upon a time, in that very *beau idéal* of a German watering-place yclept Rougetnoirburg. It is chiefly memorable, however, this little narrative, designed apparently for nothing more than the pleasant wiling away of a December evening, by reason of its having elicited from ‘The Times’ a savage review, intended, no doubt, to be crushingly overwhelming. Hurling blindly at Mr. Thackeray, nevertheless it somehow recoiled upon the critic like a boomerang. It goaded Mr. Thackeray to a ‘retort polite,’ a rejoinder which is yet worthy of preservation as among the happiest effusions of gall from the pen-point of the master satirist. ‘An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer,’ it was called; a mere little octavo pamphlet extending to the length, or rather the shortness, of some half-dozen leaves or so, yet, by turns, within this narrow compass, dignified, ironical, contemptuous, sarcastic, bitter, derisive, eloquent, — flaying the reviewer from the lips downwards, and then steeping him in the aquafortis of a scholarly and

gentlemanly ridicule. Scarcely a quarter of a year had well elapsed after this edifying, literary one-two between 'The Times' and Thackeray, when—it was upon a certain May Day, thenceforth to be held in popular remembrance—'The Thunderer,' in token of its magnanimous reconciliation with its eminent discomfiter, was doing far better than merely chronicling small beer (or souring it), by giving to publicity in its columns that harmonious 'May-Day Ode' with which Mr. Thackeray celebrated in graceful stanzas the inauguration, in Hyde Park, of the World's Exhibition of Art and Industry.

"Finally, completing the fairy circle of these Christmas phantasies by Mr. A. Titmarsh, there appeared,—not, however, until four seasons later,—the last of the little series, perhaps among them all the most delightful, certainly the most fanciful, that pretty fireside pantomime for great and small children, 'The Rose and the Ring,' giving us the veracious histories of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. If for nothing else, it would live daintily in our recollection to the music of the little girl's song, as she sings, dancing to herself in the wondrous garden, the sweetest little lisping baby-song, surely, that great author ever penned,—

"O what fun!
Nice plum bun,
How I wis it never was done!"

As it never will be, let us all rest assured! For that little girl, with her song and her bun, like little Red Shoes in the fairy legend of the dear Danish poet for all children, Hans Christian Andersen, will go on dancing—'dance she will and dance she must'—down to the very end of the chapter.

"Already by this time the satirist-humorist had been in the enjoyment during several years of a conspicuous popularity. It was immediately after the appearance of the earliest of the little Christmas books here particularized, that Michael Angelo Titmarsh suddenly, as it were, by a single stride advanced from amidst the crowd of brilliant writers for the periodicals, to a recognized place among the foremost of the great living chiefs of our imaginative literature. He had served for ten years in the ranks; but all the while, like one of the true soldiers of the great Napoleon, he had been carrying his marshal's baton in his knapsack. 'Vanity Fair' became at once a new starting-point in his literary career, and the most lasting trophy of his genius as a satirist-humorist. It is understood to have been declined by one publisher, though happily the Sibylline leaves, in this instance, were not diminished in number by that obtuse rejection. The serial issue of the narrative began almost unnoticed. It was scarcely midway, however, in its course of month-by-month publication, when throughout all the various literary circles of the metropolis, it had become the theme of wondering and delighted conversation. By the period of its completion in 1848, Mr. Thackeray's fame was already securely established; his name was enrolled forthwith, by right

of that one work, upon the list of our great English novelists; he had assumed his place at once, and permanently, in the inner throng of that illustrious and beloved fraternity."

The reader is now in possession of the facts of Thackeray's literary career, set forth in the tender and scholarly framing of Mr. Charles Kent. Let him now turn to James Hannay's fine literary estimate (already referred to) of our illustrious friend, which he published in "The Edinburgh Courant" at the time of Thackeray's death:—

"Thackeray," Hannay says, "was still young and opulent when he began to make the acquaintance of London men of letters. Certain it is, that he lent—or in plainer English, gave—five hundred pounds to poor old Maginn, when he was beaten in the battle of life, and like other beaten soldiers made a prisoner—in the Fleet. With the generation going out,—that of Lamb and Coleridge,—he had, we believe, no personal acquaintance. Sydney Smith he met at a later time; and he remembered with satisfaction that something which he wrote about Hood gave pleasure to that delicate humorist and poet in his last days. But his first friends were the Fraserians, of whom Father Prout—always his intimate—and Carlyle—always one of his most appreciating friends—survive. From reminiscences of the wilder lights in the 'Fraser' constellations were drawn the pictures of the queer fellows connected with literature in 'Pendennis,'—Captain Shandon, the ferocious Bludyer, stout old Tom Serjeant, and so forth. Magazines in those days were more brilliant than they are now, when they are haunted by the fear of shocking the foggy element in their circulation; and the effect of their greater freedom is seen in the buoyant, riant, and unrestrained comedy of Thackeray's own earlier 'Fraser' articles. 'I suppose we all begin by being too savage,' is the phrase of a letter which he wrote in 1849: '*I know one who did.*' He was alluding here to 'The Yellowplush Papers,' in particular, where living men were freely handled. This old, wild, satiric spirit it was which made him interrupt even the early chapters of 'Vanity Fair,' by introducing a parody, which he could not resist, of some contemporary novelists. In the last fifteen years of his life he wrote under greater restraint, and with a sense of his graver responsibilities as one of the leading men of letters of the country. But his satire was never at any time malignant; and the fine freedom of his early writing developed his genius as the scenes of the arena developed the athlete. He was writing for twelve or thirteen years, as a professional author, before 'Vanity Fair' made him really known to the world at large. The best works of that epoch will be found in 'The Miscellanies,' published by Bradbury and Evans in 1857. But there is much of his writing buried in periodicals, some of which have been long dead. He was connected with at least one failure, 'The Parthenon,' an ill-omened name borne after a long interval by another journal quite recently defunct. He certainly

contributed some things to 'The Times,' during Barnes's editorship, — an article on Fielding amongst them, — a kind of work for which he had no relish, and for which he believed himself to have no turn. 'Fraser' was the organ with which he was most successfully connected till the days of his 'Punch' engagement. It was indeed as a magazinist that he educated himself for a novelist. With a playful reference to his early and never-forgotten ambition to be an artist, he called himself Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and published under that name, not only articles but books. 'The Paris Sketch Book,' 'The Second Funeral of Napoleon' (comprising 'The Chronicle of a Drum'), 'The Fatal Boots,' 'The Hoggarty Diamond,' 'The Irish Sketch Book,' 'the Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo,' sufficiently attest his activity during the years which preceded the great epoch of 'Vanity Fair.' These books are full of sense and wit and humor, and it seems extraordinary that their author should have been within a year or two of forty before he was really famous. Their very truthfulness, however, — the easy quiet of their best philosophy, — the slyness of their choicest irony, — the gentlemanly taste of their heartiest *abandon*, — all this was *caviare* to the vulgar, including the vulgar of the critical press. The offer of 'Vanity Fair' was declined by one publisher; and good judges said that a necessary impulse was given to its appreciation, by an article, during its progress, in 'The Edinburgh Review.' It was still the fashion, as far as it was fashionable to speak of Thackeray at all, to treat him as a satirist. An admirable satirist he had, indeed, just proved himself in 'The Snob Papers,' — a series that stands high above anything ever given to the world in 'Punch,' excepting Hood's 'Song of the Shirt.' Nor was Thackeray ever ashamed of the title of satirist, knowing by what great men it had been borne before him, and how much honest work there was in the world for satire to do. But that he was a satirist only, he had proved, long before 'The Snob Papers,' to be absurd. Anybody who can read, for instance, the story of Sam Titmarsh's sufferings and the loss of his child, after the Diddlesex catastrophe, in 'The Hoggarty Diamond,' without seeing that the writer's tenderness and power of representing tenderness were exquisitely deep and exquisitely real, may conclude himself disqualified by nature for having an opinion on literary matters. There are a few whose judgment on such things is worth much; but his is certainly worth nothing.

"When Thackeray wrote 'Vanity Fair,' in 1846, '7, '8, he was living in Young Street, Kensington, — a street on your left hand, before you come to the church; and here, in 1848, the author of this sketch had first the pleasure of seeing him, of being received at his table, and of knowing how essentially a kind, humane, and perfectly honest man he was. 'Vanity Fair' was then unfinished; but its success was made, and he spoke frankly and genially of his work and his career. 'Vanity Fair' always, we think, ranked in his own mind as best in *story* of his greater books; and he once pointed out to us the very house in Russell Square where his imaginary Sedleys lived, — a curious proof of the reality his

creations had for his mind. The man and the books were equally real and true; and it was natural that he should speak without hesitation of his books, if you wished it; though as a man of the world and a polished gentleman who knew the world thoroughly, literature to him only took its turn among other topics. From this point of view his relation to it was a good deal like that of Scott. According to Lockhart, people were wrong in saying that Sir Walter declined at all markedly to talk about literature, and yet his main interest was in active life. Just so, Thackeray was not bookish, and yet turned readily to the subject of books, if invited. His reading was undoubtedly large in Memoirs, Modern History, Biography, Poetry, Essays, and Fiction, and, taken in conjunction with his scholarship, probably placed him as a man of letters above any other novelist except Sir Bulwer Lytton. Here is a characteristic fragment from one of his letters, written in August, 1854, and now before us: 'I hate Juvenal,' he says: 'I mean I think him a truculent brute; and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say? Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred; and when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind wags, I think, rather than the cruel ones.' Passages like this, which men who knew him will not need to have quoted to them, have a double value for the world at large. They not only show a familiar command of writers whom it is by no means easy to know well,—but they show what the real philosophy was of a man whom the envious represented to the ignorant as a cynic and a scoffer. Why, his favorite authors were just those whose influence he thought had been beneficial to the cause of virtue and charity! 'I take off my hat to Joseph Addison,' he would say, after an energetic testimony to his good effect on English life. He was in fact even greater as a moralist than as a mere *describer* of manners; and his very hatred of quackery and meanness was proved to be real by his simplicity, humanity, and kindness of character. In private this great satirist, whose aspect in a crowd was one of austere politeness and reserve, unbent into a familiar *naïveté* which somehow one seldom finds in the demonstratively genial. And this was the more charming and precious that it rested on a basis of severe and profound reflection, before the glance of which all that was dark and serious in man's life and prospects lay open. The gravity of that white head, with its noble brow, and thoughtful face full of feeling and meaning, enhanced the piquancy of his playfulness, and of the little personal revelations which came with such a grace from the depths of his kindly nature. When we congratulated him, many years ago, on the touch in 'Vanity Fair' in which Becky *admires* her husband when he is giving Lord Steyne the chastisement which ruins *her* for life, 'Well,' he said, 'when I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table, and said, "*That* is a touch of

genius!" The incident is a trifle, but it will reveal, we suspect, an element of fervor, as well as a heartiness of frankness in recording the fervor, both equally at variance with the vulgar conception of him. This frankness and *bonhomie* made him delightful in a *tête-à-tête*, and gave a pleasant human flavor to talk full of sense and wisdom and experience, and lighted up by the gayety of the true London man of the world. Though he said witty things now and then, he was not a wit in the sense in which Jerrold was; and he complained sometimes that his best things occurred to him after the occasion had gone by! He shone most—as in his books—in little subtle remarks on life, and little descriptive sketches suggested by the talk. We remember, in particular, one evening after a dinner-party at his house, a fancy picture he drew of Shakspeare during his last years at Stratford, sitting out in the summer afternoon watching the people; which all who heard it, brief as it was, thought equal to the best things in his lectures. But it was not for this sort of talent—rarely exerted by him—that people admired his conversation. They admired above all, the broad sagacity, sharp insight, large and tolerant liberality, which marked him as one who was a sage as well as a story-teller, and whose stories were valuable because he was a sage. Another point of likeness to him in Scott was, that he never overvalued story-telling, or forgot that there were nobler things in literature than the purest creations of which the object was amusement. 'I would give half my fame,' wrote Scott, 'if by so doing I could place the other half on a solid basis of science and learning.' 'Now is the time,' wrote Thackeray to a young friend, in 1849, 'to lay in stock. I wish I had had five years' reading before I took to our trade.' How heartily we have heard him praise Sir Bulwer Lytton for the good example he set by being 'thoroughly *literate*!' We are not going to trench here on any such ground as Thackeray's judgments about his contemporaries. But we may notice an excellent point bearing on these. If he heard a young fellow expressing great admiration for one of them, he encouraged him in it. When somebody was mentioned as worshipping an eminent man just dead, 'I am glad,' said Thackeray, 'that he worships anybody.'

"After 'Vanity Fair' Thackeray's fame steadily increased. 'Pendennis' appeared during 1849 and 1850, and though it was generally considered inferior in mere plot to its predecessor, no inferiority was perceived in the essential qualities of character, thought, humor, and style. The announcement, in the summer of 1851, that he was about to lecture on the English Humorists gave a thrill of pleasure to intellectual London; and when he rose in Willis's Rooms to commence the course with Swift, all that was most brilliant in the capital was assembled to hear him. Amidst a throng of nobles, and beauties, and men of fashion, were Carlyle and Macaulay, Hallam with his venerable head, and Charlotte Brontë, whose own fame was just at its height, and who saw in the lecturer her ideal of an elevated and high-minded master of literary art. The lectures were thoroughly appreciated. Everybody was delighted to see the great mas-

ters of English of a past age brought to life again in their habits as they lived, and endowed with the warm human reality of the lecturer's Dobbins and Warringtons and Pendennises. It was this power, and not the literary criticism, which constituted the value of Thackeray's lectures, and will secure their place in the biographical literature of the country.

"Towards the close of 1852, 'Esmond' appeared; and Thackeray sailed for America. 'Esmond' constituted a new epoch in his career. By this time his celebrity, and the impression made by his distinct and peculiar genius,—so different from that of the common sentimental schools,—had provoked a certain amount of reaction. Cads who disliked him as a gentleman; Mechanics'-Institute men who disliked him as a scholar; Radicals who knew that he associated with the aristocracy; and the numerous weaklings to whom his severe truth and perfect honesty of art seemed horrible, after the riotous animal spirits, jolly caricature, and lachrymose softness of the style which he was putting out of fashion,—this crew, we say, was by no means satisfied with the undoubted fact that Thackeray was becoming the favorite writer of the cultivated classes. They accordingly began to call his honesty cynicism, and his accuracy reporting. They forgot that tears are pure in proportion to the depth from which they come, and not to the quantity in which they flow; and that the tenderness of a writer is to be estimated by the *quality* of his pathos. They also forgot, that, as what they called hardness was mere fidelity to truth, so what they called stenographic detail was mere finish of art. The richer imaginativeness of 'Esmond,' and the freer play of feeling in which the author allowed himself to indulge when dealing with a past age, came in good time to rebuke cavillers, and prove that Thackeray's mind was rich as well as wide. 'Esmond,' we take it, is the favorite novel of his choicest admirers. He takes certain liberties with history in it. For instance, the Duke of Hamilton, whom he represents as about to marry Beatrix when he is cut off in a duel, is left a widower, spoken of by Swift in the 'Journal of Stella.' But as Scott makes Leicester quote the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' in 'Kenilworth', when Shakspeare was about twelve or thirteen years of age, this may be excused.

"It is a pity that Thackeray did not write expressly on America, for we think that he would have written the most impartial English book to which that country has yet given rise. When he returned from this first visit, he was a good deal away from town. 'Since my return from America,' he writes in August, 1854, 'I have hardly been in London at all; and when here, in such a skurry of business and pleasure as never to call a day my own, scarcely.' The passage is significant. Few lives were more engrossed than his, discharging, as he did, at once the duties of a man of letters and a man of fashion. He dined out a great deal during the season. He went to the theatres. He belonged to three clubs,—the Athenæum, Reform, and Garrick,—to say nothing of minor associations for the promotion of good fellowship. With less of this wear and tear, we should have had more work from him—should have had, perhaps, the

History which long dwelt in his imagination, as one of the creations of the future. As it is, he achieved a great deal during the last eight or ten years of his life. Two such elaborate novels as the 'Newcomes' and 'Virginians,' a second trip to America, and a ramble over Great Britain, with a new set of lectures on 'The Four Georges,' — not to mention a contested election, and what he did for 'The Cornhill,' established on the strength of his name, and for a time directly conducted by him, — these were great doings for a man who, though naturally robust, was plagued and menaced by more than one vexatious disorder of long continuance. And he did them greatly, — going into the world gayly and busily to the last, and always finding time for such holy little offices of personal kindness and charity as gave him, we believe and know, more real pleasure than all his large share of the world's applause. He was much gratified by the success of 'The Four Georges' (a series which superseded an earlier scheme for as many discourses on 'Men of the World in Scotland'). 'I have had three per cent of the whole population here,' he wrote from Edinburgh, in November, 1856. 'If I could but get three per cent of London!' He thoroughly appreciated the attention and hospitality which he met with during these lecturing tours. And if, as would sometimes happen, a local notability's adoration became obtrusive, or such a person thrust his obsequious veneration upon him beyond the limits of the becoming, his forbearance was all the more respectable on account of his sensitiveness.

"Latterly he had built himself a handsome house in Kensington, to which he removed from Onslow Square, Brompton, — his residence after leaving Young Street, in which he wrote 'Vanity Fair.' It was a dwelling worthy of one who really represented literature in the great world, and who, planting himself on his books, yet sustained the character of his profession with all the dignity of a gentleman. A friend who called on him there, from Edinburgh, in the summer of 1862, knowing of old his love of the *Venusian*, playfully reminded him of what Horace says of those who, regardless of their sepulchre, employ themselves in building houses, —

" 'Sepulcri
Immemor, struis domos.'

'Nay,' said he, 'I am *memor sepulcri*, for this house will always let for so many hundreds [mentioning the sum] a year.' How distant, then, seemed the event which has just happened, and with which the mind obstinately refuses to familiarize itself, though it stares at one from a thousand broadsheets! Well, indeed, might his passing bell make itself heard through all the myriad joy-bells of the English Christmas! It is long since England has lost such a son: it will be long before she has such another to lose. He was indeed emphatically English, — English as distinct from Scotch, no less than English as distinct from Continental, — a different type of great man from Scott, and a different type of great man from Balzac. The highest purely English novelist since Fielding, he of

Addison's love of virtue with Johnson's hatred of cant, — Horace Walpole's lynx-like eye for the mean and the ridiculous, with the gentleness and wide charity for mankind as a whole, of Goldsmith. *Non omnis mortuus est.* He will be remembered in his due succession with these men for ages to come, as long as the hymn of praise rises in the old Abbey of Westminster, and wherever the English tongue is native to men, from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Mississippi. This humble tribute to his illustrious and beloved memory comes from one whom he loaded with benefits, and to whom it will always throw something of sadness over the great city where he first knew him, that it contains his too early grave."

"Punch's" forty-sixth volume, January, 1864, opens with: —

"WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"While generous tributes are everywhere paid to the genius of him who has been suddenly called away in the fulness of his power and the maturity of his fame, some who have for many years enjoyed the advantage of his assistance and the delights of his society, would simply record that they have lost a dear friend. At an early period of the history of this periodical he became a contributor to its pages, and he long continued to enrich them; and though of late he had ceased to give other aid than suggestions and advice, he was a constant member of our council, and sat with us on the eighth day from that which has saddened England's Christmas. Let the brilliancy of his trained intellect, the terrible strength of his satire, the subtlety of his wit, the richness of his humor, and the catholic range of his calm wisdom, be themes for others. The mourning friends who inscribe these lines to his memory think of the affectionate nature, the cheerful companionship, the large heart and open hand, the simple courteousness, and the endearing frankness of a brave, true, honest gentleman, whom no pen but his own could depict as those who knew him most desire."

EXTRACTS.

JOS SEDLEY TAKES CARE OF HIS SISTER.—VANITY FAIR.



HUS all the superior officers being summoned on duty elsewhere, Jos Sedley was left in command of the little colony at Brussels, with Amelia invalid, Isidor his Belgian servant, and the *bonne*, who was maid-of-all-work for the establishment, as a garrison under him. Though he was disturbed in spirit, and his rest destroyed by Dobbin's interruption and the occurrences of the morning, Jos nevertheless remained for many hours in bed, wakeful and rolling about there until his usual hour of rising had arrived. The sun was high in the heavens, and our gallant friends of the —th miles on their march, before the civilian appeared in his flowered dressing-gown at breakfast.

About George's absence, his brother-in-law was very easy in mind. Perhaps Jos was rather pleased in his heart that Osborne was gone, for during George's presence, the other had played but a very secondary part in the household, and Osborne did not scruple to show his contempt for the stout civilian. But Emmy had always been good and attentive to him. It was she who ministered to his comforts, who superintended the dishes that he liked, who walked or rode with him (as she had many, too many, opportunities of doing, for where was George?), and who interposed her sweet, kind face between his anger and her husband's scorn. Many timid remonstrances had she uttered to George in behalf of her brother. But the latter in his trenchant way cut these entreaties short. "I'm an honest man," he said; "and, if I have a feeling, I show it, as an honest man will. How the deuce, my dear, would you have me behave respectfully to such a fool as your brother?" So Jos was pleased with George's absence. His plain hat and gloves on a sideboard, and the idea that the owner was away, caused Jos I don't know what secret thrill of pleasure. "He won't be troubling me this morning," Jos thought, "with his dandified airs and his impudence."

"Put the captain's hat into the ante-room," he said, to Isidor, the servant.

"Perhaps he won't want it again," replied the lackey, looking know-

ingly at his master. He hated George, too, whose insolence toward him was quite of the English sort.

"And ask if madam is coming to breakfast," Mr. Sedley said with great majesty, ashamed to enter with a servant upon the subject of his dislike for George. The truth is, he had abused his brother to the valet a score of times before.

Alas! madam could not come to breakfast, and cut the *tartines* that Mr. Jos liked. Madam was a great deal too ill, and had been in a frightful state ever since her husband's departure: so her *bonne* said. Jos showed his sympathy, by pouring her out a large cup of tea. It was his way of exhibiting kindness; and he improved on this. He not only sent breakfast, but he bethought him what delicacies she would most like for dinner.

Isidor, the valet, had looked on very sulkily, while Osborne's servant was disposing of his master's baggage previous to the captain's departure. For in the first place he hated Mr. Osborne, whose conduct to him, and to all inferiors, was generally overbearing (nor does the continental domestic like to be treated with insolence as our own better-tempered servants do); and secondly, he was angry that so many valuables should be removed from under his hands, to fall into other people's possession when the English discomfiture should arrive. Of this defeat he, and a vast number of other persons in Brussels and Belgium, did not make the slightest doubt. The almost universal belief was, that the emperor would divide the Prussian and English armies, annihilate one after the other, and march into Brussels before three days were over; when all the movables of his present masters (who would be killed, or fugitives, or prisoners) would lawfully become the property of Monsieur Isidor.

As he helped Jos through his toilsome and complicated daily toilet, this faithful servant would calculate what he should do with the very articles with which he was decorating his master's person. He would make a present of the silver essence-bottles and toilet knickknacks to a young lady of whom he was fond, and keep the English cutlery and the large ruby pin for himself. It would look very smart upon one of the fine frilled shirts, which, with the gold-laced cap and the frogged frock-coat (that might easily be cut down to suit his shape), and the captain's gold-headed cane, and the great double ring with the rubies (which he would have made into a pair of beautiful ear-rings), he calculated would make a perfect Adonis of himself, and render Mademoiselle Reine an easy prey. "How those sleeve-buttons will suit me," thought he, as he fixed a pair on the fat, pudgy wrist of Mr. Sedley. "I long for sleeve-buttons; and the captain's boots with brass spurs, in the next room — *corbleu*, what an effect they will make in the Allée-Verte!" So while Monsieur Isidor with bodily fingers was holding on to his master's nose, and shaving the lower part of Jos's face, his imagination was rambling along the Green Avenue, dressed out in a frogged coat and lace, and in company with Mademoiselle Reine: he was loitering in spirit on the

banks, and examining the barges sailing slowly under the cool shadows of the trees by the canal, or refreshing himself with a mug of Faro at the bench of a beer-house on the road to Laeken.

But Mr. Joseph Sedley, luckily for his own peace, no more knew what was passing in his domestic's mind than the respected reader and I suspect what John or Mary, whose wages we pay, think of ourselves. What our servants think of us! Did we know what our intimates and dear relations thought of us, we should live in a world that we should be glad to quit, and in a frame of mind and a constant terror, that would be perfectly unbearable! So Jos's man was marking his victim down, as you see one of Mr. Paynter's assistants in Leadenhall Street ornament an unconscious turtle with a placard on which is written, "Soup to-morrow."

Amelia's attendant was much less selfishly disposed. Few dependants could come near that kind and gentle creature without paying their usual tribute of loyalty and affection to her sweet and affectionate nature. And it is a fact, that Pauline, the cook, consoled her mistress more than anybody whom she saw on this wretched morning; for when she found how Amelia remained for hours, silent, motionless, and haggard, by the windows in which she had placed herself to watch the last bayonets of the column as it marched away, the honest girl took the lady's hand, and said, "*Tenez, madame, est-ce qu'il n'est pas aussi à l'armée, mon homme à moi?*" With which she burst into tears, and Amelia falling into her arms, did likewise; and so each pitied and soothed the other.

Several times during the forenoon Mr. Jos's Isidor went from his lodgings into the town, and to the gates of the hotels and lodging-houses round about the Parc, where the English were congregated, and there mingling with other valets, couriers, and lackeys, gathered such news as was abroad, and brought back bulletins for his master's information. Almost all these gentlemen were in heart partisans of the emperor, and had their opinions about the speedy end of the campaign. The emperor's proclamation from Avesnes had been distributed everywhere plentifully in Brussels. "Soldiers," it said, "this is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, by which the destinies of Europe were twice decided. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the oaths and promises of princes whom we suffered to remain upon their thrones. Let us march once more to meet them. We and they, are we not still the same men? Soldiers! these same Prussians, who are so arrogant to-day, were three to one against you at Jena, and six to one at Montmirail. Those among you who were prisoners in England can tell their comrades what frightful torments they suffered on board the English hulks. Madmen! a moment of prosperity has blinded them, and if they enter into France, it will be to find a grave there!" But the partisans of the French prophesied a more speedy extermination of the emperor's enemies than this; and it was agreed on all hands that Prussians and British would never return except as prisoners in the rear of the conquering army.

These opinions in the course of the day were brought to operate upon Mr. Sedley. He was told that the Duke of Wellington had gone to try and rally his army, the advance of which had been utterly crushed the night before.

"Crushed, psha!" said Jos, whose heart was pretty stout at breakfast-time. "The duke has gone to beat the emperor, as he has beaten all his generals before."

"His papers are burned, his effects are removed, and his quarters are being got ready for the Duke of Dalmatia," Jos's informant replied. "I had it from his own *maitre d'hôtel*. Milor, Duc de Richemont's people are packing up everything. His grace has fled already, and the duchess is only waiting to see the plate packed to join the King of France at Ostend."

"The King of France is at Ghent, fellow," replied Jos, affecting incredulity.

"He fled last night to Bruges, and embarks to-day from Ostend. The Duke de Berri is taken prisoner. Those who wish to be safe had better go soon, for the dykes will be open to-morrow; and who can fly when the whole country is under water?"

"Nonsense, sir! we are three to one, sir, against any force Bony can bring in the field," Mr. Sedley objected. "The Austrians and the Russians are on their march. He must, he shall be crushed," Jos said, slapping his hand on the table.

"The Prussians were three to one at Jena, and he took their army and kingdom in a week. They were six to one at Montmirail, and he scattered them like sheep. The Austrian army is coming, but with the empress and the King of Rome at its head; and the Russians, bah! the Russians will withdraw. No quarter is to be given to the English, on account of their cruelty to our braves on board the infamous pontoons. Look here, here it is in black and white! Here's the proclamation of his majesty the emperor and king," said the now declared partisan of Napoleon; and, taking the document from his pocket, Isidor sternly thrust it into his master's face, and already looked upon the frogged coat and valuables as his own spoil.

Jos was, if not seriously alarmed as yet, at least considerably disturbed in mind. "Give me my coat and cap, sir," said he, "and follow me. I will go myself, and learn the truth of these reports." Isidor was furious as Jos put on the braided frock. "Milor had better not wear that military coat," said he: "the Frenchmen have sworn not to give quarter to a single British soldier."

"Silence, sirrah!" said Jos, with a resolute countenance still, and thrust his arm into the sleeve with indomitable resolution; in the performance of which heroic act he was found by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, who at this juncture came up to visit Amelia, and entered without ringing at the ante-chamber door.

Rebecca was dressed very neatly and smartly, as usual. Her quiet

sleep after Rawdon's departure had refreshed her, and her pink smiling cheeks were quite pleasant to look at, in a town and on a day when everybody else's countenance wore the appearance of the deepest anxiety and gloom. She laughed at the attitude in which Jos was discovered, and the struggles and convulsions with which the stout gentleman thrust himself into the braided coat.

"Are you preparing to join the army, Mr. Joseph?" she said. "Is there to be nobody left in Brussels to protect us poor women?" Jos succeeded in plunging into the coat, and came forward blushing and stuttering out excuses to his fair visitor. "How was she after the events of the morning—after the fatigues of the ball the night before?" Monsieur Isidor disappeared into his master's adjacent bedroom, bearing off the flowered dressing-gown.

"How good of you to ask!" said she, pressing one of his hands in both her own. "How cool and collected you look, when everybody else is frightened! How is our dear little Emmy? It must have been an awful, awful parting."

"Tremendous!" Jos said.

"You men can bear anything," replied the lady. "Parting or danger are nothing to you. Own now that you were going to join the army, and leave us to our fate. I know you were: something tells me you were. I was so frightened when the thought came into my head (for I do sometimes think of you when I am alone, Mr. Joseph!), that I ran off immediately to beg and entreat you not to fly from us."

This speech might be interpreted, "My dear sir, should an accident befall the army, and a retreat be necessary, you have a very comfortable carriage, in which I propose to take a seat." I don't know whether Jos understood the words in this sense. But he was profoundly mortified by the lady's inattention to him during their stay at Brussels. He had never been presented to any of Rawdon Crawley's great acquaintances. He had scarcely been invited to Rebecca's parties; for he was too timid to play much, and his presence bored George and Rawdon equally, who neither of them, perhaps, liked to have a witness of the amusements in which the pair chose to indulge. "Ah!" thought Jos, "now she wants me, she comes to me. When there is nobody else in the way, she can think about old Joseph Sedley!" But besides these doubts, he felt flattered at the idea Rebecca expressed of his courage.

He blushed a good deal, and put on an air of importance. "I should like to see the action," he said. "Every man of any spirit would, you know. I've seen a little service in India, but nothing on this grand scale."

"You men would sacrifice anything for a pleasure," Rebecca answered. "Captain Crawley left me this morning as gay as if he was going to a hunting-party. What does he care? What do any of you care for the agonies and tortures of a poor forsaken woman? (I wonder whether he *could* really have been going to the troops, this great lazy gourmand?) Oh, dear Mr. Sedley, I have come to you for comfort—for consolation.

I have been on my knees all the morning. I tremble at the frightful danger into which our husbands, our friends, our brave troops and allies, are rushing. And I come here for shelter, and find another of my friends — the last remaining to me — bent upon plunging into the dreadful scene!"

"My dear madam," Jos replied, now beginning to be quite soothed, "don't be alarmed. I only said I should like to go — what Briton would not? But my duty keeps me here: I can't leave that poor creature in the next room." And he pointed with his finger to the door of the chamber in which Amelia was.

"Good, noble brother!" Rebecca said, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, and smelling the eau-de-cologne with which it was scented. "I have done you injustice. You have got a heart: I thought you had not."

"Oh, upon my honor," Jos said, making a motion as if he would lay his hand upon the spot in question, "you do me injustice: indeed you do, my dear Mrs. Crawley."

"I do, now your heart is true to your sister. But I remember two years ago, when it was false to me!" Rebecca said, fixing her eyes upon him for an instant, and then turning away into the window.

Jos blushed violently. That organ which he was accused by Rebecca of not possessing began to thump tumultuously. He recalled the days when he had fled from her, and the passion which had once inflamed him, — the days when he had driven her in his curricule; when she had knit the green purse for him; when he had sate enraptured, gazing at her white arms and bright eyes.

"I know you think me ungrateful," Rebecca continued, coming out of the window, and once more looking at him, and addressing him in a low, tremulous voice. "Your coldness, your averted looks, your manner when we have met of late, when I came in just now, — all proved it to me. But were there no reasons why I should avoid you? Let your own heart answer that question. Do you think my husband was too much inclined to welcome you? The only unkind words I have ever had from him (I will do Captain Crawley that justice) have been about you — and most cruel, cruel words they were."

"Good gracious! what have I done?" asked Jos, in a flurry of pleasure and perplexity. "What have I done — to — to —?"

"Is jealousy nothing?" said Rebecca. "He makes me miserable about you. And, whatever it might have been once, my heart is all his. I am innocent now. Am I not, Mr. Sedley?"

All Jos's blood tingled with delight, as he surveyed this victim to his attractions. A few adroit words, one or two knowing, tender glances of the eyes, and his heart was inflamed again, and his doubts and suspicions forgotten. From Solomon downward, have not wiser men than he been cajoled and befooled by women? "If the worst comes to the worst," Becky thought, "my retreat is secure; and I have a right-hand seat in the barouche."

There is no knowing into what declarations of love and ardor the

tumultuous passions of Mr. Joseph might have led him, if Isidor, the valet, had not made his re-appearance at this minute, and begun to busy himself about the domestic affairs. Jos, who was just going to gasp out an avowal, choked almost with the emotion that he was obliged to restrain. Rebecca, too, bethought her that it was time she should go in and comfort her dearest Amelia. "*Au revoir*," she said, kissing her hand to Mr. Joseph, and tapped gently at the door of his sister's apartment. As she entered and closed the door on herself, he sank down in a chair, and gazed and sighed and puffed portentously. "That coat is very tight for Milor," Isidor said, still having his eye on the frogs; but his master heard him not. His thoughts were elsewhere, — now glowing, maddening, upon the contemplation of the enchanting Rebecca; anon shrinking guiltily before the vision of the jealous Rawdon Crawley, with his curling, fierce mustaches, and his terrible duelling-pistols loaded and cocked.

Rebecca's appearance struck Amelia with terror, and made her shrink back. It recalled her to the world and the remembrance of yesterday. In the overpowering fears about to-morrow she had forgotten Rebecca, jealousy, — everything except that her husband was gone, and was in danger. Until this dauntless worldling came in and broke the spell, and lifted the latch, we too have forborne to enter into that sad chamber. How long had that poor girl been on her knees! what hours of speechless prayer and bitter prostration had she passed there! The war-chroniclers who write brilliant stories of fight and triumph scarcely tell us of these. These are too mean parts of the pageant: and you don't hear widows' cries or mothers' sobs in the midst of the shouts and jubilation in the great chorus of victory. And yet when was the time, that such have not cried out, — heart-broken, humble protestants, unheard in the uproar of the triumph!

After the first movement of terror in Amelia's mind, — when Rebecca's green eyes lighted upon her, and rustling in her fresh silks and brilliant ornaments, the latter tripped up with extended arms to embrace her, — a feeling of anger succeeded; and from being deadly pale before, her face flushed up red, and she returned Rebecca's look, after a moment, with a steadiness which surprised and somewhat abashed her rival.

"Dearest Amelia, you are very unwell," the visitor said, putting forth her hand to take Amelia's. "What is it? I could not rest until I knew how you were."

"Amelia drew back her hand. Never since her life began had that gentle soul refused to believe or to answer any demonstration of goodwill or affection. But she drew back her hand, and trembled all over. "Why are you here, Rebecca?" she said, still looking at her solemnly with her large eyes. These glances troubled her visitor.

"She must have seen him give me the letter at the ball," Rebecca thought. "Don't be agitated, dear Amelia," she said, looking down. "I came but to see if — if I could — if you were well."

"Are you well?" said Amelia. "I dare say you are. You don't love

your husband. You would not be here if you did. Tell me, Rebecca, did I ever do you anything but kindness?"

"Indeed, Amelia, no," the other said, still hanging down her head.

"When you were quite poor, who was it that befriended you? Was I not a sister to you? You saw us all in happier days before he married me. I was all in all then to him; or would he have given up his fortune, his family, as he nobly did, to make me happy? Why did you come between my love and me? Who sent you to separate those whom God joined, and take my darling's heart from me—my own husband? Do you think you could love him as I did? His love was everything to me. You knew it, and wanted to rob me of it. For shame, Rebecca, bad and wicked woman—false friend and false wife!"

"Amelia, I protest before God, I have done my husband no wrong," Rebecca said, turning from her.

"Have you done *me* no wrong, Rebecca? You did not succeed, but you tried. Ask your heart if you did not."

"She knows nothing," Rebecca thought.

"He came back to me. I knew he would. I knew that no falsehood, no flattery, could keep him from me long. I knew he would come. I prayed so that he should."

The poor girl spoke these words with a spirit and volubility which Rebecca had never before seen in her, and before which the latter was quite dumb. "But what have I done to you," she continued in a more pitiful tone, "that you should try and take him from me? I had him but for six weeks. You might have spared me those, Rebecca. And yet, from the very first day of our wedding, you came and blighted it. Now he is gone, are you come to see how unhappy I am?" She continued, "You made me wretched enough for the past fortnight: you might have spared me to-day."

"I—I never came here," interposed Rebecca, with unlucky truth.

"No. You didn't come. You took him away. Are you come to fetch him from me?" she continued in a wilder tone. "He was here, but he is gone now. There on that very sofa he sate. Don't touch it. We sate and talked there. I was on his knee, and my arms were round his neck, and we said, 'Our Father.' Yes, he was here; and they came and took him away, but he promised me to come back."

"He will come back, my dear," said Rebecca, touched in spite of herself.

"Look," said Amelia, "this is his sash. Isn't it a pretty color?" And she took up the fringe, and kissed it. She had tied it round her waist at some part of the day. She had forgotten her anger, her jealousy, the very presence of her rival seemingly. For she walked silently, and almost with a smile upon her face, toward the bed, and began to smooth down George's pillow.

Rebecca walked, too, silently away. "How is Amelia?" asked Jos, who still held his position in the chair.

"There should be somebody with her," said Rebecca. "I think she is very unwell." And she went away with a very grave face, refusing Mr. Sedley's entreaties that she would stay and partake of the early dinner which he had ordered.

Rebecca was of a good-natured and obliging disposition; and she liked Amelia rather than otherwise. Even her hard words, reproachful as they were, were complimentary,—the groans of a person stinging under defeat. Meeting Mrs. O'Dowd, whom the dean's sermons had by no means comforted, and who was walking very disconsolately in the Parc, Rebecca accosted the latter, rather to the surprise of the major's wife, who was not accustomed to such marks of politeness from Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, and informing her that poor little Mrs. Osborne was in a desperate condition, and almost mad with grief, sent off the good-natured Irishwoman straight to see if she could console her young favorite.

"I've cares of my own enough," Mrs. O'Dowd said gravely; "and I thought poor Amelia would be little wanting for company this day. But if she's so bad as you say, and you can't attend to her, who used to be so fond of her, faith I'll see if I can be of service. And so, good-morning to ye, madam;" with which speech and a toss of her head, the lady of the repayther took a farewell of Mrs. Crawley, whose company she by no means courted.

Becky watched her marching off, with a smile on her lip. She had the keenest sense of humor; and the Parthian look which the retreating Mrs. O'Dowd flung over her shoulder, almost upset Mrs. Crawley's gravity. "My service to ye, me fine madam, and I'm glad to see ye so cheerful," thought Peggy. "It's not *you* that will cry your eyes out with grief, any way." And with this she passed on, and speedily found her way to Mrs. Osborne's lodgings.

The poor soul was still at the bedside, where Rebecca had left her, and stood almost crazy with grief. The major's wife, a stronger-minded woman, endeavored her best to comfort her young friend. "You must bear up, Amelia dear," she said kindly, "for he musn't find you ill when he sends for you after the victory. It's not you are the only woman that is in the hands of God this day."

"I know that. I am very wicked, very weak," Amelia said. She knew her own weakness well enough. The presence of the more resolute friend checked it, however; and she was the better of this control and company. They went on till two o'clock: their hearts were with the column as it marched farther and farther away. Dreadful doubt and anguish—prayers and fears and griefs unspeakable—followed the regiment. It was the women's tribute to the war. It taxes both alike; and takes the blood of the men, and the tears of the women.

At half-past two an event occurred of daily importance to Mr. Joseph, —the dinner-hour arrived. Warriors may fight and perish, but he must dine. He came into Amelia's room to see if he could coax her to share

that meal. "Try," said he; "the soup is very good. Do try, Emmy," and he kissed her hand. Except when she was married, he had not done so much for years before. "You are very good and kind, Joseph," she said. "Everybody is; but, if you please, I will stay in my room to-day."

The savor of the soup, however, was agreeable to Mrs. O'Dowd's nostrils; and she thought she would bear Mr. Jos company. So the two sat down to their meal. "God bless the meat!" said the major's wife, solemnly: she was thinking of her honest Mick, riding at the head of his regiment. "'Tis but a bad dinner those poor boys will get to-day," she said, with a sigh, and then, like a philosopher, fell to.

Jos's spirits rose with his meal. He would drink the regiment's health; or, indeed, take any other excuse to indulge in a glass of champagne. "We'll drink to O'Dowd and the brave —th," said he, bowing gallantly to his guest. "Hey, Mrs. O'Dowd? Fill Mrs. O'Dowd's glass, Isidor."

But all of a sudden, Isidor started, and the major's wife laid down her knife and fork. The windows of the room were open, and looked southward; and a dull, distant sound came over the sun-lighted roofs from that direction. "What is it?" said Jos. "Why don't you pour, you rascal?"

"C'est le feu," said Isidor, running to the balcony.

"God defend us: it's cannon!" Mrs. O'Dowd cried, starting up, and followed too to the window. A thousand pale and anxious faces might have been seen looking from other casements. And presently it seemed as if the whole population of the city rushed into the streets.

JOS TAKES FLIGHT, AND THE WAR IS BROUGHT TO A CLOSE. — VANITY FAIR.

WE of peaceful London city have never beheld — and, please God, never shall witness — such a scene of hurry and alarm as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded; and many rode along the level *chaussée*, to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. Each man asked his neighbor for news; and even great English lords and ladies condescended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their emperor. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamor. Women rushed to the churches, and crowded the chapels, and kneeled and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travellers began to leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophecies of the French partisans began to pass for

facts. "He has cut the armies in two," it was said. "He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English, and be here to-night." "He will overpower the English," shrieked Isidor to his master, "and will be here to-night." The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some fresh particulars of disaster. Jos's face grew paler and paler. Alarm began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner of the laced coat.

The women were away all this time. After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout major's wife bethought her of her friend in the next chamber, and ran in to watch, and if possible to console Amelia. The idea that she had that helpless and gentle creature to protect, gave additional strength to the natural courage of the honest Irishwoman. She passed five hours by her friend's side, — sometimes in remonstrance, sometimes talking cheerfully; oftener in silence, and terrified mental supplication. "I never let go her hand once," said the stout lady afterward, "until after sunset, when the firing was over." Pauline, the *bonne*, was on her knees at church, hard by, praying for *son homme à elle*.

When the noise of the cannonading was over, Mrs. O'Dowd issued out of Amelia's room into the parlor adjoining, where Jos sate, with two emptied flasks, and courage entirely gone. Once or twice he had ventured into his sister's bedroom, looking very much alarmed, and as if he would say something. But the major's wife kept her place, and he went away without disburthening himself of his speech. He was ashamed to tell her that he wanted to fly.

But when she made her appearance in the dining-room, where he sate in the twilight in the cheerless company of his empty champagne-bottles, he began to open his mind to her.

"Mrs. O'Dowd," he said, "hadn't you better get Amelia ready?"

"Are you going to take her out for a walk?" said the major's lady: "sure she's too weak to stir."

"I — I've ordered the carriage," he said, "and — and post-horses: Isidor is gone for them," Jos continued.

"What do you want with driving to-night?" answered the lady. "Isn't she better on her bed? I've just got her to lie down."

"Get her up," said Jos: "she must get up, I say." And he stamped his foot energetically. "I say the horses are ordered — yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and" —

"And what?" asked Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I'm off for Ghent," Jos answered. "Everybody is going: there is a place for you. We shall start in half an hour."

The major's wife looked at him with infinite scorn. "I don't move till O'Dowd gives me the route," said she. "You may go if you like, Mr. Sedley; but, faith, Amelia and I stop here."

"She *shall* go," said Jos, with another stamp of his foot. Mrs. O'Dowd put herself with arms akimbo before the bedroom door.

"Is it her mother you're going to take her to?" she said; "or do you want to go to mamma yourself, Mr. Sedley? Good-morning—a pleasant journey to ye, sir. *Bon voyage*, as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off them mustaches, or they'll bring you into mischief."

"D—n!" yelled out Jos, wild with fear, rage, and mortification; and Isidor came in at this juncture, swearing in his turn. "*Pas de cheveux, sacrebleu!*" hissed out the furious domestic. All the horses were gone. Jos was not the only man in Brussels seized with panic that day.

But Jos's fears, great and cruel as they were already, were destined to increase to an almost frantic pitch before the night was over. It has been mentioned how Pauline, the *bonne*, had *son homme à elle* also in the ranks of the army that had gone out to meet the Emperor Napoleon. This lover was a native of Brussels, and a Belgian hussar. The troops of his nation signalized themselves in this war for anything but courage: young Van Cutsum, Pauline's admirer, was too good a soldier to disobey his colonel's orders to run away. While in garrison at Brussels young Regulus (he had been born in the revolutionary times) found his great comfort, and passed almost all his leisure moments in Pauline's kitchen; and it was with pockets and holsters crammed full of good things from her larder, that he had taken leave of his weeping sweetheart, to proceed upon the campaign a few days before.

As far as his regiment was concerned, this campaign was over now. They had formed a part of the division under the command of his sovereign apparent, the Prince of Orange; and as respected length of swords and mustaches, and the richness of uniform and equipments, Regulus and his comrades looked to be as gallant a body of men as ever trumpets sounded for.

When Ney dashed upon the advance of the allied troops, carrying one position after the other, until the arrival of the great body of the British army from Brussels changed the aspect of the combat of Quatre Bras, the squadrons among which Regulus rode showed the greatest activity in retreating before the French, and were dislodged from one post and another which they occupied, with perfect alacrity on their part. Their movements were only checked by the advance of the British in their rear. Thus forced to halt, the enemy's cavalry (whose bloodthirsty obstinacy cannot be too severely reprehended) had at length an opportunity of coming to close quarters with the brave Belgians before them; who preferred to encounter the British rather than the French, and at once turning tail rode through the English regiments that were behind them, and scattered in all directions. The regiment in fact did not exist any more. It was nowhere. It had no headquarters. Regulus found himself galloping many miles from the field of action, entirely alone; and whither should he fly for refuge so naturally as to that kitchen and those faithful arms in which Pauline had so often welcomed him?

At some ten o'clock the clinking of a sabre might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a story, in the continental fashion. A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door; and poor Pauline, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it, and saw before her her haggard hussar. He looked as pale as the midnight dragoon who came to disturb Leonora. Pauline would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her master, and discovered her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner, which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured — and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Belgians in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of the English. The Brunswickers were routed, and had fled — their duke was killed. It was a general *débâcle*. He sought to drown his sorrow for the defeat in floods of beer.

Isidor, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation, and rushed out to inform his master. "It is all over," he shrieked to Jos. "Milor Duke is a prisoner; the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is in the kitchen now — come and hear him." So Jos tottered into that apartment, where Regulus still sat on the kitchen table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was in sooth of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the black hussars fly, the Ecossais pounded down by the cannon.

"And the —th?" gasped Jos.

"Cut in pieces," said the hussar. Upon which Pauline crying out, "O my mistress, *ma bonne petite dame*," went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams.

Wild with terror, Mr. Sedley knew not how or where to seek for safety. He rushed from the kitchen back to the sitting-room, and cast an appealing look at Amelia's door, which Mrs. O'Dowd had closed and locked in his face; but he remembered how scornfully the latter had received him, and after listening for a brief space at the door, he left it, and resolved to go into the street, for the first time that day. So, seizing a candle, he looked about for his gold-laced cap, and found it lying in its usual place, on a console-table, in the anteroom, placed before a mirror at which Jos used to coquet, always giving his side-locks a twirl, and his cap the proper cock over his eyes, before he went forth to make appearance in public. Such is the force of habit, that even in the midst of his

terror he began mechanically to twiddle with his hair, and arrange the cock of his hat. Then he looked amazed at the pale face in the glass before him, and especially at his mustaches, which had attained a rich growth in the course of near seven weeks, since they had come into the world. "They will mistake me for a military man," thought he, remembering Isidor's warning, as to the massacre with which all the defeated British army was threatened; and staggering back to his bed-chamber, he began wildly pulling the bell which summoned his valet.

Isidor answered that summons. Jos had sunk in a chair—he had torn off his neckcloths, and turned down his collars, and was sitting with both his hands lifted to his throat.

"Coupez-moi, Isidor," shouted he. "Vite! Coupez-moi!"

Isidor thought for a moment he had gone mad, and that he wished his valet to cut his throat.

"Les moustaches," gasped Jos; "les moustaches—coupy, rasy, vite!" His French was of this sort,—voluble, as we have said, but not remarkable for grammar.

Isidor swept off the mustaches in no time with the razor; and heard, with inexpressible delight, his master's orders that he should fetch a hat and a plain coat, "Ne porty ploo—habit militair—bonny—donny a voo, prenny dehors"—were Jos's words. The coat and cap were at last his property.

This gift being made, Jos selected a plain black coat and waistcoat from his stock, and put on a large white neckcloth, and a plain beaver. If he could have got a shovel-hat, he would have worn it. As it was, you would have fancied he was a flourishing, large parson of the Church of England.

"Venny maintenong," he continued, "sweevy—ally—party—dong la roo." And so having said, he plunged swiftly down the stairs of the house, and passed into the street.

Although Regulus had vowed that he was the only man of his regiment, or of the allied army, almost, who had escaped being cut to pieces by Ney, it appeared that his statement was incorrect, and that a good number more of the supposed victims had survived the massacre. Many scores of Regulus's comrades had found their way back to Brussels, and—all agreeing that they had run away—filled the whole town with an idea of the defeat of the allies. The arrival of the French was expected hourly. The panic continued, and preparations for flight went on everywhere. "No horses!" thought Jos, in terror. He made Isidor inquire of scores of persons, whether they had any to lend or sell, and his heart sank within him at the negative answers returned everywhere. Should he take the journey on foot? Even fear could not render that ponderous body so active.

Almost all the hotels occupied by the English in Brussels face the Parc; and Jos wandered irresolutely about in this quarter, with crowds of other people, oppressed as he was by fear and curiosity. Some families

he saw more happy than himself, having discovered a team of horses, and rattling through the streets in retreat. Others again there were whose case was like his own, and could not for any bribes or entreaties procure the necessary means of flight. Among these would-be fugitives, Jos remarked the Lady Bareacres and her daughter, who sate in her carriage in the *porte-cochère* of their hotel, all their imperials packed, and the only drawback to whose flight was the same want of motive-power which kept Jos stationary.

Rebecca Crawley occupied apartments in this hotel; and had, before this period, had sundry hostile meetings with the ladies of the Bareacres family. My Lady Bareacres cut Mrs. Crawley on the stairs when they met by chance; and in all places where the latter's name was mentioned, spoke perseveringly ill of her neighbor. The countess was shocked at the familiarity of General Tufto with the aid-de-camp's wife. The Lady Blanche avoided her as if she had been an infectious disease. Only the earl himself kept up a sly, occasional acquaintance with her, when out of the jurisdiction of his ladies.

Rebecca had her revenge now upon these insolent enemies. It became known in the hotel that Captain Crawley's horses had been left behind, and, when the panic began, Lady Bareacres condescended to send her maid to the captain's wife with her ladyship's compliments, and a desire to know the price of Mrs. Crawley's horses. Mrs. Crawley returned a note with her compliments, and an intimation that it was not her custom to transact bargains with ladies' maids.

This curt reply brought the earl in person to Becky's apartment; but he could get no more success than the first ambassador. "Send a lady's maid to me!" Mrs. Crawley cried in great anger. "Why didn't my Lady Bareacres tell me to go and saddle the horses! Is it her ladyship that wants to escape, or her ladyship's *femme de chambre*?" And this was all the answer that the earl bore back to his countess.

What will not necessity do? The countess herself actually came to wait upon Mrs. Crawley on the failure of her second envoy. She entreated her to name her own price; she even offered to invite Becky to Bareacres House, if the latter would but give her the means of returning to that residence. Mrs. Crawley sneered at her.

"I don't want to be waited on by bailiffs in livery," she said: "you will never get back though, most probably—at least, not you and your diamonds together. The French will have those. They will be here in two hours, and I shall be half-way to Ghent by that time. I would not sell you my horses,—no, not for the two largest diamonds that your ladyship wore at the ball." Lady Bareacres trembled with rage and terror. The diamonds were sewed into her habit, and secreted in my lord's padding and boots. "Woman, the diamonds are at the banker's, and I *will* have the horses," she said. Rebecca laughed in her face. The infuriate countess went below, and sate in her carriage: her maid, her courier, and her husband were sent once more through the town, each to look for

cattle; and woe betide those who came last! Her ladyship was resolved on departing the very instant the horses arrived from any quarter — with her husband or without him.

Rebecca had the pleasure of seeing her ladyship in the horseless carriage, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her, and bewailing, in the loudest tone of voice, the countess's perplexities. "Not be able to get horses!" she said, "and to have all those diamonds sewed into the carriage cushions! What a prize it will be for the French when they come! the carriage and the diamonds I mean, not the lady!" She gave this information to the landlord, to the servants, to the guests, and the innumerable stragglers about the court-yard. Lady Bareacres could have shot her from the carriage window.

It was while enjoying the humiliation of her enemy that Rebecca caught sight of Jos, who made toward her directly he perceived her.

That altered, frightened, fat face, told his secret well enough. He too wanted to fly, and was on the lookout for the means of escape. "He shall buy my horses," thought Rebecca, "and I'll ride the mare."

Jos walked up to his friend, and put the question for the hundredth time during the past hour, "Did she know where horses were to be had?"

"What, *you* fly!" said Rebecca, with a laugh. "I thought you were the champion of all the ladies, Mr. Sedley."

"I — I'm not a military man," gasped he.

"And Amelia! Who is to protect that poor little sister of yours?" asked Rebecca. "You surely would not desert her?"

"What good can I do her, suppose — suppose the enemy arrive?" Jos answered. "They'll spare the women; but my man tells me that they have taken an oath to give no quarter to the men — the dastardly cowards."

"Horrid!" cried Rebecca, enjoying his perplexity.

"Besides, I don't want to desert her," cried the brother. "She *shan't* be deserted. There is a seat for her in my carriage, and one for you, dear Mrs. Crawley, if you will come; and if we can get horses," sighed he —

"I have two to sell," the lady said. Jos could have flung himself into her arms at the news. "Get the carriage, Isidor," he cried: "we've found them — we have found them."

"My horses never were in harness," added the lady. "Bulfinch would kick the carriage to pieces, if you put him in the traces."

"But is he quiet to ride?" asked the civilian.

"As quiet as a lamb, and as fast as a hare," answered Rebecca.

"Do you think he is up to my weight?" Jos said. He was already on his back, in imagination, without ever so much as a thought for poor Amelia. What person who loved a horse-speculation could resist such a temptation?

In reply, Rebecca asked him to come into her room, whither he followed her, quite breathless to conclude the bargain. Jos seldom spent

a half-hour in his life which cost him so much money. Rebecca measuring the value of the goods which she had for sale by Jos's eagerness to purchase, as well as by the scarcity of the article, put upon her horses a price so prodigious as to make even the civilian draw back. "She would sell both or neither," she said, resolutely. Rawdon had ordered her not to part with them for a price less than that which she specified. Lord Baresacres below would give her the same money — and with all her love and regard for the Sedley family, her dear Mr. Joseph must conceive that poor people must live. Nobody, in a word, could be more affectionate, but more firm about the matter of business.

Jos ended by agreeing, as might be supposed of him. The sum he had to give her was so large that he was obliged to ask for time; so large as to be a little fortune to Rebecca, who rapidly calculated that with this sum, and the sale of the residue of Rawdon's effects, and her pension as a widow, should he fall, she would now be absolutely independent of the world, and might look her weeds steadily in the face.

Once or twice in the day she certainly had herself thought about flying. But her reason gave her better counsel. "Suppose the French do come," thought Becky, "what can they do to a poor officer's widow? Bah! the times of sacks and sieges are over. We shall be let to go home quietly, or I may live pleasantly abroad with a snug little income."

Meanwhile Jos and Isidor went off to the stables to inspect the newly-purchased cattle. Jos bade his man saddle the horses at once. He would ride away that very night, that very hour. And he left the valet busy in getting the horses ready, and went homeward himself to prepare for his departure. It must be secret. He would go to his chamber by the back entrance. He did not care to face Mrs. O'Dowd and Amelia, and own to them that he was about to run.

By the time Jos's bargain with Rebecca was completed, and his horses had been visited and examined, it was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long passed, there was no rest for the city: the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumors of various natures went still from mouth to mouth; one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumor gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army, bringing reports more and more favorable: at last an aid-de-camp actually reached Brussels with despatches for the commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six-hours' battle. The aid-de-camp must have arrived some time while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the former was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold, discoursing of the

news: there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity,—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here; and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Wagons and long country-carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them; and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. “Stop! stop!” a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley’s hotel.

“It is George, I know it is!” cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose-flowing hair. It was not George, however; but it was the next best thing,—it was news of him.

It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colors of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

“Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!” cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up, almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. “I’m to be taken in here,” he said. “Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two napoleons: my mother will pay you.” This young fellow’s thoughts, during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father’s parsonage, which he had quitted only a few months before; and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the

cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed up stairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognized him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what a grateful passion of prayers she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe; and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings, after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant —th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the major was discovered seated on Pyramus's carcass, refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young ensign in his story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms, and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city, and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart, that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, "though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention: it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned, she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her; and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly; but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a

division of the French army. The emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos thought of all these things, and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels — where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude of the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tri-colored banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the emperor and king.

The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. When Jos, on the afternoon of the 17th of June, went to Rebecca's hotel, he found that the great Bareacres' carriage had at length rolled away from the *porte-cochère*. The earl had procured a pair of horses somehow, in spite of Mrs. Crawley, and was rolling on the road to Ghent. Louis the Desired was getting ready his portmanteau in that city, too. It seemed as if misfortune was never tired of worrying into motion that unwieldy exile.

Jos felt that the delay of yesterday had been only a respite, and that his dearly-bought horses must of a surety be put into requisition. His agonies were very severe all this day. As long as there was an English army between Brussels and Napoleon, there was no need of immediate flight; but he had his horses brought from their distant stables, to the stables in the court-yard of the hotel where he lived; so that they might be under his own eyes, and beyond the risk of violent abduction. Isidor watched the stable door constantly, and had the horses saddled, to be ready for the start. He longed intensely for that event.

After the reception of the previous day, Rebecca did not care to come near her dear Amelia. She clipped the bouquet which George had brought her, and gave fresh water to the flowers, and read over the letter which he had sent her. "Poor wretch," she said, twirling round the little bit of paper in her fingers, "how I could crush her with this! And it is for a thing like this that she must break her heart forsooth — for a man who is stupid — a coxcomb — and who does not care for her. My poor, good Rawdon is worth ten of this creature." And then she fell to think-

ing what she should do if — if anything happened to poor, good Rawdon, and what a great piece of luck it was that he had left his horses behind.

In the course of this day too, Mrs. Crawley, who saw, not without anger, the Bareacres party drive off, bethought her of the precaution which the countess had taken, and did a little needlework for her own advantage: she stitched away the major part of her trinkets, bills, and bank-notes, about her person, and, so prepared, was ready for any event — to fly if she thought fit, or to stay and welcome the conqueror, were he Englishman or Frenchman. And I am not sure that she did not dream that night of becoming a duchess and Madame la Maréchale, while Rawdon, wrapped in his cloak, and making his bivouac under the rain at Mount Saint John, was thinking, with all the force of his heart, about the little wife whom he had left behind him.

The next day was a Sunday; and Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilet, befitting the day. And it is very possible that while alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

When she returned, she brought her prayer-book with her, and her uncle the dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath, — not understanding all; haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and abstruse (for the dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words) but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mick listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin, of a calm! She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound, he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said; "I won't stand it; and

you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you—never mind at what price—and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor.”

“God forgive me, Mr. Sedley, but you are no better than a coward,” Mrs. O’Dowd said, laying down the book.

“I say, come, Amelia,” the civilian went on. “Never mind what she says. Why are we to stop here, and be butchered by the Frenchmen?”

“You forget the —th, my boy,” said the little Stubble, the wounded hero, from his bed. “And—and you won’t leave me, will you, Mrs. O’Dowd?”

“No, my dear fellow,” said she, going up and kissing the boy. “No harm shall come to you while I stand by. I don’t budge till I get the word from Mick. A pretty figure I’d be, wouldn’t I, stuck behind that chap on a pillion?”

This image made the young patient to burst out laughing in his bed, and even made Amelia smile. “I don’t ask her,” Jos shouted out. “I don’t ask that—that Irishwoman, but you, Amelia. Once for all, will you come?”

“Without my husband, Joseph?” Amelia said, with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the major’s wife. Jos’s patience was exhausted.

“Good-by, then,” he said, shaking his fist in a rage, and slamming the door by which he retreated. And this time he really gave his order for march, and mounted in the court-yard. Mrs. O’Dowd heard the clattering hoofs of the horses as they issued from the gate; and looking on, made many scornful remarks on poor Joseph, as he rode down the street with Isidor after him, in a laced cap. The horses, which had not been exercised for some days, were lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle. “Look at him,” Amelia, dear, driving into the parlor window. Such a bull in a china-shop I never saw.” And presently the pair of riders disappeared in a canter down the street leading in the direction of the Ghent road, Mrs. O’Dowd pursuing them with a fire of sarcasm so long as they were in sight.

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped, all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman’s mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and

Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honor.

All our friends took their share, and fought like men in the great field. All day long, while the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Toward evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last. The columns of the imperial guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all. Unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line, the dark-rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels: the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

OUR "Spectator" and "Tatler" are full of delightful glimpses of the town life of those days. In the company of that charming guide, we may go to the opera, the comedy, the puppet-show, the auction, even the cockpit; we can take boat at Temple Stairs, and accompany Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator to Spring Garden—it will be called Vauxhall a few years since, when Hogarth will paint for it. Would you not like to step back into the past, and be introduced to Mr. Addison?—not the Right Honorable Joseph Addison, Esq., George the First's secretary of state, but to the delightful painter of contemporary manners; the man who, when in good humor himself, was the pleasantest companion in all England. I should like to go into Lockit's with him, and drink a bowl along with Sir R. Steele (who had just been knighted by King George, and who does not happen to have any money to pay his share of the reckoning). I should not care to follow Mr. Addison to his secretary's office in Whitehall. There we get into politics. Our business is pleasure, and the town, and the coffee-house, and the theatre, and the Mall. Delightful Spectator! kind friend of leisure hours! happy companion! true

Christian gentleman! How much greater, better, you are than the king Mr. Secretary kneels to!

You can have foreign testimony about Old-World London, if you like, and my before-quoted friend, Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz, will conduct us to it. "A man of sense," says he, "or a fine gentleman, is never at a loss for company in London; and this is the way the latter passes his time. He rises late, puts on a frock, and, leaving his sword at home, takes his cane, and goes where he pleases. The park is commonly the place where he walks, because 'tis the Exchange for men of quality. 'Tis the same thing as the Tuileries of Paris, only the park has a certain beauty of simplicity which cannot be described. The grand walk is called the Mall; is full of people at every hour of the day, but especially at morning and evening, when their majesties often walk with the royal family, who are attended only by half a dozen yeomen of the guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and gentlemen always appear in rich dresses; for the English, who, twenty years ago, did not wear gold lace but in their army, are now embroidered and bedaubed as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality; for the citizen still contents himself with a suit of fine cloth, a good hat and wig, and fine linen. Everybody is well clothed here, and even the beggars don't make so ragged an appearance as they do elsewhere." After our friend, the man of quality, has had his morning or undress walk in the Mall, he goes home to dress, and then saunters to some coffee-house or chocolate-house frequented by the persons he would see. "For 'tis a rule with the English to go once a day, at least, to houses of this sort, where they talk of business and news, read the papers, and often look at one another without opening their lips. And 'tis very well they are so mute; for were they all as talkative as people of other nations, the coffee-houses would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one man said where they are so many. The chocolate-house in St. James's Street, where I go every morning to pass away the time, is always so full that a man can scarce turn about in it."

Delightful as London city was, King George I. liked to be out of it as much as ever he could; and when there, passed all his time with his Germans. It was with them as with Blucher, one hundred years afterward, when the bold old reiter looked down from St. Paul's, and sighed out, "Was für plunder!" The German women plundered; the German secretaries plundered; the German cooks and intendants plundered; and even Mustapha and Mahomet, the German negroes, had a share of the booty. "Take what you can get" was the old monarch's maxim. He was not a lofty monarch, certainly; he was not a patron of the fine arts; but he was not a hypocrite, he was not revengeful, he was not extravagant. Though a despot in Hanover, he was a moderate ruler in England. His aim was to leave it to itself as much as possible, and to live out of it as much as he could. His heart was in Hanover. When taken ill on his last journey, as he was passing through Holland, he thrust his livid head

out of the coach window, and gasped out, "Osnaburg, Osnaburg!" He was more than fifty years of age when he came among us: we took him because we wanted him, because he served our turn. We laughed at his uncouth German ways, and sneered at him. He took our loyalty for what it was worth, laid hands on what money he could, kept us assuredly from Popery and wooden shoes. I, for one, would have been on his side in those days. Cynical and selfish as he was, he was better than a king out of St. Germain's with the French king's orders in his pocket, and a swarm of Jesuits in his train.

The Fates are supposed to interest themselves about royal personages, and so this one had omens and prophecies specially regarding him. He was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife; and sure enough, pallid Death, having seized upon the luckless princess in her castle at Ahlden, presently pounced upon H.M. King George I., in his travelling chariot, on the Hanover road. What postilion can outride that pale horseman? It is said George promised one of his left-handed widows to come to her after death, if leave were granted to him to revisit the glimpses of the moon; and soon after his demise, a great raven actually flying or hopping in at the Duchess of Kendal's window at Twickenham, she chose to imagine the king's spirit inhabited these plumes, and took special care of her sable visitor. Affecting metempsychosis—funereal royal bird! How pathetic is the idea of the duchess weeping over it! When this chaste addition to our English aristocracy died, all her jewels, her plate, her plunder, went over to her relations in Hanover. I wonder whither her heirs took the bird, and whether it is still flapping its wings over Herrenhausen?

The days are over in England of that strange religion of king-worship, when priests flattered princes in the temple of God; when servility was held to be ennobling duty; when beauty and youth tried eagerly for royal favor; and woman's shame was held to be no dishonor. Mended morals and mended manners, in courts and people, are among the priceless consequences of the freedom which George I. came to rescue and secure. He kept his compact with his English subjects; and, if he escaped no more than other men and monarchs from the vices of his age, at least we may thank him for preserving and transmitting the liberties of ours. In our free air, royal and humble homes have alike been purified; and Truth, the birthright of high and low among us, which quite fearlessly judges our greatest personages, can only speak of them now in words of respect and regard. There are stains in the portrait of the first George, and traits in it which none of us need admire; but among the nobler features are justice, courage, moderation. And these we may recognize ere we turn the picture to the wall.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

ON the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in the jack-boots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking, and very corpulent cavalier; but, by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was as bold as well as a skilful rider. Indeed, no man loved sport better; and, in the hunting-fields of Norfolk, no squire rode more boldly after the fox, or cheered Ringwood and Sweettips more lustily than he who now thundered over the Richmond road.

He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner, — he always slept after his dinner, — and woe be to the person who interrupted him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jack-boots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bedroom, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman, and here the eager messenger knelt down in his jack-boots.

He on the bed started up, and with many oaths and a strong German accent asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him.

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. "I have the honor to announce to your majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg on Saturday last, the 10th instant."

"*Das is one big lie!*" roared out his sacred majesty, King George II. But Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact; and from that day until three and thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled over England.

How the king made away with his father's will, under the astonished nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury; how he was a choleric little sovereign; how he shook his fist in the face of his father's courtiers; how he kicked his coat and wig about in his rages, and called everybody thief, liar, rascal, with whom he differed, — you will read in all the history books; and how he speedily and shrewdly reconciled himself with the bold minister, whom he had hated during his father's life, and by whom he was served during fifteen years of his own with admirable prudence, fidelity, and success. But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate love of peace, we should have had wars, which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humored resistance, we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen

over us. We should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed, until that corrupter of parliaments, that dissolute tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman governed it. In religion he was little better than a heathen; cracked ribald jokes at big-wigs and bishops, and laughed at High Church and Low. In private life the old pagan revelled in the lowest pleasures: he passed his Sundays tippling at Richmond, and his holidays bawling after dogs, or boozing at Houghton with boors, over beef and punch. He cared for letters no more than his master did: he judged human nature so meanly that one is ashamed to have to own that he was right, and that men could be corrupted by means so base. But with his hireling House of Commons, he defended liberty for us: with his incredulity he kept church-craft down. There were parsons at Oxford as double-dealing and dangerous as any priests out of Rome, and he routed them both. He gave Englishmen no conquests; but he gave them peace and ease and freedom, the three-percents nearly at par, and wheat at five and six and twenty shillings a quarter.

It was lucky for us that our first Georges were not more high-minded men, especially fortunate that they loved Hanover so much as to leave England to have her own way. Our chief troubles began when we got a king who gloried in the name of Briton, and, being born in the country, proposed to rule it. He was no more fit to govern England than his grandfather and great-grandfather, who did not try. It was righting itself during their occupation. The dangerous, noble old spirit of cavalier loyalty was dying out; the stately old English High Church was emptying itself; the questions dropping, which, on one side and the other, — the side of loyalty, prerogative, church, and king; the side of right, truth, civil and religious freedom, — had set generations of brave men in arms. By the time when George III. came to the throne, the combat between loyalty and liberty was come to an end; and Charles Edward, old, tipsy, and childless, was dying in Italy.

Those who are curious about European court history of the last age know the memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth, and what a court was that of Berlin, where George Second's cousins ruled sovereign. Frederick the Great's father knocked down his sons, daughters, officers of state; he kidnapped big men all over Europe to make grenadiers of; his feasts, his parades, his wine-parties, his tobacco-parties, are all described. Jonathan Wild the Great, in language, pleasures, and behavior, is scarcely more delicate than this German sovereign. Louis XV. — his life and reign and doings — are told in a thousand French memoirs. Our George II., at least, was not a worse king than his neighbors. He claimed and took the royal exemption from doing right which sovereigns assumed. A dull little man with low tastes he appears to us in England; yet Hervey tells us that this choleric prince was a great sentimentalist, and that his letters, of which he wrote prodigious quantities, were quite dangerous in their

powers of fascination. He kept his sentimentalities for his Germans and his queen. With us English he never chose to be familiar. He has been accused of avarice, yet he did not give much money, and did not leave much behind him. He did not love the fine arts, but he did not pretend to love them. He was no more a hypocrite about religion than his father. He judged men by a low standard; yet, with such men as were near him, was he wrong in judging as he did? He readily detected lying and flattery, and liars and flatterers were perforce his companions. Had he been more of a dupe, he might have been more amiable. A dismal experience made him cynical. No boon was it to him to be clear-sighted, and see only selfishness and flattery round about him. What could Walpole tell him about his Lords and Commons but that they were all venal? Did not his clergy, his courtiers, bring him the same story? Dealing with men and women in his rude, sceptical way, he comes to doubt about honor, male and female, about patriotism, about religion. "He is wild, but he fights like a man," George I., the taciturn, said of his son and successor. Courage George II. certainly had. The electoral prince, at the head of his father's contingent, had proved himself a good and brave soldier under Eugene and Marlborough. At Oudenarde he specially distinguished himself. At Malplaquet the other claimant to the English throne won but little honor. There was always a question about James's courage. Neither then in Flanders, nor afterwards in his own ancient kingdom of Scotland, did the luckless Pretender show much resolution. But dapper little George had a famous tough spirit of his own, and fought like a Trojan. He called out his brother of Prussia with sword and pistol; and I wish, for the interest of romancers in general, that that famous duel could have taken place. The two sovereigns hated each other with all their might; their seconds were appointed; the place of meeting was settled; and the duel was only prevented by strong representations made to the two of the European laughter which would have been caused by such a transaction.

Whenever we hear of dapper George at war, it is certain that he demeaned himself like a little man of valor. At Dettingen his horse ran away with him, and with difficulty was stopped from carrying him into the enemy's lines. The king, dismounting from the fiery quadruped, said bravely, "Now I know I shall not run away;" and placed himself at the head of the foot, drew his sword, brandishing it at the whole of the French army, and calling out to his own men to come on, in bad English, but with the most famous pluck and spirit. In '45, when the Pretender was at Derby, and many people began to look pale, the king never lost his courage — not he. "Pooh! don't talk to me that stuff!" he said, like a gallant little prince as he was, and never for one moment allowed his equanimity or his business or his pleasures or his travels to be disturbed. On public festivals he always appeared in the hat and coat he wore on the famous day of Oudenarde; and the people laughed, but kindly, at the odd old garment, for bravery never goes out of fashion.

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

ALL the prince's time tells a similar strange story of manners and pleasure. In Wraxall we find the prime minister himself, the redoubted William Pitt, engaged in high jinks with personages of no less importance than Lord Thurlow, the lord chancellor, and Mr. Dundas, the treasurer of the navy. Wraxall relates how these three statesmen, returning after dinner from Addiscombe, found a turnpike open, and galloped through it without paying the toll. The turnpike man, fancying they were highwaymen, fired a blunderbuss after them, but missed them; and the poet sang, —

"How as Pitt wandered darkling o'er the plain,
His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's champagne,
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,
Had shed a premier's for a robber's blood."

Here we have the treasurer of the navy, the lord high chancellor, and the prime minister, all engaged in a most undoubted lark. In Eldon's "Memoirs," about the very same time, I read that the bar loved wine as well as the woosack. Not John Scott himself. He was a good boy always; and though he loved port wine, loved his business, and his duty, and his fees a great deal better.

He has a northern-circuit story of those days about a party at the house of a certain Lawyer Fawcett, who gave a dinner every year to the counsel.

"On one occasion," related Lord Eldon, "I heard Lee say, 'I cannot leave Fawcett's wine. Mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner to read the brief in that cause that we have to conduct to-morrow.'

"Not I," said Davenport. 'Leave my dinner and my wine to read a brief! No, no, Lee! that won't do.'

"Then," said Lee, 'what is to be done? Who else is employed?'

"Davenport. 'Oh, young Scott!'

"Lee. 'Oh, he must go! Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause before our consultation this evening.'

"This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee, as drunk as he could be.

"I can not consult to-night: I must go to bed,' he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport.

"We cannot have a consultation to-night, Mr. Wordsworth' [Words-

worth, I think, was the name: it was a Cumberland name], shouted Davenport. 'Don't you see how drunk Mr. Scott is? It is impossible to consult.' Poor me! who had scarce any dinner, and lost all my wine—I was so drunk that I could not consult! Well, a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to Lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial; and I must say, for the honor of the bar, that those two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all the expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew, but they did. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their senses), and it was granted. When it came on the following year, the judge rose and said, —

"Gentlemen, did any of you dine with Lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for if you did, I will not hear this cause till next year."

"There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time."

On another occasion, at Lancaster, where poor Bozzy must needs be going the northern circuit, "we found him," says Mr. Scott, "lying upon the pavement inebriated. We subscribed a guinea at supper for him, and a half-crown for his clerk" [no doubt there was a large bar, and that Scott's joke did not cost him much], "and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief, with instructions to move for what we denominated the writ of *quare adhæsit pavimento*? with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to express the necessity of granting it to the judge before whom he was to move."

Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books that might enable him to distinguish himself, but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, "I never heard of such a writ. What can it be that adheres *pavimento*? Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?"

The bar laughed. At last one of them said, —

"My lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhæsit pavimento*. There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement."

The canny old gentleman relishes these jokes. When the Bishop of Lincoln was moving from the deanery of St. Paul's, he says he asked a learned friend of his, by name Will Hay, how he should move some especially fine claret, about which he was anxious.

"Pray, my lord bishop," says Hay, "how much of the wine have you?"

The bishop said, "Six dozen."

"If that is all," Hay answered, "you have but to ask me six times to dinner, and I will carry it all away myself."

There were giants in those days; but this joke about wine is not so fearful as one perpetrated by Orator Thelwall, in the heat of the French Revolution, ten years later, over a frothing pot of porter. He blew the head off, and said, "This is the way I would serve all kings."

Now we come to yet higher personages, and find their doings recorded in the blushing pages of timid little Miss Burney's "Memoirs." She represents a prince of the blood in quite a royal condition. The loudness, the bigness, boisterousness, creaking boots, and rattling oaths of the young princes appeared to have frightened the prim household of Windsor, and set all the teacups twittering on the tray. On the night of a ball and birthday, when one of the pretty, kind princesses was to come out, it was agreed that her brother, Prince William Henry, should dance the opening minuet with her, and he came to visit the household at their dinner.

"At dinner Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently. Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stanforth, Messrs. Du Luc and Stanhope, dined with us; and, while we were still eating fruit, the Duke of Clarence entered.

"He was just risen from the king's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his royal highness's language, I ought to set apart an objection to writing, or rather intimating certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you in genuine colors a royal sailor.

"We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footmen left the room. But he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits and in the utmost good-humor. He placed himself at the head of the table next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, and full of sport and mischief; yet clever withal, as well as comical.

"Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the king at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drunk his majesty's health?"

"No, your royal highness; your royal highness might make dem do dat?" said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"Oh, by —, I will! Here, you [to the footmen], bring champagne: I'll drink the king's health again, if I die for it. Yes, I have done it pretty well already: so has the king, I promise you. I believe his majesty was never taken such good care of before; we have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still but for the ball and Mary. I have promised to dance with Mary. I must keep sober for Mary."

Indefatigable Miss Burney continues for a dozen pages reporting H. R. H.'s conversation, and indicating, with a humor not unworthy of the clever little author of "Evelina," the increasing state of excitement of the young sailor prince, who drank more and more champagne, stopped old Mrs. Schwellenberg's remonstrances by giving the old lady a kiss, and telling her to hold her potato-trap, and who did not "keep sober for Mary." Mary had to find another partner that night, for the royal William Henry could not keep his legs.

And now I have one more story of the bacchanalian sort, in which

Clarence and York, and the very highest personage of the realm, the great prince regent, all play parts. The feast took place at the Pavilion at Brighton, and was described to me by a gentleman who was present at the scene. In Gilray's caricatures, and among Fox's jolly associates, there figures a great nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, called Jockey of Norfolk in his time, and celebrated for his table exploits. He had quarrelled with the prince, like the rest of the Whigs; but a sort of reconciliation had taken place. And now, being a very old man, the prince invited him to dine and sleep at the Pavilion; and the old duke drove over from his castle of Arundel with his famous equipage of gray horses, still remembered in Sussex.

The Prince of Wales had concocted with his royal brothers a notable scheme for making the old man drunk. Every person at table was enjoined to drink wine with the duke, — a challenge which the old toper did not refuse. He soon began to see that there was a conspiracy against him; he drank glass for glass; he overthrew many of the brave. At last the first gentleman of Europe proposed bumpers of brandy. One of the royal brothers filled a great glass for the duke. He stood up and tossed off the drink. "Now," says he, "I will have my carriage, and go home." The prince urged upon him his previous promise to sleep under the roof where he had been so generously entertained. "No," he said. He had had enough of such hospitality; a trap had been set for him; he would leave the place at once, and never enter its doors more.

The carriage was called, and came; but in the half-hour's interval the liquor had proved too potent for the old man. His host's generous purpose was answered, and the duke's old gray head lay stupefied on the table. Nevertheless, when his post-chaise was announced, he staggered to it as well as he could, and, stumbling in, bade the postilions drive to Arundel. They drove him for half an hour round and round the Pavilion lawn: the poor old man fancied he was going home. When he awoke that morning, he was in bed at the prince's hideous house at Brighton. You may see the place now for sixpence; they have fiddlers there every day; and sometimes buffoons and mountebanks hire the Riding House, and do their tricks and tumbling there. The trees are still there, and the gravel-walks round which the poor old sinner was trotted. I can fancy the flushed faces of the royal princes as they support themselves at the portico pillars, and look on at old Norfolk's disgrace; but I can't fancy how the man who perpetrated it continued to be called a gentleman.



A DAY WITH DOUGLAS JERROLD.



Fac Simile of a letter from DOUGLAS JERROLD
to CHARLES DICKENS.

Sept 21

Pewsey

My dear Dickens,

My wife has bought two
little hats for two little girls at Broadstairs -
(we came home last night) - and I am very
much afraid but nobody can bring them
to old Broadstairs ^{so safely} as the elegant person
who now addresses you. Therefore I wonder if
some time next week - two or three days on
your return - I present myself in a modestly
small "furniture cart", I shall be asked to sit down.
At all events I have a good half mind to try -
if two Dickens' heads be put on two Dickens' heads,
have a wonderful man in me - if - may I tell her
sent in her letter after all?"

Hope you are all well, and know as
others. I have been sitting any day for
the last fortnight as should have written
before.

Yours truly
Gerald

Then I was last night. He has who tells me
been with you and said that both never spend
such happy days I hardly expected him
to answer only for himself

I want to talk to you about Kew
I suppose you have some impending
work. but will he not have a need
at all?



DOUGLAS JERROLD.

HIS LIFE AND WORK.



IN the first edition of his collected works, while deploring for the hundredth time the charge of bitterness persistently brought against him, he observed, generally, of his career, "The completion of the first volume of a collected edition of his writings—scattered over the space of years—is an opportunity tempting to the vanity of a writer to indulge in the retrospect of the circumstances that first made authorship his hope, as well as of the general tenor of his after-vocation. I will not, at least in these pages, yield to the inducement further than to say that, self-helped and self-guided, I began the world at an age when, as a general rule, boys have not laid down their primers; that the cockpit of a man-of-war was at thirteen exchanged for the struggle of London; that appearing in print ere perhaps the meaning of words was duly mastered, no one can be more alive than myself to the worthlessness of such early mutterings."

Of his life, this is all Douglas Jerrold left to the world. He counted upon a full autobiography as the closing labor of his career; but death came upon him before he could begin the work, and the task was left in my feeblér hands. I gathered all the materials that lay within my reach, and gave them form, and presented them to the world some fourteen years ago.

INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

A BIOGRAPHICAL introduction to the collected writings of a working-man of letters is useful, often, as explaining many of the characteristics of the author's mind, and how he reached the fields in which he fed his imagination, or built up his theories. There is pleasure in tracing the thread of his own life that, whether thin as spider's silk, or broad and clear, the author draws through his writings. We appear to gain a personal acquaintance with the man whose pen has charmed us, or has taught us wisdom. I believe that this is the chief reason why the lives of literary men, even when most uneventful, are welcome to the public. Readers are delighted to learn how the man who, from his silent study, so long entranced them, appeared in his slippers. Did he eat, and drink, and sleep like other men? He had genius: what, then, were his eccentricities? For authors shall spend the most humdrum lives, living on roast and boiled duly paid for; reading at the club, and keeping all the business of their days by double entry; and it shall still be some time before their readers will believe that a man may be a genius, and have no more eccentricity than a city banker. There are crowds of people who hold that a great scientific thinker must, of necessity, use a lady's-finger as a tobacco-stopper. I remember sitting, at a continental *table-d'hôte*, near an enthusiastic family, who were thrown into a condition of dangerous mental excitement by the arrival of a quiet, gentlemanly man, who took his seat at the lower end of the table, and talked easily and cheerfully to his neighbors. They had discovered that he was the great Mr. Blank, whose last novel they had been reading. Every ear was stretched to catch Mr. Blank's lightest word. But Mr. Blank, having arrived with a good appetite, confined his conversation to the merits of the dinner, with a passing allusion to the probable state of the weather; and, his dinner over, lighted a cigar in the courtyard, and walked smartly away—to the port.

"Who would have thought that was the great Mr. Blank?" cried the enthusiastic family. "Why, he might have been Mr. Brown or Jones."

The difficulty is to persuade enthusiastic readers that most modern men of letters have the appearance and manners of ordinary English gentlemen; and never go to balls or routs in shooting-jackets, nor wear their hair curled to the waist.

A traveller, early on his way to Richmond, passing over the then picturesque heath of Putney, some twenty years ago, in the summer time, would probably see, by the gipsies' tent, a short gentleman, with wild iron-gray hair peeping from under his straw hat; a sharp, bright eye, and a lip with mocking corners to it; chattering with the gipsies, who would lie upon the grass, shielding their eyes from the sun with their chestnut hands, and laugh at their neighbor from the snug lodge yonder, curtained in lime-trees, and musical with a little farm-yard at the

back. I am sure the stranger would hardly have paused to listen to the *badinage*, nor to mark a point of eccentricity in the owner of the Lodge. I am quite certain the gipsies themselves, who were old friends and neighbors of Douglas Jerrold, never saw anything more in him than a lively gentleman, who was very fond of early morning on the heath; who appeared to love the yellow furze very much, and pick it very often, and hold it apparently with great pleasure between his lips, while, bending himself back, a little painfully, leaning on his stick, he watched the sky-promises of the opening day.

A man of the simplest habits, with the nature of childhood as fresh in him in his fiftieth year as when he first looked over the broad sea from a Sheerness garret and saw the great war-ships dip under the horizon, — going, he longed to know whither, — my father, the subject of this memoir, would have been remarked anywhere, not for an eccentricity, but for a simple freshness of manner, the manner of a country gentleman brightened by the sea. All his life the boy shone through the man. The laugh remained clear and loud; the spirit free and adventurous; the mind as bent upon the realization of shining dreams as in the days when two boys, unknown to fame, stood out of the rain under a London doorway, dreaming of the gallant things they would do, under Lord Byron, in behalf of the Greeks. Since these young soldiers of Independence, who were to have become volunteers, — Douglas William Jerrold and Samuel Laman Blanchard, — dreamed that glorious dream in the rain and fog of London, the lives of both have been fought in the fields of literature, far away from Greece!

The time and atmosphere in which my father was born and spent his youth were calculated to give him that free, gallant, and cheerful spirit which appeared in after-life too strong and impetuous for the slight, weak frame in which it was housed. He was born in London, on the 3d of January, 1803; but his first recollections were of Sheerness, where his father owned and managed a theatre. In those days, war made Sheerness a lively place to live in. To a boy of quick imagination, the tramp of the gallant old salts through the streets, the brave Lord Cochrane among them, and their rough stories of their exploits; with the ships roaring their salutes, and the pressgangs kidnapping more food for powder, — life in the old sea-port must have had endless attractions. Then there was his father's theatre, with its scenic wonders, amid which my father actually appeared more than once, carried on by Edmund Kean, in *Rolla*. Being early a greedy reader, his mind strengthened soon, fed from within and without. His Christmas-piece and the book his baby-hands held, and over the pages of which his great blue eyes wandered, are treasures we, who belonged to him, reverently keep, to remind us of the mere flash of childhood he enjoyed.

In December, 1813, a slight, frail child was carried on board the *Namur*, guard-ship at the Nore, to become a midshipman in the service of the king! A boy for the captain's lady to pet, not for the hoarse throat of Mars to thunder at! But these children in uniform had the blood of the gentle and brave in them; and it was a good sight to behold how proudly

they sported the dirk, and bore their duties, while their mothers were mournful in the empty nursery. Childhood was gone to them. Among these my father stood, through the influence of Captain Austin, relative of the novelist, and met a brave sailor on the ship, who has since, with a master's hand, painted the sea he once sailed, — Clarkson Stanfield. In those rough days of the old war, a young gentleman on board one of the king's ships did not lie on a bed of roses. The discipline was hard, and the kicks were many. They sickened, and I have no doubt wellnigh broke the hearts of crowds of delicate boys. What a story for the cockpit must my father's grandmother have unconsciously made, when she sent to the captain, to beg that her dear young Douglas might be allowed to wear pattens on the sloppy decks! Dear Douglas must, on his side, pray to be transferred to a ship that was something more than a log anchored at the Nore. He touched his hat to the captain, and begged to be sent to glory. His petition was granted, and he went to the *Ernest*, gun-brig; and dipped in his turn, under the horizon he had watched from his Sheerness nursery. Of the war he saw nought, save its last horror. The ship in which he sailed, conveyed troops to Belgium for Waterloo, and brought back a cargo of wounded. He has described the gun-brig in Jack Runnymede. This last service in which our young midshipman was engaged was a horror that lived ever after in his mind, and tinctured all his thoughts of war. When he met a parade of laurels, his mind flew back to the gory stumps he used to see dressed of mornings as he sailed from the Belgian coast, with a cargo of heroes. A braver spirit never stood; and he has been heard to say, glowing with his memories of the sea, that, had he been somewhat taller and stronger, he would have been heard of from British oak; but the normal state of my father's mind was one of disgust for soldiering. Although a man of combative temperament, and quite prepared to give his sons a lesson in boxing, he could not but be won, through his imagination, that loved the harmonies of nature, to the quiet and Christian glories of peace.

He brought from his ship, when he was put ashore at Sheerness after the peace, a love of the salt water and of salt-water heroes, that possessed him to his death. It appeared to brace and strengthen his mind, and to intensify his wit. It gave him that strong manliness which triumphed over the feebleness and spareness of his body, and made his presence redoubtable. He flashed his sayings across the table, as from a port-hole; and everybody remembered, there was a gallant little gunner in company, who had more powder and shot at hand.

He needed indeed all the strength and courage he could bring from the sea to London, on that chill New Year's Day, 1816, when he landed from the Chatham boat. His father was now a man of broken fortune, from whose exertions there was little more to hope. Alone with his father, the ex-midshipman tasted what sharp food poverty offers to the adventurers who meet her, in London. He turned to a printing-office, and brought to his father the little money he could earn. They shared it in the court where they lived; and saved enough to hire volumes of Walter Scott to read. There can be no doubt in the minds of men who knew my father

intimately, that his early days in London gave a bitterness to his mind, which would burst out from time to time. He abhorred tyranny; he passionately hated injustice; and his attacks were vehement when a tyrant appeared, or an unjust thing was done. Through the younger half of his life he suffered much. He was galled by hard task-masters, and buffeted rudely by men whom he despised. When he had emancipated himself (while he was yet a boy) from the drudgery of a printing-office, to which he was not born, and for which the position of "officer and gentleman" in the king's service had not fitted him, he sought to live by his pen. Men who knew him in these his boyish days, attest how bravely he fought, with his head high, and a resolve in his heart that never forsook him. The labor he performed was so great, and was so broadly spread, that it has become impossible to trace all of it; scraps of poetry, squibs, dramatic criticisms, and dramatic pieces of all descriptions, flowed from his pen, but brought no great supply of grist to the mill; and grist was wanted.

In his twenty-first year, my father had married Miss Mary Ann Swann (of the Swanns of Wetherby, in Yorkshire); and his friend Blanchard had duly congratulated him in verse. A young family was increasing his responsibilities. The grist must come therefore; and so he struck his bargains in fetters. His pieces made successes on the boards of the minor theatres; and the scene-painters often received more money than the author. He had to deal with dishonorable men, who would never give him his due. What wonder, then, if, now and then, he impaled a scoundrel on the "wasp's edge of an epigram"? His dear friend Laman Blanchard, who was the more fortunate of the two, in early times, would sing to him —

"The time shall be
When men will find a music in thy name;"

but he wanted now what success should bring to wife and children. It was unfortunate that chance threw him in the way of bad men, who duped him when he was generous to them, and cheated him when they professed to serve him. If I insist upon this early and comparatively obscure part of his career, it is because it explains a phase of his mind, and the intensity of his passion, when, in later days, he took up the cudgels of the poor and defenceless. Richter has said, "It is long ere the wounds inflicted by an unjust man are healed."

My father's first success that made his name known in London was his nautical drama entitled "Black-Eyed Susan;" an inspiration brought with him, like Lieutenant Tackle, Captain Channel, and others, from the sea. In after-life he was not proud of its authorship, being rich in better, that is, in higher things. The nautical drama holds the stage, however, because it has strong human interest in it. Its pathos goes quite round the house. Its jollity tastes of the salt; and the British public relish the rough jargon from before the mast. Actor and manager made a fortune by it. Mr. T. P. Cooke was on the point of being hanged from a yard-arm, at the Surrey and Drury Lane theatres, every evening. Money was

turned from the box offices; but only a few pounds from the groaning exchequers reached the author's pocket. He gained reputation, however: this no manager could take from him; and still, with unabated courage, he wrote for the minor theatres — making his way steadily, but with toll and trouble, to Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

And all this time he was educating himself. He would have his fire laid over-night, and rise by candle-light on winter's mornings, to read his Latin and French, and to make ready for his Italian master (he still lives in Boulogne to tell the story), who was to come presently. He read all the old dramatists and poets; and he was not content until he could enjoy Rabelais easily in the original. He was a diligent student of Jeremy Taylor, and an enthusiastic Shakspearean. He worshipped the genius of the Bard of Avon, and bade every young man read his Bible and his Shakspeare. Wit like his belongs to a serious mind.* Where other men saw only a black hole in the bottom of the well, he caught a sparkle from the water. It is the privilege of the dull to sneer at wits, as shallow, or, at least, not learned men. He never condescended to be a mere comic talker; and when he was expected to shine, was silent. He had a respect for that which was deeper in him than his wit. The poetic gum that bubbled up in him, was that which he cherished, and was at pains to cultivate through his life. He used his force as a satirist with a will, because by it he could best chastise those he deemed to be political or social wrong-doers. He had felt all the poor feel, with the acuteness of an exquisitely sensitive nature. He was a liberal by instinct, and the accidents of his life had sharpened this instinct, by proving to him that it was good. No man ever had less of the agitator in him. The coarse forms — not to say company — which were the belongings of Chartists and demagogues in his time, were detestable to him. His was a pure literary mind, that was satisfied to dwell in literature forever; and never sought for power beyond the library.

My father had strong political feelings which came from a heart that had suffered much. He grew serious in windy weather, because he had sailed the stormy seas. All the powers he had in him were in battle array in a moment, when a great calamity had happened, or a grievous wrong had been committed. He did not coolly divide the question into three heads, and examine each: he poured out that which he deemed to be the truth in him. It would be impossible to evolve a political system from his newspaper writings, but they abound in bits of most eloquent pleading for the helpless and the oppressed. The Corn-laws did not appear to him as they would appear to the editor of the *Economist*. He simply called for a big free-trade loaf for the workman's cupboard, instead of the

* "I am convinced that the world will get tired (at least I hope so) of this eternal guffaw at all things. After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot be all a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write the comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a comic History of England; the drollery of Alfred; the fun of Sir Thomas More in the Tower; the farce of his daughter begging the dead head, and clasping it in her coffin, on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy." — Letter to Charles Dickens.

little protection loaf, which was to keep the children hungry and rents high. In this way he was the friend of the tenant and not of the landlord, seeing that the latter was quite able to protect his rights, and was not unlikely to get a little more than his just due. Thus, "The Rent Day" is as political as any of his leading articles.

And so the gallant spirit that was in the sailor-boy — that chafed at the idleness of a guard-ship — removed to London, did battle with poverty, and amended the faults of a most limited education. It would not be subdued, nor wander from its object. The spirit was pliant withal — springing up easily after a trial, and facing the world for more punishment. Gentle Laman Blanchard, in some letters I have, reproves the haste and temper with which my father was getting his vantage-ground; and in this letter the difference in the temperaments of the two men whose mutual friendship sweetened the lives of both, is manifest. I see the two figures before me. The one with a fiery eye, a dilated nostril, a firm Napier face, with wild hair over it; the other placid, quiet, and with a beauty almost feminine. The two men must have approached each other from opposite ends of the earth: the one fiery and resolute to conquer, the other calm, content to wait, and to do some other day, when the sun might be brighter. They quarrelled, like children, about the way of the world; and they parted for a time, because they could not meet like men who have a coolness and are still on speaking terms. The daring and impatience of the one shook the nerves of the other. Blanchard gently sang that the day when the world would find "a music" in his friend's name was to come; and his friend was not patient enough.

Through a series of circumstances on which it is not needful to dwell, where friends were false and the victim was too trustful, my father passed, even when his name was known, through trials in which it was difficult not to be a little at war with the world. He afforded help to men who proved thankless and dishonest, and years of work at his desk paid the penalty of his indiscretion. He was generous to a fault, and gave where it was almost foolish to give. It was a hearty way with him to accede to any request made on his purse, his influence, or his time; and when he found he had been cheated of his sympathy, he was roused to fury. With all his penetration and experience of the world, which he began to learn roughly as he stepped from his cradle, no man was more easily imposed on. When a stranger advanced into his presence, he began by believing him, and so half the stranger's point was gained at the outset. The begging-letter imposter found an easy dupe in him. He had the revenge of painting a few of his enemies, but they were dear models. In the hard times of his life, most of his minor pieces, as "The Schoolfellows," "Doves in a Cage," "The Hazard of the Die," "Nell Gwynne," "The Housekeeper," "The Wedding Gown," and the one-act tragedy called "The Painter of Ghent" (in which, for a few nights, he tried his fortune on the stage), these and a host of others were produced. In these years also he wrote dramatic criticisms and leaders for the *Morning Herald*; stories and articles for the annuals; magazine papers for Blackwood, &c., some of which were collected into three volumes, entitled "Men of

Character;" he edited and contributed largely to "The Heads of the People;" and he made a second collection of magazine articles under the title of "Cakes and Ale." These great literary activities gave him an acknowledged position among the known writers of the day; but still his fame might be said to rest mainly on his successful contributions to the stage. He had, indeed, founded a domestic drama, of which he said, "It is a small thing, but mine own." That impatience which, as I have remarked, always manifested itself in him when there was a wrong to be set right, led him to take an active part in the contention against the monopoly of the patent theatres, and in behalf of the rights of dramatic authors.

It was when *Punch* was started, in the year 1841, while my father was at Boulogne, that a permanent channel, most happily and completely adapted to his genius, was first opened to it. His wit, his passion, his quaintnesses — all the forms in which he sought to communicate himself to the world, and be understood by it at last — would here find a place. The heartiness with which he threw himself into what was almost a new life to him was characteristic. He saw all the developments his new friend with the hunch might take. He might be a wild buffoon, or a wise fool, in his generation. *Punch* was not intended to be a merely comic periodical. *Punch* was to be a grave philosopher, a tender romancist. He should have his political strength. He should bring his wit, and humor, and satire, to bear upon very great shams indeed. The rapid hold which the now world-renowned and most puissant *Punch* took of the British public, fairly astonished all the heavy wiseacres who had foretold the speedy discomfiture of a mountebank. The cap and bells were fitted upon wise heads; the fooling was not purposeless, and was even learned. The hunchback had been removed from the street corner to the drawing-room and the library, and might be seen in the palace of the sovereign and in the cabinet of the premier. He was a relief, a relaxation, a new stimulant to grave professors and fagged students. Just as men whose lives are spent in grave pursuits that stretch the intellect to its extremest tension, run away from the laboratory, or the study, or the studio, to some club, where they will see their fellow-workers roaring like lions and wagging their tails (being members of the British lions), so reverend readers and lecturers, pacing the quiet quadrangles of ancient colleges, found *Punch* a right welcome hour's laughter once a week.

From the establishment of *Punch* to within one week of his death my father was an incessant contributor to it. Into its columns he poured an infinite variety of quaint papers, satires, stories, essays, humorous and grave, and facetiæ and mots by the hundred. *Punch* gave his mind a holiday, where it could play freely. Here was a public channel for the sudden thought, the spontaneous joke, and all the ideas to which the passing events gave rise at the reading of the morning paper. He had a storehouse, where he could deposit all the lighter play of his rich fancy, and save for others the peals of laughter that were, before Mr. *Punch* came into the field, reserved for his friends.

The first series of contributions in which he was of undoubted value to

the rising fame of *Punch* were those which were signed "Q." These are a most fanciful, vigorous, pungent, and sarcastic set of political squibs. They stir the blood and provoke the laugh, aye, and attune the mind to thoughts that had no laughter in them. They were written in fine Saxon English, and went home to the hearts of thousands. Some were thunderbolts, which Mr. *Punch* sent with his compliments to enemies of the people, and purveyors of shams, and unconscionable pluralists, and to the martinets who held up the cat-o'-nine-tails as real commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces. Others were sharp lance-thrusts at bigots and noodles. I make no doubt, however, that many hole-and-corner politicians of the day decided that they didn't go far enough. There are men who would look upon a leader who should head the mob into the wine cellars of Buckingham Palace as a mere trimmer, who had only made a feint in the right direction. There are extreme men tacked to all political parties, and these hate the moderate and rational men of their own party with a deeper hatred than they bear to their political opponents. I remember a wild democrat of the famous 10th of April, who was disgusted, and declared he despaired of the Liberal party, when some rational men whom he addressed declined to help him in getting up an organization the object of which was to blow up Westminster Bridge by penny subscriptions!

The opening of the *Punch* campaign—where Mr. *Punch's* political creed was explained to the British public—was hinged upon the celebrated Bed-chamber Plot. My father's first contribution to the new periodical appeared on the 13th of September, 1841, and was entitled, "Peel Regularly Called In." My father had been a passionate reader of natural history always (he had a copy of Buffon with him on board the *Namur*), and in this article, and in a hundred others, he turned this reading to witty account. Le Vaillant speaks of a turtle that continued to live after its brain was taken from its skull and the cavity stuffed with cotton. "Is not," says "Q.," "England, with spinning-jenny Peel at the head of its affairs, in this precise predicament?" The Tories were giving themselves a new name, and "Q." writes, "When adders shall become eels, then will we believe that Conservatives cannot be Tories." The times in which these papers were begun and continued were big with events, and great changes impended at home. It was a time when Toryism was powerful, and my father could speak in his own way that which he knew from his heart, aye, and from his suffering. It is almost inconceivable that so shrewd a man as the late Duke of Wellington should have said, "In hard times too, that every poor man, if only 'sober and industrious,' 'was quite certain' of acquiring a competency—a monstrous assertion to make of any country on the face of the earth. My father's pen was dipped in gall most wholesomely bitter. He declared that if this were the Duke's belief he knew no more of England than the Iclander in his sledge. This was hard hitting, but a calumny as heartless as it was absurd had been spoken of the suffering thousands who were in the United Kingdom. "Q." concludes, in no mood to mince matters, "Gentlemen Tories, shuffle the cards as you will, the Duke of Wellington either lacks principle or brains." The

reader who should be at the trouble of following these papers through *Punch*, as the daily newspapers suggested subjects to "Q.," will see how closely the man and the author stood together, and how the strength was always put forth for the weak side. The picture of pure Christianity in London, for one day, is in my father's happiest manner. Dr. Chalmers would have nought to do with getting a big loaf for the poor; he was for "universal Christian education for the poor." "Q." applied the doctor's test. Everybody has been made, or is to be made, a practising Christian. The bench of Bishops meet at Lambeth Palace, and—"discovering that locusts and wild honey, the Baptist's diet, may be purchased for something less than ten thousand a year—and after a minute investigation of the Testament, failing to discover the name of St. Peter's coach-maker, or of St. Paul's footman, his valet or his cook, take counsel with one another, and resolve to forego at least nine tenths of their yearly incomings." "A Christian Sunday! Had one page," "Q." writes, "ten thousand times its amplitude, it would not contain the briefest register of the changes of that day." "Q." concludes with Doctor Chalmers: "We are with Dr. Chalmers for Christianity, but not Christianity of *one side*." These are whimsical as well as solemn papers. The masons who were building the Houses of Parliament struck during a distress. "Q." suggested that the members should build their own roof, like beavers. Shall cuckoos and members of Parliament alone be lodged at others' pains? Follow some humorous suggestions. As—Sir James Graham would do the dove-tailing, Disraeli was to do the light interior work. "His logic, it is confessed, will support nothing; but we think he would be a very smart hand at a hat-peg." The article on "Politics of the Outward Man," *à propos* of some fashionable reporter's sneers at fustian-coated men, &c., is full of indignation, most forcibly expressed. Man's covering—"the livery of original sin, bought with the pilfered apples—is worn into a hole; and Opinion, that sour-breathed hag, clasps her blue lips to the broken web, gives a puff, and out goes man's immortal spark! From this moment the creature is but a carcase"—that can work. Poor Sir Peter Laurie's woeful mistakes and persevering blunders did not escape the satirist. The opening fire is heavy. "Q." has no more thought of dedicating a whole page of *Punch* to one Sir Peter Laurie than the Zoological Mr. Cross would think of devoting an acre of his gardens to one ass, simply because it happened to be the largest known specimen of the species; still, for the alderman's benefit, he paints life by Comfort, and then by Penury. Sir Peter had committed a starving man to the treadmill for a month, for having attempted to put an end to his life. "Q." ends thus, on this theme: "The surest way for the rich and powerful of the world to make the poor man more careful of his life is to render it of greater value to him." Running over the papers—and there is deep feeling and abundant wit in all of them—my eye is arrested by the name of the Marquis de Boissy—so far back as 1842—talking the nonsense of the withered brains of the Quartier St. Germain, in Louis Philippe's Chamber of Peers. Said the Marquis, "The worst enemies of government are persons without property." This speech from a cruel heart, speaking through a head where only the smallest cav-

ity had been left for brains, was twisted scornfully a thousand ways by "Q." under the head of "The Traitor 'Nothing.'" There was a prophecy in the peroration. "And, alas! we fear it is too true—Nothing is an enemy of the Government! And Nothing, let the Government be assured of it, has a hundred thousand emissaries." Nothing proved too strong for the Marquis de Boissy's then master, in 1848.

When the County Courts were under discussion, "Q." was, of course, on the side of cheap law. "Turkey," he said, "has her eunuchs, Russia her Cossacks, and England her attorneys." And again, of the clamor made by attorneys for dear law: "It is because lawyers are not wedded to justice, that, like other profligates with their nominal wives, they would have her dress finely." I give these as instances of the kind of political writer my father was, and how he attacked with new weapons, and had tactics and ammunition all his own. The following, of direct and indirect taxation, is a good example. Mr. Charles Buller preferred indirect taxation to direct taxation. "Q." likens indirect taxation to the activity of the vampire bat—he is the indirect tax-gatherer. For we are told that the creature, in the silence of night, fixes itself upon the toes of the sleeper, and drinks and drinks its greedy draughts of blood, and while it drinks, benevolently fans its victim with its wings; and so the sleeper, *i.e.*, the tax-payer, sleeps on until the vampire is gorged; and then the creature goes away, leaving the man in perfect ignorance of the amount of income he has in his slumber subscribed. Now this is the sort of tax-gatherer proposed by Mr. Charles Buller. Dr. Peel, however, says, "No; I want so many ounces of blood from every man, according to his capabilities of losing the same. I will take them, weigh them fairly; so hold out your arm, and where's the basin?"

Enough to give the reader an idea of the manner in which Douglas Jerrold touched political questions. He was enthusiastic on the popular side, as Shelley was. He dealt with great indisputable wrongs, and drove sharp epigrams into the vital marrow of them, or wrapped them in quaint story or happy metaphor. Of these papers of his contributed to *Punch*, whether signed "Q." or called "Punch's Letters to his Son," or "Punch's Complete Letter Writer," it may be equally said—in the words of Mr. Han- nay—the paper stands out by itself from all the others—the sharp critical knowingness, sparkling with puns, of A'Beckett—the inimitable, wise, easy, playful, worldly, social sketch of Thackeray. In imagery he has no rivals there; for his mind had a very marked tendency to the ornamental and illustrative, even to the grotesque. In satire, again, he had fewer competitors than in humor; sarcasms lurk under his similes, like wasps in fruit or flowers. I will just quote one specimen from a casual article of his, because it happens to occur to my memory, and because it illustrates his manner. The *Chronicle* had been attacking some artist in whom he took an interest. In replying, he set out, by telling how, in some vine countries, they repress the too luxuriant growths by fencing in asses to crop the shoots. Then he remarked gravely, that young artists required pruning, and added, "How thankful we ought all to be that the *Chronicle*

keeps a donkey!" In sterner moods he was grander. Of a Jew money-lender he said that "he might die like Judas, but that he had no bowels to gush out;" also that "he" (the money-lender) "would have sold our Saviour for *more money*." An imaginative color distinguished his best satire, and it had the deadly and wild glitter of war rockets. This was the most original quality, too, of his satire, and just the quality which is least common in our present satirical literature. He had read the old writers—Browne, Donne, Fuller, and Cowley—and was tinged with that richer and quainter vein which so emphatically distinguishes them from the prosaic wits of our day. His weapons reminded you of Damascus rather than Birmingham.

Bushels of articles of every description were carved with this finer weapon during the sixteen years that intervened between the establishment of *Punch* and my father's death. In addition to the miscellaneous list, the titles of which would fill pages, he contributed to *Punch* the tender "Story of a Feather" and "Our Honeymoon." "Mrs. Bib's Baby" and "The Female Robinson Crusoe" were soon abandoned; but "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" sprang into a wild popularity that travelled over Europe. I have a Dutch translation of what Mr. Job Caudle suffered, in my possession. The "Story of a Feather" had a success which my father valued more than the noisy triumphs of Mrs. Caudle. Mr. Dickens wrote to congratulate him on his "wise and beautiful book." A well-known critic wrote of it, "The predominant characteristic of this story is power, and the moral character of it earnestness; it is painted with intensity, for it has feeling in every paragraph. No 'wit' could have written it, any more than he could have written the funeral service." The same critic remarks on the manner in which my father got under weigh with a subject, and how he conducted the journey with "pomp and plentifulness."

This active work continued for *Punch* to within eight days of Douglas Jerrold's death. I suspect a fragment I have, entitled "Adam's Apples," was the beginning of a new *Punch* series.

Let the reader observe what manner of worker my father was, even in the prosperous times to which *Punch* and his brilliant success on the stage introduced him. He edited successively *The Illuminated Magazine*, *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, and for the last five years of his life, *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*. Let the reader run down the list of his republished dramatic works only (and they are not half he wrote for the stage), and he must be astonished to find that the writer had time to edit a newspaper and a magazine, and contribute every week to *Punch* into the bargain. In his *Shilling Magazine* he wrote his story of "St. Giles and St. James." He was attacked, hereupon, as a writer who desired at all times to rob the rich for the benefit of the poor. He appealed against this charge, which angered him always. "It has been my endeavor," he says, "to show in the person of St. Giles, the victim of an ignorant disregard of the social claims of the poor upon the rich; of the governed million upon the governing few; to present—I am well aware how imperfectly, but with no

wilful exaggeration of the portraiture—the picture of the infant pauper reared in brutish ignorance, a human waif of dirt and darkness. Since the original appearance of this story, the reality of this picture in all its vital and appalling horror has forced itself upon the legislature, has engaged its anxious thoughts, and will ultimately triumph in its humanizing sympathies. I will only add that, upon an after-revision of this story, I cannot think myself open to the charge of bedizening St. Giles at the cost of St. James; or of making Hog Lane the treasury of all the virtues, to the moral sacking of Mayfair. . . . Some of it has been called “bitter;” indeed, “bitter” has, I think, been a little too often the ready word when certain critics have condescended to bend their eyes upon my page; so ready that, were my ink redolent of myrrh and frankincense, I well know the sort of ready-made criticism that would cry, with a denouncing shiver, “Aloes, aloes!”

My father's last work of fiction was “A Man Made of Money,” begun in that, to him, fruitful literary year, 1851. There are sound critics who believe that it will be read longer than any of his works. It has been ranged with “Peter Schlemihl” and “Zanoni,” and has been said to deserve rank with the philosophic stories so fashionable in the last century. The philosophy on the money-grubber's fate permeates the story. In his literary estimate of my father, Mr. Hannay says, alluding to “A Man Made of Money,” it “is the completest of his books as a creation, and the most characteristic in point of style—is based on a principle which predominated in his mind—is the most original in imaginativeness, and the best sustained, in point and neatness, of the works he has left.” Even in this the middy turns up, as it does in the last fragment he left in MS. The fragment is in “Adam's Apples.” “Adam lay beneath the oak. An acorn dropped into his hand. His world-reading eye dwelt upon the seed. He saw forests. He heard the hammer of shipwrights; and he saw the oaks, bowed into ships, take water, breasting it like swans. And then, with somewhat of the saddest look, he saw Horatio Nelson smitten on the deck.”

Between 1851 and his death my father made three more appearances on the stage; viz., with “Retired from Business,” “St. Cupid; or, Dorothy's Fortune,” and “The Heart of Gold.” In 1854 he resolved not to write again for the theatre.

I believe the happiest time of my father's life was when, feeling that he had made his ground good, he could take his occasional leisure, pass his summers in the country—and when having had successes at both the potent houses with “The Bride of Ludgate,” “The Bubbles of the Day,” “The Prisoner of War,” &c., he brought a five-act comedy to the Haymarket in 1845. For about twelve years of his life—and these the last—he enjoyed the fruit of forty years of as hard fighting as ever man, who took up literature as a profession, could know. The long summer he spent in an ivy-covered cottage, near Herne Bay, appeared to open a bright way into the future. He enjoyed that holiday like a boy. He was in the orchard while the dew was on the grass; he played upon the hay-cocks. He was known in the Bay for his lively talk with the bathing folk.

In the villages round about he would watch the sports, and laugh as though he had just come out of school. Every minute the beauty of the country enraptured him. He would pick a beetle from a rose-bush, and laying it on the back of his hand would watch it for half an hour, and then put it upon the flower again. As he sat reading, or taking his claret under the trees with a friend, he would raise his face to the heavens and draw in the pure air, and vow that the day was exquisite. He prided himself on his botanical knowledge, and went from bush to bush, and flower to flower, absolutely revelling in the nature about him. He would turn suddenly upon the nearest companion — "And this, sir, is within five hours of Fleet Street!" The thought seemed to sadden him. He had spent nearly all his life hardly clear from London smoke, but he was never of London. He hated the stony streets and noisy thoroughfares, and so, rich or poor, he generally contrived to stow his household gods somewhere where there was, as he said, "a bit of green." He once took a cottage in the Vale of Health towards the end of one of the severest Decembers I can call to mind, and was surprised to find that the family did not entirely approve of the measure.

His Kentish walks suggested to him some of his best papers, and they were written in the ivy-covered cottage after rambles. In this way the article on "The Reculvers," that on "The Old Man at the Gate," and "The Two Windows," were written, and printed in his *Illuminated Magazine*, which he was then publishing. With his pet spaniel and his stick, he would stroll off slowly between the Kentish hedgerows, and sit to watch the sea from the ruined churchyard of the Reculvers. He could see the breezy entourage of his old home at Sheerness, and past these two spires he sailed when he brought back those maimed men from Waterloo.

Sometimes he would dip down to the valley behind, past King Ethelbert's gateway.

"The Two Windows" were seen on a summer's day. We had strolled together through the lovely English village from which Herne Bay gets its name, and had gone through the churchyard to the park beyond. The rise and swell of the finely timbered land, dotted with sheep, and white and yellow with daisies and buttercups, woke all my father's enthusiasm. He lingered and turned about, and could not feast enough on the beauties before him. As we turned the angle of a clump of trees, a long, low white building appeared on the brow of the hill.

"There's a lovely situation!" said my father. "What a view!"

"View!" There was a long blank wall, stretched to the beauties of one of the loveliest spots in lovely Kent, with two little windows, about large enough for a hen to pass through. He wondered what the strange building could be.

"The House," said a passing rustic.

It was the workhouse, and the humane authorities had denied the poor the comfort of the outlook upon the meadow, with Herne Church in the distance, and the blue sea beyond. My father turned abruptly home from his walk, declaring again and again that it was the most detestable bit of wickedness he could remember. He sent me back to sketch

the scene, and the lightless wall; and he wrote "The Two Windows" for the *Illuminated Magazine*, while I put my sketch upon wood. I remember the fervor of the concluding lines: "If God punish man for sins as man punishes man for poverty, woe to the sons of Adam!"

But the chief result of the summer in Kent — among the wheat and hops, and under the noble chestnuts, and amid the Saxon peasantry — the gathering of endless solitary rambles through sunny villages, under creaking signs where steaming horses were slaking their thirst, and past doorways where bacon could be espied smoking in the chimney-corners; of days spent with a rich Kentish farmer hard by, who may have sat for the Hermit of Bellyfulle, and whose homestead seemed to be greasy with the plenty there and thereabouts — was the sunny book which my father held chief among all his works as the truest fragment of him he had managed to throw off — "The Chronicles of Clovernook."

The "Chronicles" are a fragment of what it was originally intended by the author they should be; but the fragment, it was his belief, had a better chance of reaching the hands of future generations than the rest of his works. All the qualities of his genius shine their brightest here. The study of benignant nature is rich and rare. Sunday in the country is a picture of peace, and beauty, and simple worship, away from "the bummyming wrappers of sect." The legends have "purposes" in them, from which the author, being a man in downright earnest with the world, could never long wean his fancy. The painting of "The Gratis" is in sunbeams. The hermit is delightful in his oily and sensuous content. The scenery, the air of rich quiet, are Kentish. The reader can almost smell the dreamy perfume of distant hop-fields. Nowhere, save in the house under the ivy, in the plenty and beauty of Kent, would the "Chronicles" have been written. Not in Boulogne, for instance, where "The Prisoner of War" and "Gertrude's Cherries" were constructed — the latter in a curious cottage (wherein poor, forgotten Mrs. Jordan died, in a sad plight), up a muddy, picturesque, precipitous lane, between high hedgerows. It was a place my father only could have found. A rough, more than a homely cottage, with a little terraced garden behind, and a colony of old French maids hobbling round about. I have heard magpies on entering a Swedish village, but I would have defied them to stand five minutes against the ancient *demoiselles* who were wont to talk over the wall (their voices would have gone as easily through it) of my father's garden. There was not a meadow, worthy of the name, near us; but a few miles off was the Valley du Denacre, through which I have seen many men, whose names are as familiar as household words, amble upon the backs of patient donkeys, to eat omelettes and fresh salad at *Souverain Moulin*. In this retreat comedies with French or Belgian scenes did not come amiss. Weather, surroundings, had so strong an effect on my father that a few clouds would stop his morning's work, or put off even a long trip. He could do nothing where he was in the least ill at his ease; although, years before, he had slaved at his inkstand under every discomfiture. He must take up a thing in his own way, and at his own time. Quick to note all he saw, and to bear the effect of it, and re-

produce it on fitting occasion, he could never report his observations, nor go about for the express purpose of observing.

He went to Paris while Lamartine was paramount in 1848, intending to write a series of articles on the aspect of Paris in revolution, and on the state of parties. He was accompanied by a secretary — Mr. George Hodder. A most important series of papers were to be produced. My father carried letters of introduction to all the most notable men in and out of the Government. He could not accomplish his mission. He could not pick up information, make notes on the spot, nor push his way with letters of introduction. So he returned to London with his introductions in his pocket, having managed one letter, which he could have written without stirring from London. It was exceedingly important to the fortunes of his own paper that the projected series should have a marked success, but he could not vanquish his repugnance for the work, the fact being that he was totally unfitted for it. He was angry with himself, and could not bear an allusion to the subject. I mention this as illustrative of the way in which he observed, not by eye and note-book, and to order, and with the deliberately proposed object of making copy of what he saw. His reply when some friend stopped him in Jermyn street, and asked him whether he was picking up character, and he answered, "No; but I understand a great deal is lost here," is suggestive, to any man who knew him, of the impatience he would manifest at the degradation of a faculty to a mechanical operation. There are men who, ordered to describe the noisy realm of an animal fancier, would begin by counting the hairs of the eye-lashes of the guinea-pigs. In my father's descriptions there is the fidelity of the artist, and not that of the camera. All he wrote — the time once past when he could not choose but write — came to him. I except, of course, his work for his own newspaper and for *Lloyd's Weekly Paper*, his connection with which he made one of the great successes of his life. Custom makes comment on passing events natural to the practised writer, and this is distinct and apart from the genius that is in him. Such work is a relief to the more exhaustive process of creation.

The dream of my father's later days was to break with the work-day life of literature, and to spend the close of his career at some sunny place in the south, where, at ease and in peace, he might work out one or two ideas that he had long held floating in his brain, and through which he should make his appeal to the judgment of posterity. He had done enough to tire him of the wear and tear of life. I have books full of his notes of reading for these pet ideas, that were to take shape far away from London. They are materials thrown pell-mell together, that give no clue to the design of the building which they were to decorate. They are monuments of patient closet-work, to be glanced over by all who value what my father actually accomplished, with regret. If he never obtained the settled leisure he anticipated — and that would have enabled him to carry out a few of his ambitious projects — at any rate, as I have already observed, he enjoyed about twelve years of absolute prosperity, of welcome change from one new scene to another, before he died.

He had risen to the position for which he had toiled. He saw himself recognized from one end of the country to the other; public invitations flocked to him from all sides. He presided at one or two great ceremonies. He presented the Shakspeare testimonial to Kossuth; he took the chair at an annual soir  e of the Birmingham Literary Institution. But he disliked public appearances, and never cared to speak to an audience. On one great occasion, cheered to the echo by a crowded meeting of working men, whose cause he had espoused throughout his public life, he muttered a few words, and declared that his heart was too full — he must sit down, he must be excused. In vain, at a later period of the evening, patronizing stump orators invited him to make a second attempt; he was not equal to a sentence. A deputation of Birmingham working men presented him with an onyx ring, and he could only stammer his thanks. These few essays proved to him that nature had not fitted him to shine at deputations nor upon platforms, nor to twirl an eye-glass playfully while thunders of applause were ringing in his ears; and so he turned a deaf ear to the friends who suggested Parliament to him.

"I speak with this, and this only," he said, showing his pen. He was not ambitious socially. Nothing would have persuaded him to scheme for a place, nor to back a minister. He used to amuse all who were near him when he dwelt on the value of business habits, he being a man who had so little of the practical quality about him. A punctual correspondent he was, confining himself strictly to the questions he had to ask and answer. I have letters from him just half a line long. He was accused of unfriendly abruptness occasionally, but there was not the least ill-feeling in the fewness of the words. He talked against the practice of writing private letters, with a view to some printer and publisher in the distance. There are humorous bits here and there in his notes, but at long intervals. In his letters he was "business-like," but on the prospects of a profession for a boy, on profitable practical combinations, on commercial matters, he could not give an opinion. He was not a worldly-wise man. His emotions, his strong impulses, and the rapidity with which he acted, could not belong to a man of the world, who never loses sight of his own interests, and who knows best how to promote them, having made them the exclusive study of his life. My father would point to great examples of successful men — architects of their own fortunes — who had risen from the depths of poverty to a mighty independence. Men

* In the year 1843 Mr. Webster offered a prize of £500 for the best five-act comedy, whereupon my father wrote a very long letter — for him — to Mr. Dickens. I take a bit of it: "Of course you have flung 'Chuzzlewit' to the winds, and are hard at work upon a comedy. Somebody — I forget his name — told me that you were seen at the Haymarket door, with a wet newspaper in your hand, knocking frantically for Webster. Five hundred pounds for the best English comedy! As I think of the sum, I look loftily around this apartment of full twelve by thirteen, glance with poetic frenzy on a lark's turf that does duty for a lawn, take a vigorous inspiration of the 'double Bromptons' that are nodding defyingly at me through the diamond panes, — and think the cottage, land, pig-sty, all are mine, evoked from an ink bottle, and labelled 'freehold' at the call of Webster."

who have made great strides themselves are apt to think that all people may walk in seven-league boots who choose to ask for them. My father was a little of this way of thinking. He had dared, and had won. The courage of daring went far, but the build of the athlete was extraordinary. He loved to see men or women beating down difficulties of all or any kinds, or the heroism of patience plodding through dull years, cheerful to the end of the task. In his study, if a passage from Shakspeare was in question, he would go to his shelves, lift Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Concordance" from its well-known corner, and, laying his hand upon the cover, would say invariably, before opening it, "The work of a noble little woman." He would turn the closely printed pages over, and bid everybody present mark the extraordinary quantity of matter that was contained between the solid morocco boards. And then he would close the volume, and as he carried it back to its honored place upon his shelves, he would repeat, "And all that was done by one noble little woman."

It was my custom, and he was not pleased when it was broken, to dine with my father every Sunday, when, as he told his intimate friends, he kept open house. Very often only a few young, very young, men of letters made up the party. The walk round the garden, into the poultry-yard, and upon the heath, was *de rigueur*. The garden was a picture of neatness, packed with flowers. The owner was in the fulness of his fame, was prosperous, and in his country-house on Putney Heath he was still at work for the stage, having achieved a triumph with "Time Works Wonders." Mrs. Caudle was giving her weekly lectures in *Punch*. There was not a cloud overhead. He went among great people — borne naturally into their society — but he kept his simple habits and his country fare, saying, "If my lord comes, he comes to the leg of mutton and a welcome, like the rest."

It was this simplicity that attracted Lord Nugent so often to West Lodge. But the Sundays were the brightest days, when the notabilities were away — Sundays in the study, where (it may be useful to tell certain clerical critics who wrote most uncharitably some fifteen years ago of a man they knew not) the host never missed his morning alone with his Bible, which he called his church. It would have spared him many years of keen annoyance could some of his critics, who delighted in painting him as a savage misanthrope with a sharp tongue, have seen him talking and laughing, and *not* saying severe things, in his study on these Sundays. They might have remarked the man who could be severe, because they would have seen a man whose eye flashed fire over some outrage done yesterday, which he had just read of in his Sunday paper: but the sweet, childish *fond* of the satirist would have been apparent also. The playful fancy, the light badinage with children (who never approached him without loving him), the petted dog, the friendly proffer of influence to some beginner, the chivalrous defence of an absent friend, the willing forgiveness of an old injury — these traits would have surely

disarmed a few who misrepresented a generous friend and a delightful and wise companion, as a man whose heart was full of gall.

Past rancors are buried, as he was the first who desired they should be. I would not, in this short introduction, lift the least corner of a veil from one of them. The mission I have striven to discharge, in reverent affection for my father's memory, is one of peace between him and those who misunderstood him — between him and the few in the world who may have been taught to regard him as he certainly was not. I have described the difficult conditions under which he wrote. I have not explained away faults; I have rather confined myself to the proof that faults were laid to his charge which were not his. I speak of him from an intimate view of him; with the partiality of a son, who has gratitude and a loving remembrance in his heart, it is true; but only one placed in the relation of affection in which I stood to him, could with authority undertake to draw a picture sufficiently close to life — not of the author, but of the man. I saw that his sharpness in attack came from a deep heart.

It is with a vivid idea of Douglas Jerrold at home that I should like every reader to make acquaintance with his writings. This idea would explain what is called his bitterness here and there. He was a wit always and everywhere; and he wounded — sometimes even his friends. The sudden rush of a witticism that springs from a bright brain to the tongue and is shot forth because it is a witticism and must fly, must be taken into account. The shaft is void of malice, if it have other poison in it. I can remember dozens of arrows, pointed as needles, that stung me; but they left no scar. In the midst of some of our pleasantest and most genial evenings at West Lodge, a shaft would fly and hit home. The victim might wince; but all would laugh, and the wounded with the rest. Did these arrows, so often feathered from "wisdom's pinion," keep a friend from the wit's study fire, where the beech-wood crackled, lighting up faces that beamed under the welcome which made them children, for a time, of the family? For a joke which might escape, there would be hours of talk over books, passing literary news, or the political event of the day, or the whimsicalities of the last club night. These friendly meetings happened weekly, year after year; they travelled, with the host's household gods, to Circus Road, St. John's Wood, and lastly to Kilburn Priory, where death broke them up, and left not one of the company, that had been so long happy together, with a dry eye. Was it not one of these near and dear friends who wrote, "If every one who had received a kindness at his hands should lay a flower upon his tomb, a mountain of roses would rise over the grave of Douglas Jerrold"? I could fill many pages with letters from persons, to me unknown, that reached me after my father's death, written in grateful memory of kindnesses received. Mr. R. H. Horne wrote his grateful offering from Australia.* Humble witnesses sent their testimony of help given to

* The kindness done to Mr. R. H. Horne was when he, finding himself in a pecuniary strait, proposed to write a novel. It was "The Dreamer and the Worker." Mr.

them, from all parts of the country. The verse written in Douglas Jerrold's honor would fill a goodly volume.

The author of "Tangled Talk" could not hold back his testimony to my father's kindly nature. He said, "Within these three years" (writing in 1857), "I have been once or twice his debtor for kind and encouraging words. I would willingly throw my little flower. On the very few occasions upon which I saw him personally — not more than twice or thrice — and under his own roof — I found him the most genial, sincere, and *fatherly* of men; perfectly simple, a man who looked straight at you, and spoke without *arrière pensée* — without any of that double consciousness which makes the talk of some men of talent disagreeable — and most thoroughly *human*. That abounding humanity which I once said elsewhere is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Jerrold's writing, shone out conspicuously in all his behavior. It was never necessary, as it is in conversing with too many, to say by implication, 'Never mind the book, and the reputation, and the wit, and the wits, and what I am thinking of you — am I not a man and a brother?' Mr. Jerrold recognized the manhood and the brotherhood so fully at starting, that there was nothing to be said about it; and your intercourse with him went smoothly upon its true basis — the natural 'proclivity' of one human creature for another. . . . His writings are full of a gracious domestic purity, quite distinct from the claptrap of the playwright or the novelist. The poetry that was in Mr. Jerrold has, I suspect, been much underrated by the general public."

I cannot altogether pass over the aspect of my father as a "clubable man." He was a most social man; and in the neighborhood of Covent Garden — the region sacred to social clubs — it was that, when a very young man, he met a number of friends who were clubbed together, in a humble tavern, under the magic name of Shakspeare, each member contributing a poem, essay, or drawing, in the poet's honor. The club was called "The Mulberries," and the book in which the member's contributions were kept, "The Mulberry Leaves." The young men were all destined to be heard of in the world — save poor William Godwin (the great Godwin's son), who died young, smitten with cholera; but who had, as my father testified, "an unfolded genius worthy of his name." When Elton, the actor, one of the Mulberries, was drowned, my father took occasion to produce one of Elton's mulberry leaves, as illustrative of his

Horne wrote from Melbourne, "The publication of this, by monthly chapters, in 'Jerrold's Magazine,' was the means of giving me peace of mind for a twelvemonth. Those who have ever known what it is to expect a twelvemonth of struggle and doubts, perhaps disappointment, and probably a thousand 'vexations of spirit' in dismal highways of the battle of life, and who have seen all this transformed into a sunny course for a fair exercise of the energies opened out before them, can best appreciate the kind and degree of such a service rendered at once, and in so frank and off-hand a manner. The grateful memory of that year's peace of mind, is the flower I now send half across the globe, to be affectionately laid upon the grave of Douglas Jerrold. *Hail! and farewell! 'Vale, vale! nos te ordine quo natura permittit sequemur.'*"

"graceful intelligence." He then said of the Mulberries, "The society in which these poems were produced, is now dissolved. In its early strength it numbered some who, whatever may have been, or may yet be, their success in life, cannot look back to that society of kindred thoughts and sympathizing hopes, without a sweetened memory—without the touches of an old affection. My early boy-friend, Laman Blanchard, and Kenny Meadows, a dear friend too, whose names have become musical in the world's ear, were of that society—of that knot of wise and jocund men, then unknown, but gaily struggling." The Mulberry Club blossomed into the Shakspeare Club—and, with great names on its list—died. My father contributed "Shakspeare's Crab-tree" to the leaves, and on rare occasions, when the friends were few, would sing it, in that soft, sweet voice he had to the last. He wrote other things also for "the leaves." The theme ever tempted him to essay some new and quaint tapestry-work on the beloved poet. Now it was "Shakspeare at Bankside," and now "Shakspeare in China." I can well imagine how his mind was set to music, and winged with dreams, when he read this passage from Godwin's "Essay on Sepulchres:" "I cannot tell that the wisest mandarin now living in China is not indebted for part of his energy and sagacity to Shakspeare and Milton, even though it should happen that he never heard of their names." This subtlety was exactly suited to treatment by my father.

Other clubs succeeded to the Mulberries. The coterie of literary men and artists who were struggling together through difficulties to fame felt the "bow should sometimes be loose." These clubs were merry meetings of wise men; and many wise heads still meet, to play like boys, and then go home to the studio again, the better for the laugh and the song. In all classes this loosening of the bow is sought. My father, true to his life, tried to extend club luxuries to the many. He founded the Whittington Club.* Gartered notabilities delight to have a steak from a gridiron within view, and to drink from pewter pots, and smoke long clay pipes. The "Hooks and Eyes" and "Our Club" were clubs which, later in life, my father founded; and he was the life and soul of

* After a desperate effort he nerved himself to take the chair at the first meeting, and to say, "If we have clubs composed, I may say, of canes of gold heads—or, if not always with gold heads, at least with plenty of gold about them—if we have clubs of nobles, wherefore not clubs of clerks? For my own part, there are lions and tigers, even in the highest heraldry, for which I have certainly not more respect than for the cat, the legendary cat of Richard Whittington. Nevertheless, the proposed institution of our club has, in two or three quarters, been criticized as an impertinence—as almost a revolutionary movement, disrespectful to the vested interests of worshipful society. It has really been inferred that the social advantages contemplated by our institution would be vulgarized by being made cheap. These pensive prophets seem to consider the refinements of life to be like the diamond—rarely making its only worth; and with these people, multiply diamonds ten thousand fold, and for such reason, they would no longer be considered fit even for a gentleman. They love to contemplate the world with their heads over their shoulders, turned as far back as anatomy will permit to them that surpassing luxury."

the wisely merry coteries of men, to meet whom, a traveller making notes would give half he possessed. He was welcome, as much for the overflowing humanity and the boy freshness that were in him, as for the flashes of his wit and the brilliancy of his conversation. He brought fresh air with him into the room. Professor Masson said of him, "There was, perhaps, no conversation in which Mr. Jerrold took part, that did not elicit from him half a dozen good things. To recollect such good things is proverbially difficult; and hence many of Jerrold's died within the walk, or never got three miles from Covent Garden. Some, however, lived, and got into circulation a little the worse for wear—in the provinces; and not a few have been exported. One joke of his was found lately beating about the coast of Sweden, seeking in vain for a competent Swedish translation; and the other day a tourist from London, seeing two brawny North Britons laughing together immoderately on a rock near Cape Wrath, with a heavy sea dashing at their feet, discovered that the cause of their mirth was a joke of Mr. Jerrold's, which they had intercepted on its way to the Shetlands. Another club friend wrote in the *Quarterly Review*, "In the bright sallies of conversational wit he has no surviving equal." Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who was also a club friend, said, "His wit was all steel points and his talk like squadrons of lancers in evolution. Not one pun, we have heard, is to be found in his writings. His wit stood nearer to poetic fancy than to broad humor."

These clubs of kindred spirits could not but delight a man of his strong social temperament. He insisted, however, that all the club appointments should be simple, plain, clean service, and little more than hermit's fare. He was no public speaker, as I have observed; but at a social board, among club friends, he would break out into a bouquet of fireworks.

At a dinner given at the Museum Club to Mr. Leigh Hunt, he was especially happy in proposing the health of the guest of the evening. He said of Hunt, "Even in his hottest warfare his natural sense of beauty and gentleness was so great that, like David of old, he armed his sling with shining pebbles of the brook, and never pelted even his fiercest enemy with mud." Hunt was happy in reply. He said that "if his friend Jerrold had the sting of the bee, he had also his honey."

I have not space here for further examples of the good things that rained, when, in happy mood and congenial company, my father was talking.

Death met him in the full tide of his life. The ship came to anchor in mid-stream. When my father had fairly settled himself in his house at Kilburn Priory in 1856, and had arranged his study leading to his garden—so that he could see his noble rhododendrons from his desk—he felt that he had settled at last, for the remainder of his days. He had projects enough, of travel that was not to be confined to Europe; but here his house, as a centre, would be, henceforth. If he did not travel much, he was, in imagination, the circumnavigator of the globe. He never put

on his hat without wishing it was a wideawake, shielding him from an Italian sun, or shading his eyes on the Nile. At one time he had a project for buying Sark, — he was so enraptured with its wildness. "I am here," he wrote to Mr. John Forster, "in a most wild, most solitary and most beautiful place. No dress — no fashion — no respectability — nothing *but* beauty and grandeur, with the sea rolling and roaring at times 'tween me and Fleet Street, as though I should never walk there again."

In the winter of 1856, and the spring of 1857, what projects of travel to be done in the summer were discussed in the snug study! Nice, Portugal, Rome, were to be visited. Friend Baron de Forrester's boat was to receive a laughing company when the summer came. My father had been ill recently and desponding; but he was better, and it was spring. The birds chattered at his dressing-room windows, and the buds were bursting! He turned a gay face upon life; and laughing said again and again, "a man was exactly as old as he felt." Yet he had received a shock in the autumn — when Mr. Gilbert à Beckett died at Boulogne. He wrote to Mr. John Forster, his heart full, "Never was a family so united, so suddenly and so wholly made desolate. Competence, position, mutual affection, 'and all that makes the happier man,' and all now between four boards!" This feeling lasted in his mind. The spring, and the bright mornings, however, gave him a new lease of life. He trained his flowers; strolled upon his lawn; saw his friends — and he had many — and was never in happier circumstances.

It was in the last week of May that he accompanied Mr. Dickens to a dinner given by Dr. W. H. Russell, at Greenwich. He was ailing then; but he attributed his illness to the smell of the new paint on the garden steps leading from his study. He battled with his weakness, as he walked to the boat with Mr. Dickens and Dr. Russell. "I have a lively recollection of him," Mr. Dickens wrote to me, "stamping about Elmtree Court (with his hat in one hand, and the other pushing his hair back), laughing, in his heartiest manner, at a ridiculous remembrance we had in common, which I had presented in some exaggerated light, to divert him. We found our boat, and went down the river, and looked at the Leviathan which was building, and talked all the way." A happy day was spent at Greenwich, and my father returned home in better health than he had left. "I went down to Gad's Hill next morning," writes Mr. Dickens, "where he was to write to me after a little while, appointing his own time for coming to see me there. A week afterwards another passenger in a railway carriage in which I was on my way to London Bridge, opened his morning paper, and said, 'Douglas Jerrold is dead.'"

It was but too true. He breathed his last, in his children's arms at noon, on the 8th day of June, 1857. To the last he was calm and resigned; with most Christian courage took leave of all; and left directions — and died, saying — seeing us all about his bed — "This is as it should be."

We laid him in Norwood Cemetery, on a sunny day in June (15th), near

the grave of his boy-friend Laman Blanchard, who had gone before him; and in one year and eleven months afterwards, we lowered to his side the remains of her who had sweetened and sustained him through his life; the most devoted wife I have ever seen in this world — and a mother whose loving eyes no worldly pleasures could ever turn for one inoment from her children.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.



FROM Mr. Hepworth Dixon's review of my biography of my father, which appeared in the *Athenæum* (1858), I take the following passages:—

"A summer only has bloomed and gone since the dust of Douglas Jerrold was left on the sunny Norwood slope. All that had been mortal of their dead friend was then borne to the just man's rest in the arms of some of the great writers of our generation, and through such throngs of mourners as rarely gather round a new-made grave. Old men, worn with life and white with age and thought, were there. Young men, flushed with nerve and strength, were there. Statesmen and historians, poets and novelists, and poor players,—grandsires with tiny children, and fresh young girls and comely matrons—lined reverentially the long pathway of the hill. A scene never to fade from the memories of those who saw it! A June sun poured on the ground its own serene and solemn joy. The first roses of the year were opening to the south. A brightness, as of new life, shimmered in the leaves and along the soft billowy wave of green. A sky of intensely tender blue hung overhead. Low down, miles off in the golden haze, behind the sad band of mourners, gloomed vaguely the towers and domes of the great city. In their front, resting on the crown of another hill, sprang that shining and ethereal structure on which the dead genius had been first to fix the name of Crystal Palace,—and in which, as he drooped into the lap of his mother earth, a favorite and wearied child, a song of redemption and eternal life pealed from such a choir as, until that hour, had never been heard in England. The roll of their hallelujah was unheard by the outer ears of those who stood on the contrasting hill; but the mourners heard it with their hearts, and felt it still the dull aching pulse of pain, though to the grosser sense inaudible as if it had been chorused in heaven.

"And now his Life is before us. Contemporary biography is a thing hard to achieve in all cases; most of all hard when an affectionate man has to write of one whose name he bears. Criticism is then out of court. Impartiality is scarcely to be desired, and coldness would be al-

most a crime. Living men, too, must be introduced into the text; and to blend the touch of history with the politeness of drawing-rooms, is never easy. The pen becomes a knife in the artist's hand, everywhere moving through hot blood and quivering nerves. Praise may be thrown back as impertinence, blame will be revenged as an insult. Yet books written under such difficulties may have a great and abiding value. Their merits may balance the necessary defects. The writer assuredly knows more, even if he be free to say less. He can tell us of many things unknown to the searchers of documents, — for he has lived with his hero, seen him in undress, when no strain of conciliation or concealment was on the mind; and if respect and affection seal his lips on this oversight or that defect, they will also open his lips on points of very precious and peculiar interest. If such a writer cannot tell us, like a judge, all that the hero was *not*, he can at least tell us what he *was*. Then, again, such volumes bear in every statement an emphasis of authority to which no work from a stranger's hand, however skilful and conscientious he who guides the hand may be, can ever hope to rise. This biography of Douglas Jerrold, by his son, written while the mirth and the tears are yet warm, may be taken as a good example of its class. It is a very admirable portrait of a father. We hear the wit crackle in the smoking-room of the club, and join in the irresistible applause of answering laughter, — we imagine the powerful journalist at his desk, the jar of roses at his hand, his dog Mouse scowling on the rug, a printer's-devil in the passage, and a heap of papers on the floor, — we sit, as it were, with our feet under the same mahogany, and in the pauses of merriment list to his sweet low musical chant —

“And for this reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.”

“But we turn from these figures of the busy and companionable man of genius, to the picture of his family life. Here we have Jerrold at home, and a more beautiful and winning portrait of a man of letters does not, we think, exist.

“We shall not ask the reader to go with us again from cradle to grave; we prefer to pause on points of character and illustrative sayings, not yet known to the general public.

“Douglas Jerrold, we read, was the ‘son of a poor stroller;’ — rather, we should say, of a poor country manager. A mystery is, however, suggested about his birth, or the antecedents of his birth, on which a romance might be built: ‘The poor stroller must have remembered somewhat bitterly the fact, to which he often referred, namely, that he had played in a barn upon the estate that was rightfully his own.’ Manager Jerrold’s scenes ran over a great part of the downs and hop-gardens of Kent, though his great station was Sheerness, — one of the few seaports that now have not even a barn devoted to the drama of ‘Black-

Eyed Susan' and 'The Wreck Ashore.' An anecdote on the state of theatrical affairs in a place at that day still more primitive than Sheerness.

"More than half a century after the poor stroller, Samuel Jerrold, had displayed his precious shoes to the bumpkins about Eastbourne, his son Douglas, accompanied by his family, went to this quiet place to enjoy a summer's holiday. Here a poor stroller waited upon the son, and asked him to give his patronage to the little theatre. Douglas Jerrold's 'bespeak' was put forth in this same Eastbourne, in 1851; and the patron went to the barn with his family, and was posted in the seat of honor—the honor being marked by a little red cloth thrown over the front bench. Rafters, dark and ghostly, overhead; rows of greasy benches behind; and a woeful stage, with dips for footlights, were not encouraging hints as to the nature of the entertainment. Presently a boy in a smock frock snuffed the dips, and then 'The Love Chase' was played. The manager's family took nearly all the parts; even the poor old chief of the *troupe*, blind and worn, was led on to sing 'Come and take tea in the arbor.' In 1851 the patron of the evening must have thought, 'Matters theatrical here are rude enough. What must the theatre have been in which Dibdin, and my father, and Wilkinson, performed hereabouts some sixty years ago!'

"At the barn in Sheerness good company sometimes appeared. Among persons of high distinction was Lord Cochrane. When his ship, the *Pal-la*, lay in Sheerness roadstead, Lord Cochrane, now Earl of Dundonald, was always at the play; and he is still remembered by the old door-keeper, not less from his great renown as a seaman, than by his original and good-hearted whimsy of always paying for his box twice. In the little Douglas, then a flaxen Saxon boy of three or four, Lord Dundonald was to find in after-life one of the staunchest of his friends and defenders. Among the very few letters preserved by Jerrold was this from the hero of the Basque Roads:—

" '8 Chesterfield Street, 10th May, 1847.

" 'Sir,—Your generous and very powerful advocacy of my claim to the investigation of my case has contributed to promote that act of justice, and produced a decision of the Cabinet Council, after due deliberation, to recommend to her Majesty my immediate restoration to the Order of the Bath, in which recommendation her Majesty has been graciously pleased to acquiesce. I would personally have waited on you, confidentially to communicate this (not yet promulgated) decree; but as there is so little chance of finding you, and I am pressingly occupied, I shall postpone that pleasure and duty.—I am, sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

" 'Douglas Jerrold, Esq.

DUNDONALD.'

"A school at Sheerness taught the youthful dramatist very little; the master, if shrewd in business, being very ignorant in the humanities. 'He taught us to turn our thoughts into nines,' said a prosperous townsman, once a pupil in the same school with Jerrold. This was nearly all.

Little Jerrold took home only his prize ring-worm. Nor was he given, while at Sheerness, to the riotous games and pastimes in which boys delight, no cudgels, hockey, trap, or cricket. For all these his tender build disarmed him. 'The only athletic sport I ever mastered,' he used to say, with a twinkling eye, 'was backgammon.' Sheerness was not then a brilliant place; and we could hug that dear old gentleman, still alive, who clings to the belief, defying parish register and baptismal records, that Douglas Jerrold was born in Sheerness, and was 'the only good thing the dirty old town ever sent into the world.' From this place he passed into his Majesty's service as midshipman. Here occurs an anecdote of the young midshipman which has not, as we think, been told before:—

"He had gone ashore with Capt. Hutchinson, and was left in command of the gig. While the commander was absent two of the men in the midshipman's charge requested permission to make some trifling purchase. The good-natured officer assented, adding, 'By the way, you may as well buy me some apples and a few pears.' — 'All right, sir,' said the men; and they departed. The captain presently returned, and still the seamen were away on their errand. They were searched for, but they could not be found. They had deserted. Any naval reader whose eye may wander over this page will readily imagine the disgrace into which Midshipman Douglas Jerrold fell with his captain. Upon the young delinquent the event made a lasting impression, and years afterward he talked about it with that curious excitement which lit up his face when he spoke of anything he had felt. He remembered even the features of the two deserters; as he had, most unexpectedly, an opportunity of proving. The midshipman had long put his dirk aside, and washed the salt from his brave face. He had become a fighter with a keener weapon than his dirk had ever proved, when, one day strolling eastward, possibly from the office of his own newspaper to the printing premises of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, in Whitefriars, he was suddenly struck with the form and face of a baker, who, with his load of bread at his back, was examining some object in the window of the surgical instrument maker, who puzzles so many inquisitive passers by, near the entrance to King's College. There was no mistake. Even the flour dredge could not hide the fact. The ex-midshipman walked nimbly to the baker's side, and rapping him sharply upon the back, said, 'I say, my friend, don't you think you've been rather a long time about that fruit?' The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had not calmed the unquiet suggestions of his conscience. He remembered the fruit and the little middy, for he said, 'Lor! is that you, sir?' The midshipman went on his way laughing."

"How Jerrold first met Clarkson Stanfield on board his Majesty's ship *Namur*,—how they got up private plays on board,—and how the remembrance of these early days gave rise to the famous private theatricals in which all London assisted,—has been told. With the peace Jerrold left the sea, though it may be truly said the sea never left him.

"Yet Jerrold would not have sent his own son to sea, nor would he hear with any hearty pleasure of the son of a friend going into that service. A gentleman called on him one day, with a fine youth sick for the brine, and bent on a gazette all to himself. 'And what are you at now, my dear boy?' asked Jerrold. 'Silk, sir,' says the hopeful Nelson. 'If you go to sea you'll find it worsted.' A natural weakness of body — that ebbed almost daily into real debility, as it flowed back daily into a sudden and surprising semblance of strength — disposed him to shun for himself, and fear for those he liked, the chances of violent fatigue and dangerous adventures, though no man could admire with warmer zest the tale of brave actions bravely told. All his faculties swayed, as it were, between poles which seemed to have no visible connection. A man to outward seeming full of whimsical oppositions! He delighted in exercise, yet he could scarcely ride or walk. Bold as a lion, he was also nervous as a bird. In a boat he was a rock, on the edge of a cliff a leaf. Standing in the stern-sheets in a storm he looked the image of a hero, — standing on the July Column he turned pale and sick. Though twisted with pain, he was ever the liveliest rattle in the company. Heart disease, sciatica, rheumatism in the eyes, never left him safe an instant. For many years his life was spent on a gravestone, looking into the deep hole, yet no one's spirits flowed with more abounding plentifulness than his. With a singular quickness for music, he could never dance a step. Without voice, his singing was a delight which no ear that ever heard it will forget. His great accomplishment was, however, whistling. A love of country life — its sights, and sounds, and scents, to all of which he was sensitive to the very verge of pain — gave him, first, a familiarity, then a command, over all the notes of birds; and he would bring him in his suburban garden troops of thrushes, robins, blackbirds, sparrows, which seemed to know him by a natural instinct as a true friend and leal protector. Born under Bow bells, he used to mock at cockneys born and reared in the country, for their ignorance of the voices and ways of birds. If you heard in the lanes about Putney Common, or later in the meadows near West End, a whistle of peculiar strength and sweetness, you felt sure that Jerrold would turn up at the next stile or the first bend of the road. Sometimes, when kept waiting, his pipe tuned up in a drawing-room, to the astonishment, no doubt, of Jeames, but the great amusement of Jeames' mistress. 'Couldn't you whistle that again?' pleaded Mrs. Godwin coaxingly to her youthful visitor, after stealing on a prelude of the kind.

"Coaxing was, in fact, the relation that every one instinctively took towards the fragile and gentle being; for, however bright and leonine, you always thought of him as of something feeble and young. This gentleness was, in truth, the one thing by which all his closest friends knew him. We will cite Dickens' letter to Blanchard Jerrold:

"'Few of his friends,' Mr. Dickens writes, 'I think, can have had more favorable opportunities of knowing him in his gentlest and most affectionate aspect than I have had. He was one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men. I remember very well that when I first saw him, in

about the year 1835, when I went into his sick-room in Thistle Grove, Brompton, and found him propped up in a great chair, bright-eyed, and quick, and eager in spirit, but very lame in body, he gave me an impression of tenderness. It never became dissociated from him. There was nothing cynical or sour in his heart, as I knew it. In the company of children and young people he was particularly happy, and showed to extraordinary advantage. He never was so gay, so sweet-tempered, so pleasing, and so pleased as then. Among my own children I have observed this many and many a time. When they and I came home from Italy, in 1845, your father went to Brussels to meet us, in company with our friends, Mr. Forster and Mr. MacIise. We all travelled together about Belgium for a little while, and all came home together. He was the delight of the children all the time, and they were his delight. He was in his most brilliant spirits, and I doubt if he were ever more humorous in his life. But the most enduring impression that he left upon us, who are grown up — and we have all often spoken of it since — was that Jerrold, in his amiable capacity of being easily pleased, in his freshness, in his good nature, in his cordiality, and in the unrestrained openness of his heart, had quite captivated us. Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been an estrangement between us — not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word — and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the STRANGER'S ROOM of a club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word (I am sorry to remember), and did not look that way. Before we had sat so long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in a most engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you, 'For God's sake let us be friends again! A life's not long enough for this.'

"Then, to continue the chapter of apparently fanciful contradictions in this strangely gifted being, he who could hardly walk a mile, and had always shrunk from mounting a horse, was in imagination a great traveller. No man ever laid down so many plans that came to nought. At the winter fire, or under the mulberry tree, as he listened to friends who wandered to and fro on the face of this earth; on the glow, the change, the intoxication of brain produced by new sceneries and manners, he would start into fiery ardor. Rome, Constantinople, Seville, Lisbon — yes, he would go! But when the time came round to start, his feeble health prostrated a brave desire. Paris and the Rhine were, until 1854, the only journeys he ever made. In that year he meant to run down on Venice and spend some weeks on the Italian lakes. But the Austrian Kaiser forbade. 'We have orders not to admit you into any part of the Austrian empire,' said a polite official, when he applied for a passport. 'That shows your weakness, not my strength,' said the applicant. He went, with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, through Burgundy to Lyons,

up the Rhone into Savoy and Switzerland, and through the German Rhineland back to Brussels and London. This trip had a considerable influence on his mind and health. Unhappily, the great writer was a bad correspondent, and the letters sent home were brief and unimportant. From letters written to a little boy, who was son to two of the travellers and godson to the other two — extracts from which are here given — the course of the dramatist and his companions may be traced. We give two or three bits about ‘godpapa,’ having in them that grain of character which comes of intimate communication :

“ ‘Fontainebleau.

“ ‘My dear Willie, — After four hot days in Paris we are cooling in the prettiest sort of country-house on the edge of the great forest of Fontainebleau, into which we drive and ramble, losing ourselves in its magnificent avenues of chestnuts and poplars. . . . Godpapa has a great love for trees and woods and gardens; indeed, we can’t tell if he loves even books better than flowers, of which he knows all the names, English and Latin, and all the verses that have ever been written about them: so we pass under the lacing branches, and chat, and smoke, and laugh.’

“ ‘How Jerrold gets the tourist out of these quarters may be told in the words addressed to the same young gentleman of six :

“ ‘Sick with sulphur, lungs full of steam, and poisoned with sour food, we escaped from Aix this morning by a nice little trick. Our landlord, unable to catch four live English every day, and finding our society pleasant and profitable, as he could charge us for dinners we never touched, told us overnight there were no places to be got for a week in the Chambery diligence, nor a single horse to be hired for posting. So godpapa goes down before breakfast, makes a long face, and whispers to him that he fears one of the ladies is seized with cholera! The honest landlord suddenly recollects that horses and a very nice carriage may be got, and cheap too! Done, done! As we step in, a funeral procession, with priests, and singing boys, and candles, drones past the door, and we drive away in a light shower, out of the deep sulphurous valley, now to emerge into winding roads, with Italian cottages and real Italian vines, trained up the sides of houses, and up branches of apple trees. Very merrily we ride, godpapa crowing and singing, and marking down every pretty spot to come to again, and spend a summer in it. He has laid out thirty or forty summers already, so you see he means to live for ever, as we all hope he may.’

“ ‘This passion of building nests for the summer-time of future years never left him.

“ ‘Pass we now to the illustrations drawn from London life. Jerrold’s fame in the conversational world of London sprang, no doubt, from the reported flash and picturesqueness of his table-talk. This was a part of his reputation in which he took no pride, — the reverse rather, for he val-

ued very slightly — perhaps undervalued — the worth of quips and quirks, and all that play of humorous fancy which seems to have no end, save laughter; but it was portion of him as writer and as man, and cannot be divided from his name now that he is gone. From the chapter on Clubs we shall detach some sayings—fragments of table-talk — gathered up and recorded by those who had heard them, when the ready lips had closed for ever :

“ A dinner is discussed. Douglas Jerrold listens quietly, possibly tired of dinners and declining pressing invitations to be present. In a few minutes he will chime in, ‘ If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.’ A friend drops in, and walks across the smoking-room to Douglas Jerrold’s chair. The friend wants to enlist Mr. Jerrold’s sympathies in behalf of a mutual acquaintance who is in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend has already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. —’s hat is becoming an institution, and friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which I now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by my father with evident dissatisfaction. ‘ Well,’ said Douglas Jerrold, ‘ how much does — want this time?’ ‘ Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight,’ the bearer of the hat replied. Jerrold: ‘ Well, put me down for one of the noughts.’ An old gentleman, whom I will call Prosy Very, was in the habit of meeting my father, and pouring long pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion Prosy related a long limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, ‘ he really thought he should have died with laughter.’ Jerrold: ‘ I wish to heaven you had.’ The ‘ Chain of Events,’ playing at the Lyceum Theatre, is mentioned. ‘ Humph!’ says Douglas Jerrold, ‘ I’m afraid the manager will find it a door chain strong enough to keep everybody out of his house.’ Then some somewhat lackadaisical young members drop in. They opine that the club is not sufficiently west; they hint at something near Pall Mall, and a little more style. Douglas Jerrold rebukes them: ‘ No, no, gentlemen; not near Pall Mall; we might catch coronets.’ Another of these young gentlemen, who has recently emerged from the humblest fortune and position, and exulting in the social consideration of his new elevation, puts aside his antecedents. Having met Douglas Jerrold in the morning while on horseback, he ostentatiously says to him, ‘ Well, you see I’m all right at last!’ ‘ Yes,’ is the reply, ‘ I see you now *ride* upon your cat’s-meat.’ The conversation turns upon the fastidiousness of the times. ‘ Why,’ says a member, ‘ they’ll soon say marriage is improper.’ ‘ No, no,’ replies Douglas Jerrold, ‘ they’ll always consider marriage good breeding.’ A stormy discussion ensues, during which a gentleman rises to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he begins: ‘ Gentlemen, all I want is common sense — ’ ‘ Exactly,’ Douglas Jerrold interrupts: ‘ that is precisely what you *do* want.’

The discussion is lost in a burst of laughter. The talk lightly passes to the writings of a certain Scot. A member holds that the Scot's name should be handed down to a grateful posterity. D. J.: 'I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame.' Brown drops in. Brown is said by all his friends to be the toady of Jones. The appearance of Jones in a room is the proof that Brown is in the passage. When Jones has the influenza Brown dutifully catches a cold in the head. D. J. to Brown: 'Have you heard the rumor that's flying about town?' 'No.' 'Well, they say Jones pays the dog-tax for you.' Douglas Jerrold is seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends, and has expressed his disappointment. Friend: 'I hear you said — was the worst book I ever wrote.' Jerrold: 'No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.' A supper of sheep's head is proposed, and presently served. One gentleman present is particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and, as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims, 'Well, sheep's head for ever, say I!' Jerrold: 'There's egotism!' He took the chair at one of the anniversary dinners of the Eclectic Club — a debating society consisting of young barristers, authors, and artists. The *pièce de résistance* had been a saddle of mutton. After dinner the chairman rose and said, 'Well, gentlemen, I trust that the noble saddle we have eaten has grown a woolsack for one among you.'

"We pass from this brilliant life of gracious frolic and often deep-meaning playfulness to the calmer figure of the humorist at home, of which we have already spoken. Here the witness feels his right to speak aloud. Let us give this Putney scene in the son's own simple and pictorial words: —

"It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock, at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gipsies are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window-sash is shot sharply up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little, spare figure, with a stoop, habited in a short shooting jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes, with short, quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from its master. The gipsy encampment is reached. The gipsies know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast, and the morning papers. The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk; some toast, bacon, water-cresses. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers — here and there a bit of news energetically read aloud, then cut, and put between clippers. Then silently, suddenly, into the study. This study is a very snug room.

All about it are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakspeare. A bit of Shakspeare's mulberry tree lies upon the mantel-piece. Above the sofa are "The Rent Day" and "Distraint for Rent," Wilkie's two pictures, in the corner of which is Wilkie's kind inscription to the author of the drama called "The Rent Day." Under the two prints laughs Sir Joshua's sly Puck, perched upon a pulpy mushroom. Turner's "Heidelberg" is here too, and the engraver thereof will drop in presently—he lives close at hand—to see his friend Douglas Jerrold. Ariadne and Dorothea decorate the chimney-piece. The furniture is simple, solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell, upon which the inkstand rests, has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the arm-chair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study, and lies at his feet. Work begins. If it be a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf, and go nibbling it, and thinking, down the side walks. In again, and vehemently to work. The thought has come, and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine are brought in by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written, and despatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; and then another long turn round the lawn, at last sitting, with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry tree. Friends drop in, and join Jerrold in his tent. Who will stop to dinner? Only cottage fare; but there is a hearty welcome. Conversation about the book in hand. Perhaps it is old Rabelais, or Jeremy Taylor; not improbably Jean Paul's "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," or his "Levana;" or, again, one of old Sir Thomas Browne's volumes. In any there is ample matter for animated gossip. At a hint the host is up, and on his way to discover to the visitor the beauties and conveniences of his cottage. The mulberry tree always comes in for a glowing account of its rich fruitfulness; and the asparagus bed owes a heavy debt of gratitude to its master. The guest may be a phlegmatic person, and may wearily follow his excited little host, as he wanders enthusiastically from one advantageous point to another; but the host is in downright earnest about his fruit-trees, as he is about everything else. He laughingly insists that his cabbages cost him at least a shilling apiece, and that cent. per cent. is the loss on his fowls' eggs. Still he relishes the cabbages and the eggs,

and the first spring dish of asparagus from his own garden marks a red-letter day to him. Perhaps he will be carried away by his enthusiasm as the sun goes down, and will be seen still in his straw hat, watering the geraniums, or clearing the flies from the roses. Dinner, if there be no visitors, will be at four. In the summer, a cold quarter of lamb and salad, and a raspberry tart, with a little French wine in the tent, and a cigar. Then a short nap — forty winks — upon the great sofa in the study, and another long stroll over the lawn, while the young members play bowls, and the tea is prepared in the tent. Over the tea-table, jokes of all kinds, as at dinner. No friend who may happen to drop in now will make any difference in the circle. Perhaps the fun may be extended to a game of some kind on the lawn. Basting the bear was one evening the rule, on which occasion grave editors and contributors "basted" one another with knotted pocket handkerchiefs to their hearts' content. 'The crowning effort of this memorable evening was a general attempt to go heels over head upon haycocks in the orchard — a feat which vanquished the skill of the laughing host, and left a very stout and very responsible editor, I remember, upon his head, without power to retrieve his natural position.'

"This picture is very true in color, very firm in outline. It shows, like much other writing in this volume, that the younger Mr. Jerrold is an artist of most excellent promise.

"Jerrold's last appearance out of doors was at Mr. Russell's dinner. We near the end. Mr. Dickens, who met him by appointment in the Gallery of Illustration, describes the going down to Greenwich:

" 'Arriving some minutes before the time (Mr. Dickens tells me), I found your father sitting alone in the hall. "There must be some mistake," he said. No one else was there; the place was locked up; he had tried all the doors; and he had been waiting a quarter of an hour by himself. I sat down by him in a niche on the staircase, and he told me that he had been very unwell for three or four days. A window in his study had been newly painted, and the smell of the paint (he thought it must be that) had filled him with nausea and turned him sick, and he felt weak and giddy, through not having been able to retain any food. He was a little subdued at first, and out of spirits; but we sat there half an hour talking, and when we came out together he was quite himself. In the shadow I had not observed him closely; but when we got into the sunshine of the streets I saw that he looked ill. We were both engaged to dine with Mr. Russell at Greenwich, and I thought him so ill then that I advised him not to go, but to let me take him, or send him, home in a cab. He complained, however, of having turned so weak (we had now strolled as far as Leicester Square) that he was fearful he might faint in the cab, unless I could get him some restorative, and unless he could 'keep it down.' I deliberated for a moment whether to turn back to the Athenæum, where I could have got a little brandy for him, or to take him on to Covent Garden for the purpose. Meanwhile he stood leaning against the rails of the enclosure, looking, for the moment, very ill indeed. Finally,

we walked on to Covent Garden, and before we had gone fifty yards he was very much better. On our way Mr. Russell joined us. He was then better still, and walked between us unassisted. I got him a hard biscuit, and a little weak cold brandy and water, and begged him by all means to try to eat. He broke up and ate the greater part of the biscuit, and was much refreshed and comforted by the brandy. He said that he felt the sickness was overcome at last, and that he was quite a new man. It would do him good to have a few quiet hours in the air, and he would go with us to Greenwich. I still tried to dissuade him: but he was by this time bent upon it; his natural color had returned, and he was very hopeful and confident. We strolled through the Temple on our way to a boat; and I have a lively recollection of him stamping about Elmtree Court (with his hat in one hand, and the other pushing his hair back), laughing in his heartiest manner at a ridiculous remembrance we had in common, which I had presented in some exaggerated light to divert him. We found our boat, and went down the river, and looked at the *Leviathan* which was building, and talked all the way. It was a bright day, and as soon as we reached Greenwich we got an open carriage, and went out for a drive about Shooter's Hill. In the carriage Mr. Russell read us his lecture, and we discussed it with great interest. We planned out the ground of Inkermann on the heath, and your father was very earnest indeed. The subject held us so that we were graver than usual; but he broke out, at intervals, in the same hilarious way as in the Temple, and he over and over again said to me, with great satisfaction, how happy he was that he had "quite got over that paint." The dinner party was a large one, and I did not sit near him at table. Both he and I had arranged, before we went in to dinner, that he was to eat only of some simple dish that we agreed upon, and was only to drink sherry and water. We broke up very early, and before I went away with Mr. Leech, who was to take me to London, I went round to Jerrold, and put my hand upon his shoulder, asking him how he was. He turned round to show me the glass beside him, with a little wine and water in it. "I have kept to the prescription; it has answered as well as this morning's, my dear old boy. I have quite got over the paint, and I am perfectly well." He was really elated by the relief of having recovered, and was as quietly happy as I ever saw him. We exchanged "God bless you!" and shook hands. I went down to Gad's Hill next morning, where he was to write to me after a little while, appointing his own time for coming to see me there. A week afterwards, another passenger in the railway carriage in which I was on my way to London Bridge, opened his morning paper, and said "Douglas Jerrold is dead!"

"Jerrold in his little study, with a cigar, a flask of Rhine wine on the table, a cedar log on the fire, and half a dozen literary youngsters round the board listening to his bright wit, and his wisdom that was brighter even than his wit,—this is, we think, the image of the good friend and singular humorist that will live most brightly and permanently in the minds of those who knew him. Warmth and generosity, haste in giving

and forgiving, a passionate desire to see every one cheery, prosperous, and content, went with him from cradle to tomb. His mound of flowers was nobly earned. Men who linger wistfully on the memory of that tiny frame; on that eager, radiant face; on those infantine ways, with their wonderfully subtle and elaborate guilelessness; on that ailing constitution and fiery blood; on that joyous, tender, teasing, frolicsome, thoughtful heart,—must always think of him, less as of the flashing wit and scathing satirist, than as of some marvellously gifted, noble, and wayward child, the sport of nature and the delight of man. He will be recalled to those who knew and loved him, not by any big and sounding appellation, but by some affectionate and soft diminutive; not as brilliant Douglas or magnificent Douglas, but simply and fondly as *dear Douglas*."



DOUGLAS JERROLD AS SPEAKER.

LIKE Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold had a horror of speech-making; also, like the author of "Esmond," the author of "St. Giles and St. James" broke down many times. Yet on occasion he nerved himself (having carefully prepared his speech) for a great occasion; and he never succeeded more happily than when, on the 6th of May, 1853, he presented a copy of the works of Shakspeare to Kossuth (paid for by the penny subscriptions of upwards of 9000 working men), before a crowded and enthusiastic meeting, packed in the great-room of the London Tavern. He said, —

"Most unaffectedly do I wish that the duty, imposed by the noble chairman on my feeble and unpractised powers, had been laid upon any other individual more equal — he could not be less — to the due fulfilment of this difficult, but withal most grateful task. Sir, when it became known to Englishmen, already stirred, animated by your consummate mastery of their noble language — when it became known to them that you had obtained that 'sovereign sway and masterdom' of English speech from long study of the page of Shakspeare — when it was known that your captivity had been lightened, by the lesson you had so nobly set yourself, by the achievement of the lesson you have since so often, so faithfully, and so triumphantly repeated, to admiring thousands — when this was known, your words, most potent in themselves, had to Englishmen a deeper meaning and a sweeter music; for they could not but hear in the

utterance of the pupil an echo of his teacher, of the world's teacher, their own Shakspeare. It was then proposed to pay to you a tribute at once thankful and sympathetic. It was then proposed to offer for your acceptance a copy of the works of Shakspeare; and this is the result — a copy of the works of Shakspeare enclosed in a case modelled after the house in which Shakspeare first saw the light. The case bears this inscription: 'Purchased with 9215 pence, subscribed by English men and women, as a tribute to Louis Kossuth, who achieved his noble mastery of the English language, to be exercised in the noblest cause, from the page of Shakspeare.' Sir, it is my faith that Shakspeare himself, whose written sympathies, like the horizon, circle the earth, — it is my faith that Shakspeare himself may happily smile a benign, approving smile upon this small tribute, alike honorable to the many who give, as to the one who receives the gift. For, in the poet's own words, —

" ' Never anything can be amiss,
When humbleness and duty tender it.'

And these pennies — subscribed by men and women of almost all conditions — these pennies are so many acknowledgments of your wondrous eloquence; are so many tributes to the genius that, seeking our language at the pure well of English undefiled, has enabled you to pour it forth in a continuous stream of freshness and of beauty. There is not a penny of the thousands embodied here that is not as the pulse of an English heart, sympathetically throbbing to your powers of English utterance. Very curious would it be to consider the social history, the household history of many of these pennies; for among them are offerings of men of highest genius, as of men whose human story is the story of daily labor, whose social dignity is the dignity of daily work. Represented by a hundred and twenty pennies are here a hundred and twenty pilots, sailors, and fishermen of Holy Island. And it is to men such as these that your name has been musical at the fireside — has come, a word of strength and strange delight, upon the English sea. Sir, it would be a long, and with my doing an especially tedious endeavor to attempt even partially to individualize the penny tributes of which the testimonial is the product. But here it is; an enduring, sympathetic record of your glorious task. Sympathetic, I say, for dull and sluggish must the imagination be that cannot in some sort follow you in the Shakspearian self-schooling of your captivity, that cannot rejoice with you — the rejoicing scholar — as from the thick and cumbrous shroud of foreign words came forth a spiritual beauty; an immortal loveliness, to be thenceforth a part of your spiritual nature. It is, I say, impossible not to be glad with you, the Shakspearian pupil, as one by one you made the acquaintance, no, not the acquaintance, but the life-long friendship of the men and women of our immortal Shakspeare. It is impossible not to glow and triumph with you as all his mighty creations ceased to be golden shadows, half-guessed mysteries — standing revealed as great proportions, solemn

truths. It is impossible — when at length the whole grandeur of our poet like an Eastern sunrise broke upon you — not to sympathize with the flush, the thrill of triumph that possessed you, having mastered Shakespeare; it may be a rapture almost as full, almost as deep, almost as penetrating, as that you felt when first you beat the Austrians. It is impossible not to sympathize with you in your hours of pupilage when you studied the language of our poet; it is equally impossible for free Englishmen not to admire and thank you for the glorious use you have made of a glorious weapon. Sir, on the part of thousands I herewith present to you this testimonial, in tribute of their admiration, their sympathies, their best wishes. And, sir, hoping, believing, knowing that the day will come when you shall again sit at your own fireside in your own liberated Hungary, we further hope, that sometimes, turning the leaves of these word-wealthy volumes, you will think of Englishmen as of a people who had for you and for your cause the warmest admiration and the deepest sympathy; and animated by these feelings, resent with scorn almost unutterable the dastard attempts to slander and defame you. The day will come, for it is to doubt the solemn purposes and divine end of human nature to doubt it, — the day will come when the darkness that now benights the greater part of continental Europe will be rolled away, dispersed by the light of liberty, like some suffocating fog. The day will come, when in France men shall re-inherit the right of speech. The day will come when in Austria men shall take some other lesson from their rulers, but the stick; and the day will come when in Italy the temporal power of the Pope, that red plague upon the brightest spot of God's earth, will have passed away like a spent pestilence. That must and will come. Meanwhile, sir, we wish you all compatible happiness, all tranquillity, all peaceful enjoyment of the sacred rights of private life in England — in this England that still denounces the political dictation of a foreign tyrant, as heretofore she has denounced and defied his armed aggressions. For to submit to the one is to invite the other."

DOUGLAS JERROLD AS WRITER.

DEDICATION OF PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Chamberlain (whoever he may be).

MY LORD, — Take my word for it, you have greater reason to be proud of this dedication than of your wand of office. Having read it, you may, for the remainder of your official life, walk in the eyes of all men at least

half an inch higher. As, however, persons in your exalted rank are not always inevitably promoted to eminence by the invincibility of their reasoning powers or the subtlety of their wit, it may perhaps be necessary for me to explain to you why, from this day forward, you should enjoy an increase of official altitude. Few things irk a man more than to know he has inflicted the heaviest, yet withal the sweetest, obligation on another, who nevertheless obstinately remains in the most Stygian ignorance of the fact. Fancy, my lord, a pearl-diver—your lordship may possibly guess the perils of the trade—having plunged to the bottom of the oozy deep; strange, horrid monsters about him; the ocean booming and rolling over him; fearful thoughts of his wife and little ones stirring in his breast; imagine him groping for the treasure which, it may be, is destined to repose upon the palpitating bosom of an Eastern queen. He rises to the surface of the deep, he is on dry land. Happy diver! he hath fished up a pearl—

"Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn!"

He believes his fortune made; the precious pearl has enriched him, his wife and little ones for life. Alas, no! the waywardness of fate denies to his pearl the asylum of a crown—refuses to it the ear of a queen. No: that pearl, by the very wilfulness of destiny, is flung among the wash of pigs, and is swallowed with a grunt by that bacon hog, altogether unconscious of the treasure to be dissolved into nothing by his porcine chyle. Now he must be a hard-hearted man—a lout, a churl—who would deny to the poor pearl-diver the barren satisfaction of pinching the pig's tail, to assure the beast, as well and as reasonably as a beast can be assured of anything, that he has swallowed the jewel—that he has the worth of I know not how many bars of gold in his ignorant bowels. No: Justice—who, though she may not choose to use them, yet keeps her scales and weights in every man's breast,—Justice declares that the man shall have the rightful privilege of pinching the pig's tail; or, in familiar phrase, that he shall not lose his pearl without—as the vulgar hath it—having a squeak for it!

Now, my lord, hold me not guilty of any unseemly parallels. It is true in the following letters you will, I know, meet with as many pearls as you ordinarily see at a royal drawing-room; nevertheless do not for an instant believe that I libel you as a hog. No, my lord, repress, annihilate the nascent thought. Yet consider, that as this dedication, like a patent iron coffin, is expressly hammered out to last until doomsday—consider, my lord, how many chamberlains, and how various their capacities, may exist between this time and the world's end! It is to meet all possible accidents that may occur to all future Lords Chamberlain that I here insist on dwelling upon the obligation I have laid them under by dedicating to them these adamant letters.

Having resolved to publish, I looked serenely round the world for a nominal patron. At first I thought the Lord Chancellor, as legal guard-

ian of the defenceless rich — for there is not one of these Letters that may not be considered as the orphan inheritor of invaluable wealth, that is, if wisdom always went, as at the trunkmaker's, by avoirdupois weight, — yes, I thought the genius of the woolsack might fitly protect these costly epistles; but reflecting upon the many orphans, the many lunatics, too, still upon his lordship's hands, I instantly resolved not to swell the number of his responsibilities, and therefore thought again.

Next, the rattle of the Prince of Wales fell upon my ear. "These Letters," said I, "shall be dedicated to the Prince: they will especially serve to commemorate the day on which his Royal Highness was taken out of long frocks — the brevity of every epistle will touchingly illustrate the shortness of his coats." My wife exulted at the idea. "The very thing," said she; "for isn't there our last boy, Ugolino? he'll want something as he grows up; and the Prince can't do less than make him a tide-waiter." The mercenary speculation — for all women are not mothers of Gracchi — determined me to give up the Prince of Wales. "No," said I, "the dirty motive-makers of the world will be sure to misconstrue the act; they will swear that Punch was only loyal that he might be prosperous; they will say that he only worshipped the rising pap-spoon that his own brat might catch the fragments that fell from it." My heart swelled at the suspicion, like a new-blown bladder, and I struck off from my list the Prince of Wales.

I next looked into the Houses of Parliament. Here, I thought, are people whom the world persist in taking for my blood relations; and it must be confessed that both in the Upper and Lower Senate, words are spoken and capers cut, that — were I to be impeached for either — it would, I fear, be very difficult for me to prove an *alibi*. Why, there's fifty of 'em at least," said my wife, "that you can't persuade the world aren't your own kith an' kin." "And for that reason, wife," I replied, "I will have none of 'em. No, I am fully aware of the relationship myself; but it's their dirty pride that chokes me — their arrogance that makes them sometimes pass me, even in Parliament Street, as if I were to them an alien in blood, in manners, and religion. And why? I get my living in the open air. Well; didn't Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Marlborough, do the same? And when Wellington was in service, didn't he labor too *sub dio*? Can you gather laurels in a back parlor — can you grow bays upon a hearth-rug?"

It was then, my lord, I resolved to dedicate these letters to you. The reason is obvious: —

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR PUNCH!

You have graciously let me alone; and I have flourished under the benignity of your neglect. I pitch my stage wheresoever I will, in Westminster or not, without your warrant: I act my plays without your license. I discourse upon the world as it is, on the life that is moving

about us, and on the invisible emotions of the heart of man, and pay no penny to your deputy. I increase in social importance; for I am not withered by your patronage.

Had fate made me, for these last two hundred years, the master of a play-house, how different might have been my condition! Had I, since the Act which made you protector and censor of the dramatic sisters, Melpomene and Thalia—poor girls! there are people who swear you have treated 'em worse than Mrs. Brownrigg used her apprentices—had I felt your patronage, how often had I been *banco rotto*! how often had I played—understand me, not paid—a 'doleful dump' in Portugal Street!

Wherefore, then, do I dedicate to you these Letters?—From an exalted spirit of independence. I owe you nothing, my lord, and have flourished upon the obligation.

PUNCH.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN APPRAISER.

A LEGEND OF THE RIGHT LEG.

PUNCH'S LETTERS. LETTER X.

OUR last letter, my dear son, annoyed, oppressed me. What! you wish you had been born an Esquimaux, a Chippewa, a Hottentot, rather than a member of the most civilized, most generous nation (as every people modestly say of themselves) on the face of the earth. Ungrateful boy! is this the return you make me for the

very handsome present of your existence? is this your gratitude for being called out of nothing to become an eating, drinking, tax-paying animal?

Despondency, my child, is the slow suicide of the mind. Heaven knows what I have suffered at the hands of the world! how, with my heart bleeding into my very shoes, I have still chirruped and crowed *roo-toot-toot*, despising while I laughed with and chattered to the reeking rascals, niggard of their pence, who still thronged and gaped about me.

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new."

Nevertheless, if now and then my heart has been a little slack, I have braced it up again with my drum, and looking upon life at the best as composed of just so many pleasurable sensations, I have enjoyed myself as often as I could — which I have thought the very wisest way of showing my gratitude for my existence. When I could not obtain large pleasures I put together as many small ones as possible. Small pleasures, depend upon it, lie about as thick as daisies, and for that very reason are neglected, trodden under foot, instead of being worn in our button-holes. We cannot afford to buy moss roses at Christmas, or camellias at any time; and so, all the year round we couple buttercups with vulgarity; and the lovely, odorous things that grow in the hedgeside we let wither where they grow, for no other reason than that the king's highway is not a royal garden.

At the same time, my dear boy, I would not have you copy the contentment of your father. Contentment is very well in a pastoral, and I have

seen something which called itself Contentment sitting snugly at a small coal fire enjoying its crust and half a pint of beer in a tin mug on the hob, only because it would not stir itself to get the port and olives that with very little exertion were within its reach. Though I know this to be pusillanimity, and not contentment, nevertheless, my dear child, I cannot altogether acquit myself of it. Be warned by your sire. I might, with my genius, have trod the boards of a play-house, have had my name upon the walls in type that blacking-makers should have envied; I might have danced quadrilles in Cavendish Square on my off nights, and been trundled about the town in my own air-cushioned carriage, for I have all the qualifications in the highest degree which lead to such a golden result. Of this I am assured by their success as poorly and extravagantly copied by another; but no, I was doomed to be a street vagabond, and came into the world with a base taste for mud in my infant mouth, and an ear throbbing for drums and pandeans. Hence I have — when doing my best — been scoffed at and abused by fishwives, when, with the sagacious application of the same powers, I might have been pelted by heiresses with nosebags from the boxes!

My child, know not diffidence: it is an acquaintance that hourly picks your pocket, that makes you hob and nob with fustian, when otherwise you might jostle it with court ruffles. Receive this for an axiom: Nineteen times out of twenty the world takes a man at his own valuation. A philosopher — I forget his name — has called the human soul, on its first manifestation in this world, thickly veiled as it is in baby-flesh, a blank sheet of paper. Now I, my son, call every full-grown man at his outset in life a piece, not of blank, but of *bank paper*; in fact, a note, in all things perfect save that the amount is not written in. It is for the man himself to put down how many pounds it shall pass for, to snatch an eagle-quill, and, with a brow of bronze and eye of brass, to write down

£ One Thousand,

or else, with shaking hand and lips of indigo, to scratch a miserable, pauper-stricken, squalid

£ One.

It is, I say, for the man himself to give value to his own moral paper; and though, I grant, now and then the prying and ill-natured may hold up the article to the light to search for the true water-mark, the owner of the note has only to swagger and put the face of a Cæsar on the transaction, to silence every scruple.

As an instance, my dear boy, of what perseverance will do — of what an inexorable advocacy of merit (or fancied merit, for that is the same thing) will do for the professor, I will give you a short story, drawn from a Dutch annalist of the sixteenth century.

Serene and balmy was the 9th of June morning, 1549, when three men dressed as heralds, and superbly mounted on piebald horses, appeared in the streets of Utrecht. Immediately behind them, mounted on a mule richly caparisoned, rode a man, or rather a human bundle — a hunchback,

with his right leg less than a goose's over-roasted drumstick. The leg was, moreover, bowed like a pothook; and, as at first was thought, that its deformity might be fully seen, was without hose or shoe; in plain words, it was a naked leg. The dwarf was followed by six horsemen, handsomely arrayed and strongly mounted.

The procession halted before the burgomaster's door, when the heralds, putting their trumpets to their lips, blew so loud a blast that every man's money danced in his pocket. The crowd, with gaping mouths and ears, awaited the proclamation of the herald, who thus unburthened himself:—

“Let it be known to all corners of the creation, that our most noble, most puissant master, now present, the right valorous and worthy Vandenhoppenlimpen, has the most perfect right leg of all the sons of earth. In token whereof he now exhibiteth the limb; whereat let all men shout and admire!”

On the instant the dwarf cocked up his withered stump, self-complacently laying his hand upon his heart; and at the same moment the crowd screamed and roared, and abused and reviled the dwarf, whilst some market-women discharged ancient eggs and withered apples at him, until the procession, followed by the roaring populace, made their way back to their hostelry.

The next morning, at the same place and like hour, the same proclamation was made. Again the undaunted dwarf showed his limb, and again he was chased and pelted.

And every day, for six months, the unwearied heralds proclaimed the surpassing beauty of Vandenhoppenlimpen's right leg, and every day the leg was exhibited. And after a time every day the uproar of the mob decreased, and the leg was considered with new and growing deference.

“After all, we must have been mistaken—there surely is something in the leg,” said one contemplative burgher.

“I have some time thought so,” answered another.

“'Tisn't likely,” said a third, “that the man would stand so to the excellence of his leg, unless there was something in it not to be seen at once.”

“It is my faith,” said the burgomaster's grandmother, “a faith I'll die in, for I have heard the sweet man himself say as much a hundred and fifty times, that all other right legs are clumsy and ill-shaped, and that Vandenhoppenlimpen's leg is the only leg on the earth made as a leg should be.”

In a short season this faith became the creed of the mob; and oh, how the neighboring cities, towns, and villages emptied themselves into Utrecht, to gaze and marvel at Vandenhoppenlimpen's leg! When he died a model of the limb was taken, and cast in virgin gold, and is now used as a tobacco-stopper on state occasions at the Stadt-house of Utrecht.

My child, there are at this moment many Vandenhoppenlimpens eating bread very thickly buttered, from having stoutly championed the surpassing merits of their bowed and buckled right leg.

A FEW LAST WORDS. PUNCH REVIEWS HIS LABORS. THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

PUNCH'S LAST LETTER.

Well, my son, I now approach the end of my labors. Reflecting upon what I have written, I feel that I may in a double sense call myself your father. You are not merely the offspring of my loins, but I trust I may say I have begotten your mind.

Yes, I have thrice scratched my head, and feel that I have nothing more to say to you. I have now merely to contemplate—with that delicious self-complacency which plays the divinest music on a man's heart-strings—the beauty and excelling utility of the labor undertaken by my parental love. I have now only to lean back in my easy-chair, and twisting my thumbs, see, with dreaming eyes, my beloved child playing a most prosperous part in this eventful world. Let others call it a vale of tears: you, my son, will walk through it with a continual chuckle. Let others groan over the uncertainty of daily bread: you, my son, will have “your teeth white with milk, and your eyes red with wine.” Let others look with longing glance at pauper sixpences: you—for you have taken your father's counsel—will know where to lay your hand upon ingots.

Consider, my son, what gratitude you owe to destiny for making you what you are. You are the son of PUNCH. You might have been the child of a Lord Chancellor. From your cradle you inherited a wisdom denied to millions of others. Had you been born to finest cambric and Brussels lace, you had never been taught the beautiful truths of life, which it has been my paternal care to *tattoo* in your adolescent mind. The son of PUNCH! Consider, my child, the many, many million chances you had against your being this, and be grateful for your exceeding felicity.

Mr. William Wordsworth says, —

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.”

Now, for a moment adopting this poetical conceit, imagine the millions of souls about to be despatched to this world, as a sort of penal settlement, an uncomfortable halfway house, on the road to immortal fields of asphodel. Have you seen whole clouds of swallows congregating on the sea-shore for their mysterious flight to—*where*, still remains a mystery? This multitudinous fluttering of wings can give you but the poorest idea

of the gathering of human souls, bound to earth, and "trailing clouds of glory" from the home they are about to leave. Your finite apprehension cannot grasp the marvel in its entirety; yet it may do something. You see the myriads of winged souls — you hear their fluttering; you see that they are like one another, as swallow is like to swallow; their chirp is in the same key; no soul asserts a dignity over its fellow-voyager; each has the same length of wing, the same hue of feather. These are souls not yet provided with lodgings; they are souls, so to speak, in the abstract. Well, swoop they come down on earth, and like the swallows I have spoken of, take their residence in clay.

Alas and alas, poor souls! Some are doomed to coal-pits, some to arsenic mines, some dig in misery and darkness, some toil and toil, and hunger and hunger; and every day is but the wretched repetition of the past. And yet with all this certain evil grinding and crushing of thousands, how few among them would consent to draw their lot again, if Destiny were to hold forth her human lucky-bag, to give another chance! "No, no," says the Hottentot, with a proud downward look at his girdle of sheep's-gut — "no, no; I don't draw again; for who knows I might come up a Dutch boor?" "No lucky-bag for me," cries the Esquimaux; "I might lose my delicious whale-blubber, and turning up an Englishman be doomed to beef and porter." "Much obliged to you," says the poor idiot with a *goutre* at his throat as big as a foot-ball — "I hear there are such folks as Patagonians; straight-limbed fellows, seven feet high; no lucky-bag for me — I might be one of them."

If such, then, be the contentment of the great mass of the suffering world, how prodigious should be your felicity to know that you are the son of PUNCH! — to feel that you hold a position, the proudest, the noblest, the —

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If the reader be a father, surely, surely he will sympathize with my feelings.

I had not heard from my son for a long time. I was thinking of him, when I was startled by the knock of the postman. I know not how it was, but the smitten iron sent a chill through my heart, and the goose-quill fell from my fingers.

Our landlady — we were then in lodgings — brought me up a letter. My wife was happily from home: called to assist at a neighbor's labor. I immediately recognized the handwriting of my son, and with trembling fingers broke the wafer. I give the contents: —

" *Condemned Cell, Newgate.*

"HONORED PARENT, — I have to the best of my abilities followed the advice sent to me from time to time in your letters. You will, therefore,

as the Ordinary says, not be surprised to find I write from this place. It is a case of mutton, and I am to be hanged on Monday.

"Your Son,

"PUNCH, THE YOUNGER."

"P.S.—You will find that in spite of my misfortunes I have the credit of my family still at heart. I shall therefore be hanged as John Jones."

My heroic boy kept his word; and until this very hour his mother is ignorant of his fate, believing him to be at this moment Ambassador at the court of —



JOB CAUDLE'S INTRODUCTION.

(MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.)

Poor Job Caudle was one of the few men whom nature, in her casual bounty to women, sends into the world as patient listeners. He was perhaps, in more respects than one, all ears. And these ears Mrs. Caudle—his lawful wedded wife, as she would ever and anon impress upon him, for she was not a woman to wear chains without shaking them—took whole and sole possession of. They were her entire property; as expressly made to convey to Caudle's brain the stream of wisdom that continually flowed from the lips of his wife, as was the tin funnel through which Mrs. Caudle in vintage-time bottled her elder wine. There was, however, this difference between the wisdom and the wine. The wine was always sugared: the wisdom never. It was expressed crude from the heart of Mrs. Caudle, who doubtless trusted to the sweetness of her husband's disposition to make it agree with him.

Philosophers have debated whether morning or night is more conducive to the strongest and clearest moral impressions. The Grecian sage confessed that his labors smelt of the lamp. In like manner did Mrs. Caudle's wisdom smell of the rushlight. She knew that her husband was too much distracted by his business as toy-man and doll merchant to digest her lessons in the broad day. Besides, she could never make sure of him; he was always liable to be summoned to the shop. Now from eleven at night until seven in the morning there was no retreat for him. He was compelled to lie and listen. Perhaps there was little magnanimity in this on the part of Mrs. Caudle; but in marriage, as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy. Besides, Mrs. Caudle copied very ancient and classic authority. Minerva's bird, the very wisest

thing in feathers, is silent all the day. So was Mrs. Caudle. Like the owl she hooted only at night.

Mr. Caudle was blessed with an indomitable constitution. One fact will prove the truth of this. He lived thirty years with Mrs. Caudle; surviving her. Yes, it took thirty years for poor Mrs. Caudle to lecture and dilate upon the joys, griefs, duties, and vicissitudes comprised within that seemingly small circle — the wedding ring. We say seemingly small; for the thing, as viewed by the vulgar naked eye, is a tiny hoop, made for the third feminine finger. Alack! like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil, it circles a whole world. Or to take a less gigantic figure, it compasses a vast region: it may be Arabia Felix, and it may be Arabia Petræa.

A lemon-hearted cynic might liken the wedding-ring to an ancient circus, in which wild animals clawed one another for the sport of lookers-on. Perish the hyperbole! we would rather compare it to an elfin ring, in which dancing fairies made the sweetest music for infirm humanity.

Manifold are the uses of rings. Even swine are tamed by them. You will see a vagrant, hilarious, devastating porker — a full-blooded fellow that would bleed into many, many fathoms of black pudding — you will see him, escaped from his proper home, straying in a neighbor's garden. How he tramples upon the heart's-ease! how, with quivering snout, he roots up lilies — odoriferous bulbs! Here he gives a reckless snatch at thyme and marjoram, and here he munches violets and gillyflowers. At length the marauder is detected, seized by his owner, and driven, beaten home. To make the porker less dangerous, it is determined that he shall be *ringed*. The sentence is pronounced — execution ordered. Listen to his screams!

"Would you not think the knife was in his throat?
And yet they're only boring through his nose!"

Hence, for all future time, the porker behaves himself with a sort of forced propriety, for in either nostril he carries a ring. It is, for the greatness of humanity, a saddening thought that sometimes men must be treated no better than pigs.

But Mr. Job Caudle was not of these men. Marriage to him was not made a necessity. No; for him call it if you will a happy chance — a golden accident. It is, however, enough for us to know that he was married, and was therefore made the recipient of a wife's wisdom. Mrs. Caudle, like Mahomet's dove, continually picked at the good man's ears; and it is a happiness to learn from what he left behind that he had hived all her sayings in his brain; and further, that he employed the mellow evening of his life to put such sayings down, that in due season they might be enshrined in imperishable type.

When Mr. Job Caudle was left in this briery world without his daily guide and nocturnal monitress, he was in the ripe fulness of fifty-two. For three hours at least after he went to bed — such slaves are we to

habit—he could not close an eye. His wife still talked at his side. True it was, she was dead and decently interred. His mind—it was a comfort to know it—could not wander on this point; this he knew. Nevertheless his wife was with him. The Ghost of her Tongue still talked as in the life, and again and again did Job Caudle hear the monitions of bygone years. At times, so loud, so lively, so real were the sounds, that Job, with a cold chill, doubted if he were really widowed. And then, with the movement of an arm, a foot, he would assure himself that he was alone in his holland. Nevertheless the talk continued. It was terrible to be thus haunted by a voice; to have advice, commands, remonstrance, all sorts of saws and adages still poured upon him, and no visible wife. Now did the voice speak from the curtains; now from the tester; and now did it whisper to Job from the very pillow that he pressed. “It is a dreadful thing that her tongue should walk in this manner,” said Job; and then he thought confusedly of exorcism, or at least of counsel from the parish priest.

Whether Job followed his own brain, or the wise direction of another, we know not. But he resolved every night to commit to paper one curtain lecture of his late wife. The employment would possibly lay the ghost that haunted him. It was her dear tongue that cried for justice, and when thus satisfied it might possibly rest in quiet. And so it happened. Job faithfully chronicled all his late wife’s lectures; the ghost of her tongue was thenceforth silent, and Job slept all his after-nights in peace.

When Job died, a small packet of papers was found inscribed as follows:—

“Curtain Lectures delivered in the course of Thirty Years by Mrs. Margaret Caudle, and suffered by Job her husband.”

That Mr. Caudle had his eye upon the future printer is made pretty probable by the fact that in most places he had affixed the text—such text for the most part arising out of his own daily conduct—to the lecture of the night. He had also, with an instinctive knowledge of the dignity of literature, left a bank note of very fair amount with the manuscript. Following our duty as editor, we trust we have done justice to both documents.

A CAUDLE LECTURE.

Caudle, whilst walking with his wife, has been bowed to by a younger and even prettier woman than Mrs. Caudle.

“If I’m not to leave the house without being insulted, Mr. Caudle, I had better stay indoors all my life.



MR. CAUDLE BOWS AND IS SORRY.



"What! don't tell me to let you have *one* night's rest! I wonder at your impudence! It's mighty fine, I never can go out with you, and—goodness knows!—it's seldom enough, without having my feelings torn to pieces by people of all sorts. A set of bold minxes. *What am I raving about?* Oh, you know very well—very well indeed, Mr. Caudle. A pretty person she must be to nod to a man walking with his own wife! Don't tell me that it's Miss Prettyman.—what's Miss Prettyman to me? Oh! *you've met her once or twice at her brother's house?* Yes, I dare say you have—no doubt of it. I always thought there was something very tempting about that house, and now I know it all. Now it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your beginning to talk loud, and twist and toss your arms about as if you were as innocent as a born babe; I'm not to be deceived by such tricks now. No; there was a time when I was a fool and believed anything, but—thank my stars!—I've got over that.

"A bold minx! You suppose I didn't see her laugh, too, when she nodded to you! Oh yes, I knew what she thought me; a poor, miserable creature, of course. I could see that. No—don't say so, Caudle. *I don't* always see more than anybody else—but I can't and won't be blind, however agreeable it might be to you; I must have the use of my senses. I'm sure, if a woman wants attention and respect from a man, she'd better be anything than his wife. I've always thought so; and to-day's decided it.

"No, I'm not ashamed of myself to talk so—certainly not. *A good amiable young creature indeed!* Yes, I dare say; very amiable, no doubt. Of course you think her so. You suppose I didn't see what sort of a bonnet she had on? Oh, a very good creature! And you think I didn't see the smudges of court plaster about her face? *You didn't see 'em?* Very likely; but I did. Very amiable, to be sure! What do you say? *I made her blush at my ill manners?* I should like to have seen her blush! 'Twould have been rather difficult, Mr. Caudle, for a blush to come through all that paint. No, I'm not a censorious woman, Mr. Caudle; quite the reverse. No; and you may threaten to get up, if you like. I will speak. I know what color is, and I say it *was* paint. I believe, Mr. Caudle, *I* once had a complexion; though, of course, you've quite forgotten that; I think I once had a color, before your conduct destroyed it. Before I knew you, people used to call me the Lily and Rose; but—what are you laughing at? I see nothing to laugh at. But as I say, anybody before your own wife.

"And I can't walk out with you but you're bowed to by every woman you meet! *What do I mean by every woman, when it's only Miss Prettyman?* That's nothing at all to do with it. How do I know who bows to you when I'm not by? Everybody, of course. And if they don't look at you, why, you look at them. Oh! I'm sure you do. You do it even when I'm out with you, and of course you do it when I'm away. Now don't tell me, Caudle—don't deny it. The fact is, it's become such a dreadful habit with you, that you don't know when you do it, and when you don't. But I do.

"Miss Prettyman indeed! What do you say? *You won't lie still and hear me scandalize that excellent young woman?* Oh, of course, you'll take her part! Though, to be sure, she may not be so much to blame after all. For how is she to know you're married? You're never seen out of doors with your own wife—never. Wherever you go, you go alone. Of course, people think you're a bachelor. What do you say? *You well know you're not?* That's nothing to do with it—I only ask what must people think, when I'm never seen with you? Other women go out with their husbands; but, as I've often said, I'm not like any other woman. What are you sneering at, Mr. Caudle? *How do I know you're sneering?* Don't tell me: I know well enough, by the movement of the pillow.

"No; you never take me out—and you know it. No: and it's not my own fault. How can you lie there and say that? Oh, all a poor excuse! That's what you always say. You're tired of asking me indeed, because I always start some objection? Of course I can't go out a figure. And when you ask me to go, you know very well that my bonnet isn't as it should be—or that my gown hasn't come home—or that I can't leave the children—or that something keeps me indoors. You know all this well enough before you ask me. And that's your art. And when I do go out with you, I'm sure to suffer for it. Yes, you needn't repeat my words, *Suffer for it.* But you suppose I have no feelings; oh no, nobody has feelings but yourself. Yes, I'd forgot: Miss Prettyman, perhaps—yes she may have feelings, of course.

"And as I've said, I dare say a pretty dupe people think me, to be sure; a poor forlorn creature I must look in everybody's eyes. But I knew you couldn't be at Mr. Prettyman's house night after night till eleven o'clock—and a great deal you thought of me sitting up for you—I knew you couldn't be there without some cause. And now I've found it out! Oh, I don't mind your swearing, Mr. Caudle! It's I, if I wasn't a woman, who ought to swear. But it's like you men,—lords of the creation, as you call yourselves! Lords indeed! And pretty slaves you make of the poor creatures who're tied to you. But I'll be separated, Caudle; I will; and then I'll take care and let all the world know how you've used me. What do you say? *I may say my worst?* Ha! don't you tempt any woman in that way—don't Caudle; for I wouldn't answer for what I said.

"Miss Prettyman indeed, and—oh yes! now I see! Now the whole light breaks in upon me! Now I know why you wished me to ask her with Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman to tea! And I, like a poor blind fool, was nearly doing it. But now, as I say, my eyes are open! And you'd have brought her under my own roof—now it's no use your bouncing about in that fashion: you'd have brought her into the very house, where——"

"Here" says Caudle, "I could endure it no longer. So I jumped out of bed, and went and slept somehow with the children."

A FUNERAL.

THE STORY OF A FEATHER.

"*We give Thee hearty thanks* for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our sister out of the miseries of this sinful world —"

Thus, in measured, metallic note, spoke the curate of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, whilst the daughter Patty could have screamed in anguish at the thanksgiving. A few more words, another and another look, yet another — now the piling earth has hidden all, and the forlorn creature stands alone in the world. The last few moments have struck apart the last link that still held her to a beloved object, and now indeed she feels it is in eternity. Two or three women press about her, turn her from the grave, and, garrulously kind, preach to her deaf ears that "all is for the best," and that "to mourn is a folly."

All this I gathered from the gossips who brought back Patty to her dreary, empty home. There, after brief and common consolation, they quitted her. And there, for a time, the reader must leave the stricken, meek-hearted feather-dresser.

Early the next morning I found myself in the hands of Mr. Flamingo. The slight disorder — in truth more avowed than real — I had suffered in the roundhouse had, in the eyes of the tradesman, been amply remedied by Patty; and my owner turned me reverently between his thumb and finger, and gazed and gazed at me as though, for his especial profit only, I had dropped from the wing of an angel.

Great was the stir throughout the household of Flamingo, and great the cause thereof. He had received an order from the palace of St. James'; his very soul was plumed, for he should get off his feathers!

This I heard and saw, and, I confess it, with the trepidation of expectant vanity, beheld the feather merchant make selection from his stock. At length, with melting looks and a short, self-complacent sigh, he placed me — I was sure of it — as the crowning glory, the feather of feathers, among my kind. I was to wave my snowy purity in St. James'!

And for this, thought I, was I dressed — prepared by the lean fingers of want in an unwholesome garret? Alas! I have since felt — ay, a thousand times — that if dim-eyed Vanity would use the spectacles of truth, she would at times see blood on her satins, blood on her brocades, blood on her lace, on every rich and glistening thread that hangs about her — blood. She would see herself a grim idol, worshipped by the world's unjust necessities, and so beholding, would feel a quicker throb of heart, a larger compassion for her forced idolaters.

"To the palace," cried Flamingo to the hackney coachman summoned to bear myself and companions on our glorious mission. "To the

palace," cried the feather merchant, with new lustre in his eyes, harmony in his voice, and a delicious tingling of every nerve that filled his whole anatomy with music. "To the palace" were really the words uttered by Flamingo, yet in very truth he believed he said "To paradise."

Not that St. James' was *terra incognita* to Mr. Flamingo — a Marco Polo's domain filled with golden dreams. Certainly not. Mr. Flamingo knew exactly the number of steps composing that private way to heaven, the back staircase. He had smiled and trembled, and bowed and wriggled, and smirked and cringed his way to the patronage of Queen Charlotte (of odorous memory). This exalting truth Mr. Flamingo had several times tested, and that in a manner peculiarly flattering to himself. For instance, a very fine cockatoo had been thrown in to the tradesman among a lot of foreign feathers; this cockatoo Mr. Flamingo submitted to the inspection of her Majesty, who was graciously pleased to say to it, "Pretty Poll." On another occasion Flamingo took a Java sparrow to the palace, which bird was graciously permitted by the Queen to perch upon her little finger, her Majesty still further condescending to cry "Swee-e-e-t!" These circumstances were at the time totally overlooked by the Court historian, but they are recorded, written in very fine round-hand, in the "Flamingo Papers."

I had scarcely been an hour in the palace ere my memory began to fail me. Yes, all the previous scenes of my existence, that an hour before lived most vividly in my recollection, began to fade and grow dim, and take the mingled extravagance and obscurity of a dream. Was it possible that I had ever been a thing of barter between a savage and a sailor for pigtail? Could I have ever known a Jack Lipscomb? Had I crossed the seas in the dungeon of a ship? Was it possible that I could detect the odor of bilge-water? Was there such a haunt for human kind as the Minories? And that old Jew — surely he was a spectre, a part of nightmare? His large-lipped, globe-eyed daughter too, she, with all her plumpness, was no more substantial! And then that dim garret in the alley, the death and enduring innocence, the heaviness and misery of human days, the suffering that made of mortal breath a wearying disease, all the worst penalty of life — had I known and witnessed it? Could it be possible? And was there really a Patty Butler, looking with meek face upon a frowning world, and smiling down misfortune into pity?

I confess that — having delighted in the atmosphere of a palace for scarcely an hour — all these realities seemed waning into visions of a fevered sleep. It was only by a strong effort, by a determination to analyze my past emotions, that I could convince myself of the existence of a world of wretchedness without, of want and suffering, and all the sad and wicked inequalities of human life. How may sudden prosperity mingle Lethe in its nectar!

I pass by moments of tumultuous anxiety — of hope, painful in its sweet intensity, of the delirium of assured aggrandizement. It is now the

remnant of my former self that speaks, and therefore be the utterance calm and philosophic.

It was my fate to be chosen one of the three plumes — be it remembered, the middle and the noblest one — to nod above the baby Prince of Wales, all royally slumbering in his royal cradle.

It was my destiny, in 1762, to commemorate the conquest and bloodshed of 1345 — to represent an ancestral plume whereof poor John of Bohemia was plucked that he of the black-mail might be nobly feathered; yes, it was my happy duty to wave above *Ich Dien* in 1762.

Ich Dien — “I serve.” Such is the Prince of Wales’ motto; and looking down upon the princelet’s face, upon his velvet cheek, brought into the world for the world’s incense, viewing the fleshly idol in its weak babyhood, — I repeated for it, “I serve.” And then, in the spirit of the future, asked — what? Bacchus, Venus, or what nobler deity?

The Prince of Wales — a six weeks’ youngling — sleeps, and ceremony, with stinted breath, waits at the cradle. How glorious that young one’s destinies! How moulded and marked — expressly fashioned for the high delights of éarth — the chosen one of millions for millions’ homage. The terrible beauty of a crown shall clasp those baby temples; that rosebud mouth shall speak the iron law; that little pulpy hand shall hold the sceptre and the ball. But now, asleep in the sweet mystery of babyhood, the little brain already busy with the things that meet us at the vestibule of life — for even then we are not alone, but surely have about us the hum and echo of the coming world, — but now thus, and now upon a giddy throne! What grandeur, what intensity of bliss, what an almighty heritage to be born to — to be sent upon this earth, accompanied by invisible angels to take possession of!

The baby king coos in his sleep, while a thousand spirits meet upon the palace floor, sport in the palace air, hover about the cradle, and, with looks divine and loving as those that watched the bulrush ark tossed on the wave of Egypt, gaze upon the bright new-comer, on him that shall be the Lord’s anointed! What purifying blessings purge the atmosphere of all earthly taint! What a halo of moral glory beams around that baby head, that meek vicegerent of the King of kings! Wisdom will nurse him on her knees, Pity and Goodness be his playfellows, Humility and Gentleness his close companions, and love for all men a monitor constant as the pulses of his heart!

And will it indeed be so? Poor little child, hapless creature, most unfortunate in the fortune of a prince! Are such, indeed, the influences about your cradle; will such, in very truth, be your teaching? Will you, indeed, be taught as one of earth — a thing of common wants and common affections? Will you be schooled in the open pages of humanity, or taught by rote the common cant of princes? Will you not, with the first dim glimmerings of human pride, see yourself a thing aloof from all, a piece of costly selfishness, an idol formed only for the knees of men, a superhuman creature, yea, a wingless deity? Will not this be the teaching of the court, this the lesson that shall prate pure nature from your

heart, and place therein a swelling arrogance, divorcing you from all, and worshipping self in its most tyrannous desires, in its deepest abominations? Will you remain among the brotherhood of men, or will you be set apart only to snuff their incense and to hear their prayers? Splendid solitude of state — most desolate privilege of princes!

With this thought I felt a strange compassion for the Prince of Wales. All the glories of the palace seemed to vanish from about me, and I looked down upon the sleeping creature whom I was there to honor, with a deep pity, a sorrow, for the slippery, trying fortune he was born to.



THE OLD MAN AT THE GATE.

(CAKES AND ALE.)

In Surrey, some three miles from Chertsey, is a quiet, sequestered nook called Shepperton Green. At the time whereof we write the olden charity dwelt in an old workhouse — a primitive abiding-place for the broken ploughman, the palsied shepherd, the old, old peasant, for whom nothing more remained in this world but to die. The governor of this abode of benevolence dwelt in the lower part of the building, and therein, as the village trade might fluctuate, made or mended shoes. Let the plain truth be said — the governor was a cobbler. Within a stone's cast of the workhouse was a little white gate, swung between two hedge-banks in the road to Chertsey. Here, pass when you would, stood an old man, whose self-imposed office it was to open the gate; for which service the passenger would drop some small benevolence in the withered hand of the aged peasant. This man was a pauper, one of the almsmen of the village workhouse.

There was a custom — whether established by the governor aforesaid or by the predecessors of a vanished century, we know not — that made it the privilege of the oldest pauper to stand the porter at the gate; his perquisite, by right of years, the halfpence of the rare pedestrian. As the senior died, the living senior succeeded to the office. Now the gate, and now the grave.

And this is all the history? All. The story is told — it will not bear another syllable. The "Old Man" is at the gate; the custom which places him there has been made known, and with it ends the narrative.

How few the incidents of life — how multitudinous its emotions! How flat, monotonous may be the circumstance of daily existence, and yet

how various the thoughts which spring from it! Look at yonder landscape, broken into hill and dale, with trees of every hue and form, and water winding in silver threads through velvet fields. How beautiful; for how various! Cast your eye over that moor; it is flat and desolate — barren as barren rock? Not so. Seek the soil, and then, with nearer gaze contemplate the wondrous forms and colors of the thousand mosses growing there; give ear to the hum of busy life sounding at every root of poorest grass. Listen! Does not the heart of the earth beat audibly beneath this seeming barrenness — audibly as where the corn grows and the grape ripens? Is it not so with the veriest rich and the veriest poor — with the most active and apparently the most inert?

That "Old Man at the Gate" has eighty years upon his head — eighty years, covering it with natural reverence. He was once in London — only once. This pilgrimage excepted, he has never journeyed twenty miles from the cottage in which he was born; of which he became the master; whereto he brought his wife; where his children saw the light, and their children after; where many of them died; and whence, having with a stout soul fought against the strengthening ills of poverty and old age, he was thrust by want and sickness out, and, with a strong heart, he laid his bones upon a workhouse bed.

Life to the "Old Man" has been one long path across a moor — a flat, unbroken journey; the eye uncheered, the heart unsatisfied. Coldness and sterility have compassed him round; yet has he been subdued to the blankness of his destiny? Has his mind remained the unwritten page that schoolmen talk of — has his heart become a clod? Has he been made by poverty a moving image — a plough-grinding, corn-thrashing instrument? Have not unutterable thoughts sometimes stirred within his brain — thoughts that elevated yet confused him with a sense of eternal beauty, — coming upon him like the spiritual presences to the shepherds? Has he not been beset by the inward and mysterious yearning of the heart toward the unknown and the unseen? He has been a ploughman. In the eye of the well-to-do, dignified with the accomplishments of reading and writing, he is of little more intelligence than the oxen treading the glebe. Yet who shall say that the influence of nature — that the glories of the rising sun — may not have called forth harmonies of soul from the rustic drudge, the moving statue of a man!

That worn-out, threadbare remnant of humanity at the gate; age makes it reverend, and the inevitable — shall inevitable be said? — injustice of the world invests it with majesty; the majesty of suffering meekly borne and meekly decaying. "The poor shall never cease out of the land." This text the self-complacency of competence loveth to quote; it hath a melody in it, a lulling sweetness to the selfishness of our nature. Hunger, and cold, and nakedness, are the hard portion of man; there is no help for it, rags must flutter about us; man, yea, even the strong man, his own wealth (the wealth of Adam) wasting in his bones, must hold his pauper hand to his brother of four meals *per diem*; it is a necessity of nature, and there is no help for it. And thus some men send their con-

sciences to sleep by the chinking of their own purses. Necessity of evil is an excellent philosophy, applied to everybody but — ourselves.

These easy souls will see nothing in our "Old Man at the Gate" but a pauper, let out of the workhouse for the chance of a few halfpence. Surely he is something more? He is old, very old. Every day, every hour, earth has less claim in him. He is so old, so feeble, that even as you look he seems sinking. At sunset he is scarcely the man who opened the gate to you in the morning. Yet there is no disease in him — none. He is dying of old age. He is working out that most awful problem of life — slowly, solemnly. He is now the badged pauper, and now in the unknown country with Solomon!

Can man look upon a more touching solemnity? There stands the old man, passive as a stone, nearer, every moment, to churchyard clay! It was only yesterday that he took his station at the gate. His predecessor held the post for two years; he too daily, daily dying, —

"Till like a clock, worn out with beating time,
The weary wheels of life at length stood still."

How long will the present watcher survive? In that very uncertainty — in the very hoariness of age which brings home to us that uncertainty — there is something that makes the old man sacred; for, in the course of nature, is not the oldest man the nearest to the angels?

Yet, away from these thoughts, there is a reverence due to that old man. What has been his life? A war with suffering. What a beautiful world is this! How rich and glorious! How abundant in blessings — great and little — to thousands! What a lovely place hath God made it! and how have God's creatures darkened and outraged it to the wrong of one another! Well, what had this man of the world? What stake, as the effrontery of selfishness has it? The wild fox was better cared for. Though preserved some day to be killed, it *was* preserved until then. What did this old man inherit? Toll, incessant toll, with no holiday of the heart; he came into the world a badged animal of labor, the property of animals. What was the earth to him? A place to die in.

"The poor shall never cease out of the land." Shall we then, accommodating our sympathies to this hard necessity, look serenely down upon the wretched? Shall we preach only comfort to ourselves from the doomed condition of others? It is an easy philosophy; so easy, there is but little wonder it is so well exercised.

But "The Old Man at the Gate" has, for seventy years, worked and worked, and what his closing reward? The workhouse. Shall we not, some of us, blush crimson at our own world-successes, pondering the destitution of our worthy, single-hearted fellows? Should not affluence touch its hat to "The Old Man at the Gate" with a reverence for the years upon him; he, the born soldier of poverty, doomed for life to lead life's forlorn hope? Thus considered, surely Dives may unbonnet to Lazarus.

To our mind, the venerableness of age made "The Old Man at the Gate" something like a spiritual presence. He was so old, who could say how few the pulsations of his heart between him and the grave? But there he was, with a meek happiness upon him—gentle, cheerful. He was not built up in bricks and mortar, but was still in the open air, with the sweetest influences about him; the sky—the trees—the green-sward—and flowers with the breath of God in them!



THE FINDING OF ST. GILES.

The streets were empty. Pitiless cold had driven all who had the shelter of a roof to their homes; and the north-east blast seemed to howl in triumph above the untrodden snow. Winter was at the heart of all things. The wretched, dumb with excessive misery, suffered in stupid resignation the tyranny of the season. Human blood stagnated in the breast of want; and death in that despairing hour losing its terrors, looked, in the eyes of many a wretch, a sweet deliverer. It was a time when the very poor, barred from the commonest things of earth, take strange counsel with themselves, and, in the deep humility of destitution, believe they are the burden and the offal of the world.

It was a time when the easy, comfortable man, touched with finest sense of human suffering, gives from his abundance; and, whilst bestowing, feels almost ashamed that, with such wide-spread misery circled round him, he has all things fitting—all things grateful. The smitten spirit asks wherefore he is not of the multitude of wretchedness; demands to know for what especial excellence he is promoted above the thousand, thousand starving creatures: in his very tenderness for misery tests his privilege of exemption from a woe that withers manhood in man, bowing him downward to the brute. And so questioned, this man gives in modesty of spirit—in very thankfulness of soul. His alms are not cold, formal charities, but reverent sacrifices to his suffering brother.

It was a time when selfishness hugs itself in its own warmth; with no other thoughts than of its pleasant possessions; all made pleasanter, sweeter, by the desolation around. When the mere worldling rejoices the more in his warm chamber, because it is so bitter cold without; when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house; when, in fine, he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his fellow-beings nothing save his

own victory of fortune — his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shows its true divinity, and, with misery like a garment clinging to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when in the cellars and garrets of the poor are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life; which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the branding-iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

Such was the time, the hour approaching midnight, when a woman sat on a door-step in a London street. Was she sleeping, or was she another victim of the icy season? Her head had fallen backward against the door, and her face shone like a white stone in the moonlight. There was a terrible history in that face, cut and lined as it was by the twin workers vice and misery. Her temples were sunken; her brow wrinkled and pinched; and her thin, jagged mouth, in its stony silence, breathed a frightful eloquence. It was a hard mystery to work out, to look upon that face, and try to see it in its babyhood. Could it be thought that that woman was once a child?

Still she was motionless — breathless. And now a quick, tripping foot-step sounds in the deserted street; and a woman, thinly, poorly clad, but clean and neat withal, approaches the door. She is humming a tune, a blithe defiance to the season, and her manner is of one hastening homeward. "Good God! if it isn't a corpse!" she cried, standing suddenly fixed before what seemed, in truth, the effigy of death. In a moment, recovering herself, she stooped towards the sitter, and gently shook her. "Stone cold — frozen! Lord in heaven! that His creatures should perish in the street!" And then the woman, with a piercing shriek, called the watch; but the watch, true to its reputation for sound substantial sleep, answered not. "Watch — watch!" screamed the woman with increasing shrillness; but the howling of the midnight wind was the only response. A moment she paused; then looked at what she deemed the dead; and flinging her arms about her, flew back along the path she had trod. With scarcely breath to do common credit to her powers of scolding, she drew up at a watch-box, and addressed herself to the peaceful man within. "Why, watch — here! a pretty fellow! people pay rates, and — watch, watch! — there's a dead woman — dead, I tell you — watch — pay rates, and are let to die, and — watch — watch — watch!" And still she screamed, and at length clawed at and shook the modest wooden tenement which, in those happy but not distant days of England, sheltered many of England's civil guardians.

The watchman was coiled up for unbroken repose. He had evidently settled the matter with himself to sleep until called to breakfast by the tradesman who at the corner-post spread his hospitable table for the early wayfarers who loved saloop. Besides, the watchman was at least sixty-five years old; twenty years he had been guardian of the public peace, and he knew — no one better — that on such a night even robbery would

take a holiday, forgetting the cares and profits of business in comfortable blankets. At length, but slowly, did the watchman answer the summons. He gradually uncoiled himself; and whilst the woman's tongue rang — rang like a bell — he calmly pushed up his hat, and opening his two small, swinish eyes, looked at the intruder.

"Well! after that I hope you are awake — and after that —"

"What's the matter?" asked the watchman, feeling that the hour of saloop was not arrived, and surlily shaking himself at the disappointment. "What's the matter?"

"The matter! Poppy-head!"

"Any of your bad language, and I shall lock you up." And this the watchman said with quite the air of a man who keeps his word.

"There's a woman froze to death," cried the disturber of the watchman's peace.

"That was last night," said the watchman.

"I tell you to-night, man — to-night. She's on a doorstep, there" — and the woman pointed down the street. "I should like to know what we pay you watchmen for, if poor creatures are to drop down dead with cold on the highway?"

The watchman lifted his lantern to the face of the speaker — it was a frank, lively, good-humored face, with about five-and-thirty years lightly laid upon it — and closing one eye, as if the act gave peculiar significance to what he said, slowly observed, syllable by syllable, "Any more of your impudence, and" — here he took an oath, confirming it with a smart blow of his stick upon the pavement, "and I'll lock you up." The woman made some answer; but the words were lost, drowned by the watchman's rattle, which he whirled about. As cricket answers cricket, the rattle found a response. Along the street the sound was caught up, prolonged and carried forward; and small bye-lanes gave forth a wooden voice — a voice that cried to all the astounded streets, "Justice is awake!" And then lantern after lantern glimmered in the night; one lantern advancing with a sober and considerate pace; another with a sort of flutter; another dancing like a jack-a-lantern over the snow. And so lantern after lantern, with watchman behind, came and clustered about the box of him, who was on the instant greeted as Drizzle.

"What's the row?" cried an Irishman — a young fellow of about sixty, who flourished his stick, and stamped upon the pavement, like indignant virtue, impatient of a wrong. "What's the row? Is it her?" and he was about to lay his civil hand upon the woman.

Every watchman asked his separate question; it seemed to be his separate right; and Drizzle, as though respecting the privilege of his brethren, heard them all — yes, every one — before he answered. He then replied, very measuredly, "A woman is froze to death."

"What, agin?" cried two or three.

"Agin," answered Drizzle. Then turning himself round, he headed the watch; and motioning to the woman to show the way, he slowly led his fellows down the street. In due time they arrived at the spot.

"Froze to death?" cried Drizzle, doubtingly, holding his lantern to the bloodless, rigid features of the miserable outcast.

"Froze to death?" asked every other watchman, on taking a like survey.

"No, no; not dead! thank God! not dead," exclaimed the woman, stooping towards her wretched sister. "Her heart beats—I *think* it beats."

"Werry drunk, but not a bit dead," said Drizzle; and his brethren—one and all—murmured.

"Well, what are you going to do with her?" asked the woman, vehemently.

"What should we do with her?" cried Drizzle. "She isn't dead, and she isn't a-breaking the peace."

"But she will be dead if she's left here, and so I desire——"

"You desire!" said Drizzle; "and after all what's your name, and where do you come from?"

"My name's Mrs. Aniseed, I live in Short's Gardens, and I come from—the Lord ha' mercy! what's this?" she cried, as something stirred beneath the ends of the woman's shawl that lay upon her lap. With the words Mrs. Aniseed plucked the shawl aside, and discovered a sleeping infant. "What a heavenly babe!" she cried; and truly the child, in its marble whiteness, looked beautiful; a lovely human bud,—a sweet, unsullied sojourner of earth, cradled on the knees of misery and vice.

For an instant the watchmen in silence gazed upon the babe. Even their natures, hardened in scenes of crime and destitution, were touched by the appealing innocence of the child. "Poor little heart!" said one. "God help it!" cried another.

Yes, God help it! And with such easy adjuration do we leave thousands and tens of thousands of human souls to want and ignorance, doom, when yet sleeping the sleep of guiltlessness, to future devils—their own unguided passions. We make them outcasts, wretches; and then punish in their wickedness, our own selfishness,—our own neglect. We cry "God help the babes!" and hang the men.

Yet a moment. The child is still before us. May we not see about it, contending for it, the principles of good and evil? A contest between the angels and the fiends? Come hither, statesman; you who live within a party circle; you who nightly fight some miserable fight, continually strive in some selfish struggle for power and place; considering men only as tools, the merest instruments of your aggrandizement; come here, in the wintry street, and look upon God's image in its babyhood! Consider this little *man*. Are not creatures such as these the noblest, grandest things of earth? Have they not solemn natures? are they not subtly touched for the highest purposes of human life? Come they not into this world to grace and dignify it? There is no spot, no coarser stuff in the pauper flesh before you that indicates a lower nature. There is no felon-mark upon it—no natural formation indicating the thief in its baby fingers—no inevitable blasphemy upon its lips. It lies before you a fair, un-

sullied thing, fresh from the hand of God. Will you, without an effort, let the great fiend stamp his fiery brand upon it? Shall it, even in its sleeping innocence, be made a trading thing by misery and vice? — a creature borne from street to street, a piece of living merchandise for mingled beggary and crime? Say, what, with its awakening soul, shall it learn? — what lessons whereby to pass through life, making an item in the social sum? Why, cunning will be its wisdom; hypocrisy its truth; theft its natural law of self-preservation. To this child, so nurtured, so taught, your whole code of morals, nay, your brief right and wrong, are writ in stranger figures than Egyptian hieroglyphs, and — time passes — and you scourge the creature never taught for the heinous guilt of knowing nought but ill! The good has been a sealed book to him, and the dunce is punished with the gaol.

Doubtless there are great statesmen; wizards in bullion and bank paper; thinkers profound in cotton, and every turn and variation of the markets, abroad and at home. But there are statesmen yet to come; statesmen of nobler aims — of more heroic action; teachers of the people; vindicators of the universal dignity of man; apostles of the great social truth that knowledge, which is the spiritual light of God, like His material light, was made to bless and comfort all men. And when these men arise — and it is worse than weak, it is sinful, to despair of them — the youngling poor will not be bound upon the very threshold of human life, and made, by want and ignorance, life's shame and curse. There is not a babe lying in the public street on its mother's lap — the unconscious mendicant to ripen into the criminal — that is not a reproach to the State; a scandal and a crying shame upon men who study all politics save the politics of the human heart.

To return to the child of our story — to the baby St. Giles — for indeed it is he.

In a moment Mrs. Aniseed caught the infant to her bosom, and pressed it to her cheek. As she did so she turned pale, and tears came into her eyes. "It's dead," she cried; "blessed angel! the cold, the cruel cold has killed it."

"Nonsense!" said Drizzle, "the woman's for killing everything. It's no more dead than its mother here, and —" and here the watchman turned to his companions for counsel, — "and what are we to do with her?"

"We can't take her to the workhouse," said one; "it's past the hour."

"Past the hour!" exclaimed Mrs. Aniseed, still hugging and warming the babe at her bosom — "it isn't past the hour to die, is it?"

"You're a foolish, violent woman," said Drizzle. "I tell you what we must do: we'll take her to the watch-house."

"The watch-house!" cried Mrs. Aniseed. "Poor soul! what have you got to comfort her with there?"

"Comfort! Well, I'm sure — you do talk it strong. As if women sitting about in doorways was to be treated with comfort. Howsomever, mates," said the benevolent Drizzle, "for once we'll try the workhouse."

With this, two of the watchmen raised the woman, and stumbling at almost every step, they bore their burden on. "Make haste!" cried Drizzle, doubtless yearning for the hospitality of his box, "make haste! if the cold doesn't bite a man like nippers!" And so, shambling along, and violently smiting in their turn both arms against his sides, Drizzle preceded his fellows, and at length halted at the workhouse. "It hasn't a wery kindly look, has it?" he cried, as he peered at the mansion of the poor. "All gone to bed, I dare say. And catch any on 'em getting up, such a night as this." So saying, Drizzle pulled manfully at the bell, as though fairly to test his powers of attack with the power of resistance within. "The governor and matron, the nusses, the porter, and all on 'em snoring in lavender." The bare thought of this Elysium added strength to Drizzle's arm, and again he pulled. "Had hot elder wine, or dog's nose, or something o' the sort, to pull their precious nightcaps on!" And again Drizzle tugged with renewed purpose. "They think o' the poor just as much as they think o' meat and 'tatoes, as only things to live upon." And still the workhouse bell rang a comfortless accompaniment to the watchman's indignation. "Now, I know it; I could swear it," cried Drizzle, — "they're every one on 'em awake; they can't be otherwise; wide awake, and thinking how precious nice their blankets is, and how cruel cold it is here. Yes; they hear the bell — they do; they can't help it; and they say to themselves, 'There's some poor devil outside that's frost-bit and going to die, and wants a hot bed, and a dose of brandy, and all that, to bring the life into him again; and he won't have it. No, it's past the hours, and he must come agin to-morrow.' That's what the varmint say," cried Drizzle, — "that's what they say to themselves, and then they go off, and sleep all the sweeter for knowing it. It's as good as another blanket to 'em — it is," exclaimed the watchman, enraged by the picture his fancy had executed, no less than by his abortive exertions at the workhouse bell. "And now what's to be done? Why, nothin' but to go to the watch-house."

"And I'll take the baby home with me," said Mrs. Aniseed, "and warm it, and give it something, and —"

"Can't allow that," said one of the watchmen.

"Why not, poor lamb?" asked Drizzle, suddenly tender. "She'll take care of it — and what are we to do with it? You don't think she's agoin to steal it?"

"Steal it!" cried the indignant Mrs. Aniseed.

"I should think not," said Drizzle. "Folks needn't steal things o' that sort, I'm sure; the market's overloaded with 'em; they're to be had for nothin', and thank'ee too. So you'll take care of it till the mother comes round?"

"To be sure I will, poor dear heart," answered Mrs. Aniseed, hugging the child closer.

"And your name's Aniseed, eh? Yes? And you live in Short's Gardens? All right; to-morrow morning bring the baby to the watch-house. We've nobody to nurse it there, neither wet nor dry."

This touch of humor was not lost upon the watchmen, for they acknowledged it with a loud laugh. Then one of them, suddenly alive to the humanities of his calling, cried, "Let's bear a hand with the woman, or I'm blessed if she won't be dead outright."

And with this the watchmen bore the mother to the watch-house, and Mrs. Aniseed hurried with the child to her home.

CLOVERNOOK.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVERNOOK.)

We have yet no truthful map of England. No offence to the publishers, but the verity must be uttered. We have pored and pondered, and gone to our sheets with weak, winking eyes, having vainly searched, we cannot trust ourselves to say how many hundred maps of our beloved land, for the exact whereabouts of Clovernook. We cannot find it. More: we doubt — so imperfect are all the maps — if any man can drop his finger on the spot, can point to the blessed locality of that most blissful village. He could as easily show to us the hundred of Utopia; the glittering weather-cocks of the New Atlantis.

And shall we be more communicative than the publishers? No; the secret shall be buried with us; we will hug it under our shroud. We have heard of shrewd, short-speeched men who were the living caskets of some healing jewel; some restorative recipe to draw the burning fangs from gout; some anodyne to touch away sciatica into the litherness of a kid: and these men have died, and have, to their own satisfaction at least, carried the secret into their coffins, as though the mystery would comfort them as they rotted. There have been such men; and the black, begrimed father of all uncharitableness sits cross-legged upon their tombstones, and sniggers over them.

Nevertheless we will not tell to the careless and irreverent world — a world noisy with the ringing of shillings — the whereabouts of Clovernook. We might, would we condescend, give an all-sufficient reason for our closeness: we will do no such thing. No: the village is our own — consecrated to our own delicious leisure, when time runs by like a summer brook, dimpling and sweetly murmuring as it runs. We have the most potent right of freehold in the soil; nay, it is our lordship. We have there *droits du seigneur*; and, in the very despotism of our ownership, might, if we would, turn oaks into gibbets. Let this knowledge suffice to the reader; for we will not vouchsafe to him another pipin's-worth.

Thus much, however, we will say of the history of Clovernook. There is about it a very proper mist and haziness; it twinkles far, far away through the darkness of time, like a taper through a midnight casement. The spirit of fable that dallies with the vexed heart of man, and incarnates his dreams in living presences — for mightiest of the mighty is of the muscle of fiction — fable says that Clovernook was the work of some sprite of Fancy, that in an idle and extravagant mood made it a choice country seat; a green and flowery place, peopled with happy faces. And it was created, says fable, after this fashion.

The sprite took certain pieces of old fine linen, which were torn and torn, and reduced to a very pulp, and then made into a substance, thin and spotless. And then the sprite flew away to distant woods, and gathered certain things, from which was expressed a liquid of darkest dye. And then, after the old time-honored way, a living thing was sacrificed; a bird much praised by men at Michaelmas fell with bleeding throat; and the sprite, plucking a feather from the poor dead thing, waved it and waved it, and the village of Clovernook grew and grew; and cottages, silently as trees, rose from the earth; and men and women came there by twos and fours, and in good time smoke rose from chimneys, and cradles were rocked. And this, so saith fable, was the beginning of Clovernook.

Although we will not let the rabble of the world know the whereabouts of our village — and by the rabble, be it understood, we do not mean the wretches who are guilty of daily hunger, and are condemned in the court of poverty of the high misdemeanor of patches and rags, — but we mean the mere money-changers, the folks who carry their sullen souls in the corners of their pockets, and think the site of Eden is covered with the Mint; although we will not have Clovernook startled from its sweet, dreamy serenity — and we have sometimes known the very weasels in mid-day to doze there, given up to the delicious influence of the place — by the chariot-wheels of that stony-hearted old dowager, Lady Mammon, with her false locks and ruddled cheeks, — we invite all others to our little village, where they may loll in the sun or shade as suits them; lie along on the green tufty sward, and kick their heels at fortune; where they may jig an evening dance in the meadows, and after retire to the inn — the one inn of Clovernook — glorified under the sign of "Gratis!"

Match us that sign if you can. What are your Georges and Dragons, your King's Heads, and Queen's Arms; your Lions, Red, White, and Black; your Mermaids and your Dolphins, to that large, embracing benevolence, — Gratis? Doth not the word seem to throw its arms about you with a hugging welcome? Gratis? It is the voice of Nature, speaking from the fulness of her large heart. The word is written all over the blue heaven. The health-giving air whispers it about us? It rides the sunbeam (save when statesmen put a pane 'twixt us and it). The lark trills it high up in its skyey dome; the little wayside flower breathes gratis from its pinky mouth; the bright brook murmurs it; it is written in the harvest moon. Look and move where we will, delights — all

"gratis," all breathing and beaming beauty—are about us; and yet how rarely do we seize the happiness, because, forsooth, it *is* a joy gratis?

But let us back to Clovernook. We offer it as a country tarrying-place for all who will accept its hospitality. We will show every green lane about it; every clump of trees; every bit of woodland, mead, and dell. The villagers, too, may be found, upon acquaintance, not altogether boors. There are some strange folk among them—men who have wrestled in the world, and have had their victories and their trippings up; and now they have nothing to do but keep their little bits of garden-ground pranked with the earliest flowers; their only enemies, weeds, slugs, and snails. Odd people, we say it, are amongst them. Men whose minds have been strangely carved and fashioned by the world; cut like odd fancies in walnut tree; but though curious and grotesque, the minds are sound, with not a worm-hole in them. And these men meet in summer under the broad mulberry tree before the "Gratis," and tell their stories, thoughts, humors, yea, their dreams. They have nothing to do but to consider that curious bit of clockwork, the mind, within them; and droll it sometimes is to mark how they will try to take it to pieces, and then again to adjust its little wheels, its levers, and springs.

Some of these worthy folk may, in good time, be made known to our readers. But our first business is to introduce to them a most wise and withal jocund sage, dwelling about a mile and three quarters from Clovernook, and known to the villagers as the Hermit of Bellyfulle. It was a happy chance that brought the anchorite and ourselves together. Thus it happened.

An autumn day had died gloriously in the west; darkness came rapidly upon us, and, to be brief with our mishap, we had lost our way. We had travelled from —, a market town, and as our saddle-bags—for we were upon our choice gelding—were, strangely enough, stuffed with the lawful golden coin of the realm, our fears rose with our sense of property. Again and again we thought of our gold, and thinking, sweated. To our apprehension, the gelding's legs became as eight; for though we saw no horse following us, yet could we certainly distinguish the sound of eight hoofs. We kept up a sharp trot, and oddly enough, the gelding that half an hour before showed signs of weariness and distress, trotted on as though fresh from a night's rest, corn and beans. As we went on, everything seemed strangely changing about us. The sky that had been black as coal broke into a mild, clear grey; star by star came twinkling out; the cold, autumn wind blew soft and warm; our spirits became suddenly lightened, when our gelding—it is a most sagacious beast—made a dead halt.

The creature stood fast, and we looked vainly about us. We saw nothing—heard nothing. The animal still stood as upon a pedestal. And now it pricked its ears—and now snuffed, snuffed the air. Then the truth, in truth's best sweetness, came upon us. We were close to a human dwelling-place; we were in the neighborhood of some of the

units of the large family of man. Hope could not have deceived us: no, the truth was plain; for we smelt a smell of eggs and bacon.

Now the gelding had merely paused to awaken our attention to the odorous fact. This opinion we carry, fast as a clenched nail, within us. For we merely took a deep inspiration, jerked our right knee against the saddle, and Bottom—for such is the beast's name—immediately understood that we had taken his meaning, and with mended step went ambling on, as though his soul danced to the music of the frying-pan. A most rational beast is Bottom.

Still we trotted on, down closer winding mossy lanes—with odd, large gnarled trees, throwing their arms across the narrow road, and sometimes meeting and hugging one another, like Titan wrestlers. There was something strange in the trees; something, as we thought, half human; now and then they looked like giants; and now we thought we saw the red goat-like noses of satyrs among the branches, with a quick jerking of their horned heads. Once or twice, thinking of our saddlebags, we should have fainted from sheer cowardice; but as Bottom ambled onward, there was an increasing, a sustaining smell of bacon and eggs.

At length Bottom stopped in a sort of triangular nook. There was no outlet. We looked; was it a glowworm glimmering through that mass of green? No: it was tallow, delicious household tallow; or, if not, oil from leviathan. We dismounted, and groping our way, at length, through a wilderness of woodbine and ivy, found the door. We knocked.

"Come in," cried a voice, loud as a trumpet.

Melodious syllables! Sweet accents of sweet hospitality! Harmonious to the traveller on the outside, glorifying to the man at the hearth! He has escaped somewhat of the smittings of this single-stick world, who, when he hears knuckles at his postern, can throw himself back in his chair like a king upon his throne, and without a qualm of the heart, cry—"Come in!"

In darkness we clawed about the door; at length we found the latch. In a moment we were at the hearthstone of the greatest animal in the scale of creation—an animal that cooks.

"And who are you?" cried the master of the mansion.

What a pert, every-day asking is this! What a query to answer! Reader, did you ever, for one moment, say to your own soul,—"*Who are you?*" You know that you are a something, but *what* thing? You know that there is some living power, some knack within you, that helps you through life; that enables you to make a bargain with an eye to a good pennyworth; that even urges you to pick a wife from a few millions; that walks with you in your business walks, that broods with you at home over your ledger—but what is it? Did you ever try to bring it face to face with yourself? Did you ever manfully endeavor to pluck for a moment, this mystery from your blood, and look at it eye to eye—this *You*? It may be a terrible meeting; but sit in the magic circle of your own thoughts, and conjure the thing. It may be devil—it may be angel.

No. You will take the chance; you are not envious; you are content to jog on; you know that you are you; but for the *what* you, whether perfect as the angels or scabbed like Lazarus, why should you seek to know? Rather, dwell in the hopeful sweetness of your no-knowing.

"And who are you?" again asked the man we had elected for our host, ere we had time or thought to answer.

"We are travelling, and have lost our way," said we.

"Sit down and eat," said the master of the mansion. "And then, if the world has left you a light conscience, you can, if you will, sleep."

"We'll first see to Bottom, and then sup with you," said we; for there was a ring of truth and good-fellowship in the man's voice that, as we felt, made us old acquaintance. We crossed the threshold, and taking saddle and bridle from Bottom, sent him to his supper of sweet grass. We then returned to our host.

"And what brought you here?" he asked, offering the dish.

"Bacon and eggs," said we, helping ourselves to the glorious condiments bearing those names.

The man paused, looked down upon us, scratched the nape of his neck, and walked to a corner of his habitation. He then returned with a blushing gammon, which he sliced with the potent hand of a master. Smiling upon our appetite, he cracked a dozen or two more eggs, and flung them singing into the pan.

We would give a hundred guineas from the aforesaid saddle-bags, we thought, if we could carry away with us a lively portrait of our host. We shall never forget him: he will to our mind always be a stirring presence; but how — how shall we ever fix him upon paper?

"You don't eat," said our host, seeing our knife and fork for a moment idle, as we mused upon the difficulty. "Eat, eat, if you'd be welcome to the Hermit of Bellyfulle."

"Are you a hermit?" we asked, with a wondering look.

"Have I not said it? the Hermit of Bellyfulle, and this my Hermitage; this the cell of the Corkscrew," cried the anchorite; and he then turned to the pan, his eye melting on the frying eggs.

DAY-DREAM ISLAND.

A FRAGMENT.

A thousand, yea, a thousand isles
Bedeck the sparkling seas,
Endeared by heaven's sweetest smiles,
And heaven's balmiest breeze.

Fair places, fresh as with the bloom
Of Eden's fragrant bow'rs,
Ere sorrow's tears or passion's gloom
Defiled the laughing hours.

Ah, yes! not yet hath vanished hence
That grace of blessed price
That gives to human innocence
A human paradise.

And not amidst these lovely fanes —
Still sanctified below
From sordid hopes and selfish pains
Man's vanity and woe —

Can aught more beautiful be known
Than that delicious spot
Where dwelt — a king on Nature's throne —
A fay of happy lot.

A very king that fairy wight,
Amidst a courtly throng
Of creatures lovely to the sight,
And singing Truth's own song.

Ten thousand trees his courtiers were,
With fruits aye lowly bent,
And birds that through the spicy air
Their unbought music sent.

And myriad flowers of brightest dyes,
Endowed with every sweet,
Did turn on him their laughing eyes,
And kiss his straying feet.

The kid, the squirrel, and the roe,
The parrot, jay and dove,
Did leap, and scream, and murmur low
Their unaffected love.

'Twas thus that pigmy elf was king,
And thus, by noblest right,
He fealty had of everything
By Love's supremest might.

It was, in sooth, a radiant home
Where dwelt that pigmy free:
All land of fairy you might roam,
Yet no such region see.

The ocean, clad in glassy sheen,
Upon its breast did hold
An island of eternal green,
Beneath a sky of gold.

The cocoa and the foodful palm,
The plane of giant span,
The herb of medicinal balm,
And bountiful banyan;

The fig, the tamarind, the vine,
The sago, and the cane,
Pomegranates, and the luscious pine,
And fields of yellow grain;

The myrtle, decked in bloom of snow,
Where humming wild-bee feeds;
The tulip-tree's resplendent show,
And hyacinthine meads;

Each lovely and each gracious thing
Rewarding human toil,
Spontaneous in that isle did spring,
As erst in Eden's soil.

The very sand upon the shore
Was delicate and bright,
As that which tells the minutes o'er
To wisdom's watchful sight.

And there in constant murmurs fell
The placid, shining main —
A haunting sound, a mighty spell,
To lull the aching brain;

To lay the feverish thought to rest,
To hush the rising groan,
And harmonize man's jarring breast
With Nature's solemn tone.

And still the bounteous ocean threw
Its treasures to the day;
A thousand shells of burnished hue
Made glorious the way.

And when the light of starry skies
Was trembling on the sea,
The mermaid from her cave would rise,
And warble melody.

And oft across the main would float
A strange and solemn swell—
The wild, fantastic, fitful note
Of Triton's breathing shell.

And sounding still that music sweet,
The sea in silver spray
Would break beneath the sea-nymph's feet,
And glitter in the ray.

In every star, in every air,
In every sound and sight,
A look and voice of love was there,
And peacefullest delight.

And pondering on that lovely scene
Of land, and sea, and sky,
The dearest, fondest thought had been
To ebb away and die:

That, dying, we might seek the spring
Whence flowed the tide of good,
And bathe the spirit's earth-clogged wing
In that immortal flood.

O Nature, beautiful and wise!
Thus be it ever given—
That we may read within thine eyes
The promises of heaven.

That with a love as deep, as true,
As sinless and intense,
As ever youthful bridegroom knew
For plighted innocence—

We still may woo thy truthful gaze,
May listen to thy voice!
Assured the bliss of after-days
In thee, our early choice.

So, loving thee, this life's a feast
By Peace and Plenty spread,
And Death himself a holy priest—
The grave, a bridal bed.

* * * * *

THE ORDER OF POVERTY.

Why should not Lazarus make to himself an order of tatters? Why should not poverty have its patch of honor? Wherefore should not the undubbed knights of evil fortune carry about them, with a gracious humility, the inevitable types of their valorous contest with the petty iniquities of life? Wherefore may not man wear indigence as proudly as nobility flashes its jewels? Is there not a higher heraldry than that of the College?

Not a very long time ago the King of Greece awarded to an Englishman the Order of the Redeemer. The Englishman did not reject the gift; he did not stare with wonder, or smile in meek pity at the grave mockery of the distinction; but winning the consent of our sovereign lady Victoria to sport the jewel, the Knight of Christ—knight by the handiwork of the King of Greece—hung about him the Order of the Redeemer!

And what may be the gracious discipline of this Order of Redemption? Has the new knight sold off all that he had, and given the money to the poor? We have heard of no such broker's work; and surely the newspaper tongue would have given loud utterance to the penitence of mammon. What discipline, then, does this Order of Christ compel upon its holy and immaculate brotherhood?—what glorifying services towards the heart and spirit of man? what self-martyrdom does it recompense? Is it the bright reward of humility—of active loving-kindness towards everything that breathes? Is it that the knighted, beyond ten thousand thousand men, has proved the divine temper of the spiritual follower of Jesus, making his hourly life an active goodness, and with every breath drawn, drawing nearer to rewarding heaven? Surely the Order of the Redeemer—that awful, solemn badge, setting apart its wearer from the sordid crowd of earth—could only be vouchsafed to some hard Christian service, could only reward some triumphant wrestling of the suffering soul—some wondrous victory in the forlorn hope of this dark, struggling life. These are our thoughts—these our passionate words; whereupon the Herald of the Court of Greece—a grave fantastic wizard—with mildly reproving look and most delicate speech, says, “You are wrong, quite wrong; the Order of the Redeemer, though by no means the first Order, is a very pretty Order in its way. Six months since we gave it to Captain Jonquil, from Paris; and truly no man more deserved the Order of the Redeemer. He taught his Majesty's infantry the use of the bayonet; his howitzer practice, too, is a divine thing. Captain Jonquil is a great soldier. Last week the Order of the Redeemer was also bestowed upon Andreas, a great favorite at court, but, if the naughty truth must be told, a pimp.”

Alas! is heraldry always innocent of blasphemy?

On the 13th of June, 1843, a grave masque—a solemn ceremony—was

held at the Court of St. James'. Heraldry again looked smug and pompous. A knight was to be made of the "most ancient Order of the Thistle." Let us make a clean breast of our ignorance; we assert nothing against the antiquity of the Thistle; for what we know, it may be as old — ay, as old as asses. But upon the glad 13th of June a Chapter was held; and John, Marquis of —, and the Right Hon. William, Earl of —, were elected knights. They of course took the oaths to protect and succor distressed maidens, orphans, and widows; to abstain from every sort of wrong, and to do every sort of right.

"The Marquis of —, then kneeling near the Sovereign, and Mr. Woods on his knee, presenting to the Queen the riband and jewel of the Order, her Majesty was graciously pleased to place the same over the noble marquis' left shoulder. His lordship rising, kissed the Sovereign's hand, and, having received the congratulations of the Knights brethren, retired."

From that moment John, Marquis of —, looked and moved with the aspect and bearing of a man radiant with new honors. He was a Knight of the Thistle; and the jewel sparkling at his bosom feebly typified the bright, admiring looks of the world — the gaze of mingled love and admiration bent upon him. But on this earth — in this abiding-place of iniquity — men do not get even thistles for nothing. It may, indeed, happen that desert may pant and moan without honor; but in the court of kings where justice weighs with nicest balance, honor never with its smiles mocks imbecility, or gilds with outward lustre a concealed rottenness. Honor never gives alms, but awards justice. Mendicancy, though with liveried lackeys clustering at its carriage — and there is such pauperism — may whine and pray its hardest, yet move not the inflexible Herald. He awards those jewels to virtue which virtue has sweated, bled for. And it is with this belief — yea, in the very bigotry of the creed — we ask what has John, Marquis of —, fulfilled to earn his thistle? What the Right Hon. William, Earl of —? What dragon wrong has either overcome? — what giant Untruth stormed in Sophist castle? — what necromantic wickedness baffled and confounded? Yet these battles have been fought — these triumphs won. Oh, who shall doubt them! Be sure of it, ye unbelieving demagogues — scoffing plebeians! not for nothing nobility browses upon thistles.

We pay all honor to these inventions — these learned devices of the Herald. They doubtless clothe, comfort, and adorn humanity, which, without them, would be cold, naked, shrunk, and squalid. They moreover gloriously attest the supremacy of the tame, the civilized man, over the wild animal. The Orders of the Herald are *tattoo* without the pain of puncture. The New Zealander carries his knighthood — lined and starred and flowered — in his visage. The civilized knight hangs it more conveniently on a riband.

We are such devout believers in the efficacy of Orders that we devote this small essay to an attempt to make them, under some phase or other, universal. We will not linger in a consideration of the Orders already

dead; lovely was their life, and as fragrant is their memory. There was one Order, — Teutonic, if we mistake not, — the Order of Fools. There was a quaint sincerity in the very title of this brotherhood. Its philosophy was outspoken; and, more than all, the constitution of such a Chapter admitted knights against whose worthiness, whose peculiar right to wear the badge, no envious demagogue could say his bitter saying. Surely, in our reverence for the wisdom of antiquity, this Order might have resurrection. The Fool might have his bauble newly varnished, his cap newly hung with tinkling bells. Some of us chirp and cackle of the wisdom of the bygone day; but that is only wisdom which jumps with our own cunning, which fortifies us in the warm and quiet nook of some hallowed prejudice. From the abstract love of justice we should be right glad to have the Order of Fools revived in the fullest splendor of Folly. Such an Order would so beneficently provide for many unrewarded public idlers — ay, and public workers.

There was a time when the world in its first childhood needed playthings. Then was the Herald the world's toy-maker, and made for it pretty little nicknacks — golden fleeces, stars, ribands, and garters, — tempting the world to follow the kickshaws, as nurse with sugared bread-and-butter tempts the yearling to try its tottering feet. The world has grown old — old and wise; yet is not the Herald bankrupt, but, like a pedlar at a fair, draws the hearts of simple men after the shining silken glories in his box. Meanwhile philosophy, in hodden gray, laughs at the crowd, who bellow back the laugh, and sometimes pelt the reverend fool for his irreligious humor; for he who believes not in Stars and Garters is unbeliever; to the world's best and brightest faith, atheist and scoffer.

Is it not strange that a man should think the better of himself for a few stones glittering in his bosom? — that a costly band about the leg should make the blood dance more swiftly through the arteries? — that a man seeing his breast set with jewellers' stars should think them glorious as the stars of heaven — himself little less than an earthly god so deified? If these things be really types and emblems of true greatness, what rascal poverty besets the man without them! How is he damned in his baseness! — what mere offal of humanity, the biped without an order! And, therefore, let stars be multiplied; and let nobility, like bees, suck honey from thistles!

We are, however, confirmed in our late failing faith. We are bigoted to Orders. Men, like watches, must work the better upon jewels. Man is at the best a puppet, and is only put into dignified motion when pulled by blue or red ribands. Now, as few indeed of us can get stars, garters, or ribands, let us have Orders of our own. Let us, with invincible self-complacency, ennoble ourselves.

In the hopeless ignorance and vulgarity of our first prejudice, we might possibly want due veneration for the Golden Fleece — an ancient and most noble Order, worn by few. Yet, with all our worst carelessness towards the Order, we never felt for it the same pitying contempt we feel towards an Order worn by many — not at their button-holes, not outside

their breasts, but in the very core of their hearts, — the Order of the Golden Calf.

Oh, bowelless Plutus! what a host of knights! What a lean-faced, low-browed, thick-jowled, swag-bellied brotherhood! Deformity, in all its fantastic variety, meets in the Chapter. They wear no armor of steel or brass, but are cased in the magic mail of impenetrable bank-paper. They have no sword, no spear, no iron mace with spikes; but they ride merrily into the fight of life, swinging about gold-gutted purses, and levelling with the dust rebellious poverty. These are the Knights of the Golden Calf. It is a glorious community. What a look of easy triumph they have! With what serene self-satisfaction they measure the wide distance between mere paupers — the Knights of the Order of Nothing — and themselves! How they walk the earth, as if they alone possessed the patent of walking upright! How they dilate in the light of their own gold, like adders in the sun!

A most fatal honor is this Order of the Golden Calf. It is worn unseen, as we have said, in the hearts of men; but its effects are visible: the disease speaks out in every atom of flesh — poor human worm's meat! — and throbs in every muscle. It poisons the soul, gives the eye a squint; takes from the face of fellow-man its God-gifted dignity, and makes him a thing to prey upon; to work, to use up; to reduce to so much hard cash; then to be put up, with a wary look of triumph, into the pocket. This Order damns, with a leprosy of soul, its worshipper. It blinds and deafens him to the glories and the harmonies ministrant to poorer men. His eye is jaundiced, and in the very stars of God he sees nought but twinkling guineas.

At this moment great is the Order throughout the land — tyrannous its laws, reckless its doings! It is strong, and why should it be just? To be of this Order is now the one great striving of life. They alone are men who wear the jewel: wretches they without it. Man was originally made from the dust of the earth; he is now formed of a richer substance: the true man is made of gold. Yes, the regenerate Adam is struck only at the Mint.

The Knights of the Order of the Golden Calf have no formal ceremony of election, yet has brother knight almost instinctive knowledge of brother. In the solitude of his own thoughts is he made one of the community; in utter privacy he kisses the pulseless hand of Plutus, and swears to his supremacy. The oath divorces him from pauper-life — from its cares, its wants, its sympathies. He is privileged from the uneasiness of thought, the wear and tear of anxiety for fellow-man; he is compact, and self concentrated in his selfishness. Nought ruffles him that touches not that inmost jewel of his soul — his knighthood's Order.

In the olden days the Knights of the Fleece, the Garter, and other glories, won their rank upon the battle-field — blood and strife being to them the handmaids of honor. The chivalry of the Golden Calf is mild and gentle. It splits no brain-pan, spills no blood; yet is it ever fighting. We are at the Exchange. Look at that easy, peaceful man. What a

serenity is upon his cheek! — what a mild lustre in his eye! How plainly is he habited! He wears the livery of simplicity, and the look of peace. Yet has he, in his heart, the Order of the Golden Calf. He is one of mammon's boldest heroes — a very soldier of fortune. He is now fighting — fighting valorously. He has come armed with a bran-new lie, — a falsehood of surpassing temper, — which, with wondrous quietude, he lays about him, making huge gashes in the money-bags of those he fights with. A good foreign lie, well finished and well mounted, is to this Knight of the Golden Calf as the sword of Faery to Orlando. With it he sometimes cuts down giant fortunes, and after "grinds their bones to make his bread."

And there are small esquires and pages of the Order — men who, with heartfelt veneration, lick their lips at the Golden Calf, and with more than bridegroom yearning pant for possession. These small folk swam like summer gnats; and still they drone the praises of the Calf, and, looking at no other thing, have their eyes bleared and dazzled to all beside.

The Knights of the Golden Calf shed no blood — that is, the wounds they deal bleed inwardly, and give no evidence of homicide. They are, too, great consumers of the marrow of men; and yet they break no bones, but, by a trick known to their Order, extract without fracture precious nutriment. They are great alchemists too, and turn the sweat of unrequited poverty — ay, the tears of childhood — into drops of gold.

Much wrong, much violence, much wayward cruelty — if the true history of knighthood were indited — lies upon the Fleece, the Garter — yes, upon the Templar's Lamb; yet all is but as May-day pastime to the voracity, the ignorance, the wilful selfishness, the bestial lowings of the Golden Calf. And of this Order the oldest of the brotherhood are the most gluttonous. There is one whose every fibre is blasted with age. To the imagination his face is as a coffin-plate. Yet is he all belly! — as cruel as a cat, though toothless as a bird!

Oh, ye knights, great and small — whether expanding on the mart, or lying *perdu* in back parlors! — fling from your hearts the Order there, and feel for once the warmth of kindly blood! The brotherhood chuckle at the adjuration. Well, let us fight the Order with an Order.

The Order of Poverty against the Order of the Golden Calf!

Will it not be a merry time when men, with a blithe face and open look, shall confess that they are poor? — when they shall be to the world what they are to themselves? — when the lie, the shuffle, the bland yet anxious hypocrisy of seeming, and seeming only, shall be a creed forsworn? When poverty asserts itself, and never blushes and stammers at its true name, the Knights of the Calf must give ground. Much of their strength, their poor renown, their miserable glory, lies in the hypocrisy of those who would imitate them. They believe themselves great because the poor, in very ignorance of the dignity of poverty, would ape their magnificence.

The Order of Poverty! How many sub-Orders might it not embrace!

As the spirit of Gothic chivalry has its fraternities, so might the Order of Poverty have its distinct devices.

The Order of the Thistle! That is an Order for nobility, a glory to glorify marquise earldom. Can we not, under the rule of Poverty, find as happy a badge?

Look at this peasant — his face bronzed with mid-day toil. From sunrise to sunset, with cheerful looks and uncomplaining words, he turns the primal curse to dignity, and manfully earns his bread in the sweat of his brow. Look at the fields around — golden with blessed corn. Look at this bloodless soldier of the plough — this hero of the sickle. His triumphs are there, piled up in bread-bestowing sheaves. Is he not Sir Knight of the Wheatear? Surely as truly dubbed in the heraldry of justice as any Knight of the Thistle.

And here is a white-haired shepherd. As a boy, a child, playful as the lambs he tended, he labored. He has dreamed away his life upon a hillside, on downs, on solitary heaths — the humble, simple, patient watcher for fellow-men. Solitude has been his companion; he has grown old, wrinkled, bent, in the eye of the burning sun. His highest wisdom is a guess at the coming weather; he may have heard of diamonds, but he knows the evening star. He has never sat at a congress of kings; he has never helped to commit a felony upon a whole nation. Yet is he, to our mind, a most reverend Knight of the Fleece. If the Herald object to this, let us call him Knight of the Lamb! — in its gentleness and patience a fitting type of the poor old shepherd.

And here is a pauper, missioned from the workhouse to break stones at the roadside. How he strikes and strikes at that unyielding bit of flint! Is it not the stony heart of the world's injustice knocked at by poverty? What haggardness is in his face! What a blight hangs about him! There are more years in his looks than in his bones. Time has marked him with an iron pen. He wailed as a babe for bread his father was not allowed to earn. He can recollect every dinner — they were so few — of his childhood. He grew up, and want was with him, even as his shadow. He has shivered with cold, fainted with hunger. His every day of life has been set about by goading wretchedness. Around him, too, were the stores of plenty. Food, raiment and money mocked the man, made half mad with destitution. Yet with a valorous heart, a proud conquest of the shuddering spirit, he walked with honesty — and starved. His long journey of life hath been through thorny places, and now he sits upon a pile of stones on the wayside, breaking them for workhouse bread. Could loftiest chivalry show greater heroism, nobler self-control, than this old man, this weary breaker of flints? Shall he not be of the Order of Poverty? Is not penury to him even as a robe of honor? his gray workhouse coat braver than purple and miniver? He shall be Knight of the Granite, if you will. A workhouse gem, indeed — a wretched highway jewel, — yet, to the eye of truth, finer than many a ducal diamond.

This man is a weaver, this a potter. Here, too, is a razor-grinder; here, an iron-worker. Labor is their lot, labor they yearn for; though

to some of them labor comes with miserable disease and early death. Have we not here Knights of the Shuttle, Knights of Clay, and Knights of Vulcan, who prepare the carcass of the giant engine for its vital flood of steam? Are not these among the noblest of the sons of Poverty? Shall they not take high rank in its Order?

We are at the mouth of a mine. There, many, many fathoms below us, works the naked, grimed, and sweating wretch, oppressed, brutalized, that he may dig us coal for our winter's hearth; where we may gather round, and with filled bellies, well-clothed backs, and hearts all lapped in self-complacency, talk of the talked-of evils of the world as though they were the fables of ill-natured men, and not the verities of bleeding life. That these men, doing the foulest offices of the world, should still be of the world's poorest, gives dignity to want, the glory of long-suffering to poverty.

And so, indeed, in the mind of wisdom, is poverty ennobled. And for the Knights of the Golden Calf, how are they outnumbered! Let us, then, revive the Order of Poverty. Ponder, reader, on its antiquity. For was not Christ himself Chancellor of the Order, and the apostles Knights Companions?

The Order of Poverty! How far is the justice of the world from it in our day! how far still, even from the common honesty of Thackeray's Order of Britannia for British Seamen!

FAREWELL LINES.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL LUCAS. SPOKEN BY MR. PHELPS.

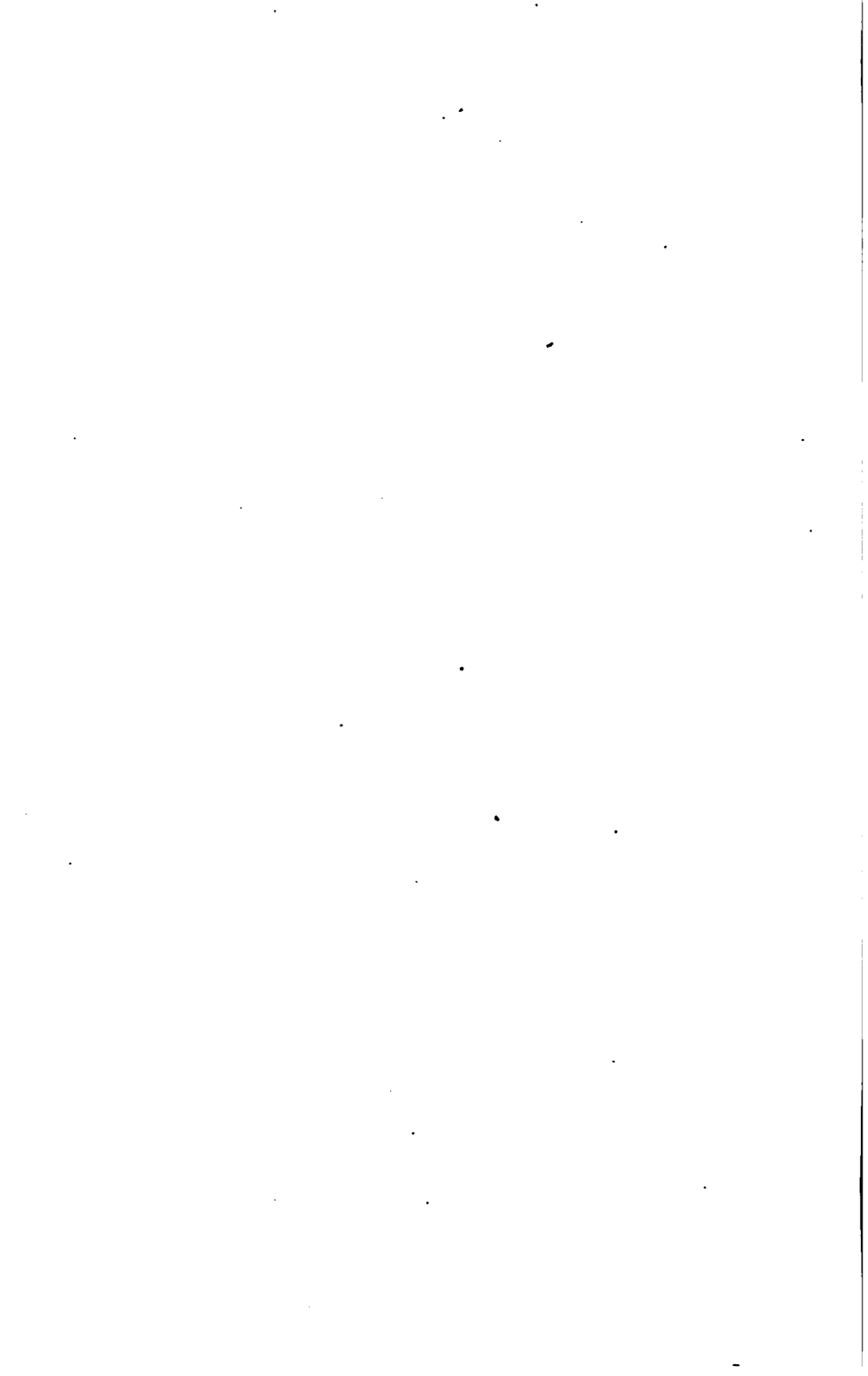
JULY 16TH, 1857.

WELCOME, in Jerrold's name! From Jerrold's tomb
This greeting chases half the gathering gloom,
And turns our sorrow from his mortal part
To joy and pride in his immortal art.
If of this art, enduring at its prime,
We gather salvage from the wrecks of time,
You, mindful of the storms and struggles past,
Receive and welcome it to shore at last.
True to yourselves, and to each other true,
In honoring one who greatly honored you,
Behind this curtain you can greet at will
His genius living and triumphant still.
There waits the actor — there the scene is set,
And there the author's thought is pregnant yet;
There the light offspring, of his fancy sprung,
Betray their parent by their English tongue;
Reflect his native humor in their part,
Or draw their pathos from his manly heart.
As 'twas of old, in England's classic age,
His own creations amply fill our stage.
Theirs is the savor and the zest we crave,
Surging and sparkling like a Channel wave,
With salt that had been Attic, but the Nine
Steeped them in English and a stronger brine.
Forgetful of their state here kings may sit
Subject themselves to his imperial wit —
Wit that flows on regardless — free as air,
Like the rough waters around Canute's chair.
You humbler men, who come to see the play,
And cheer the playwright, carry this away, —
The man was still more worthy of regard,
And — though he smote the Philistines so hard —
He fought a fair, a brave, and generous fight,
And struck in honor's name for truth and right;
Hopeless of cross or riband — taking heed
Less for his fortunes than the common need;
So for his guerdon and the common cause,
Do you now crown him with your just applause.





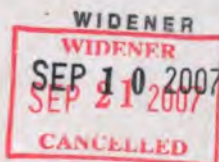




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